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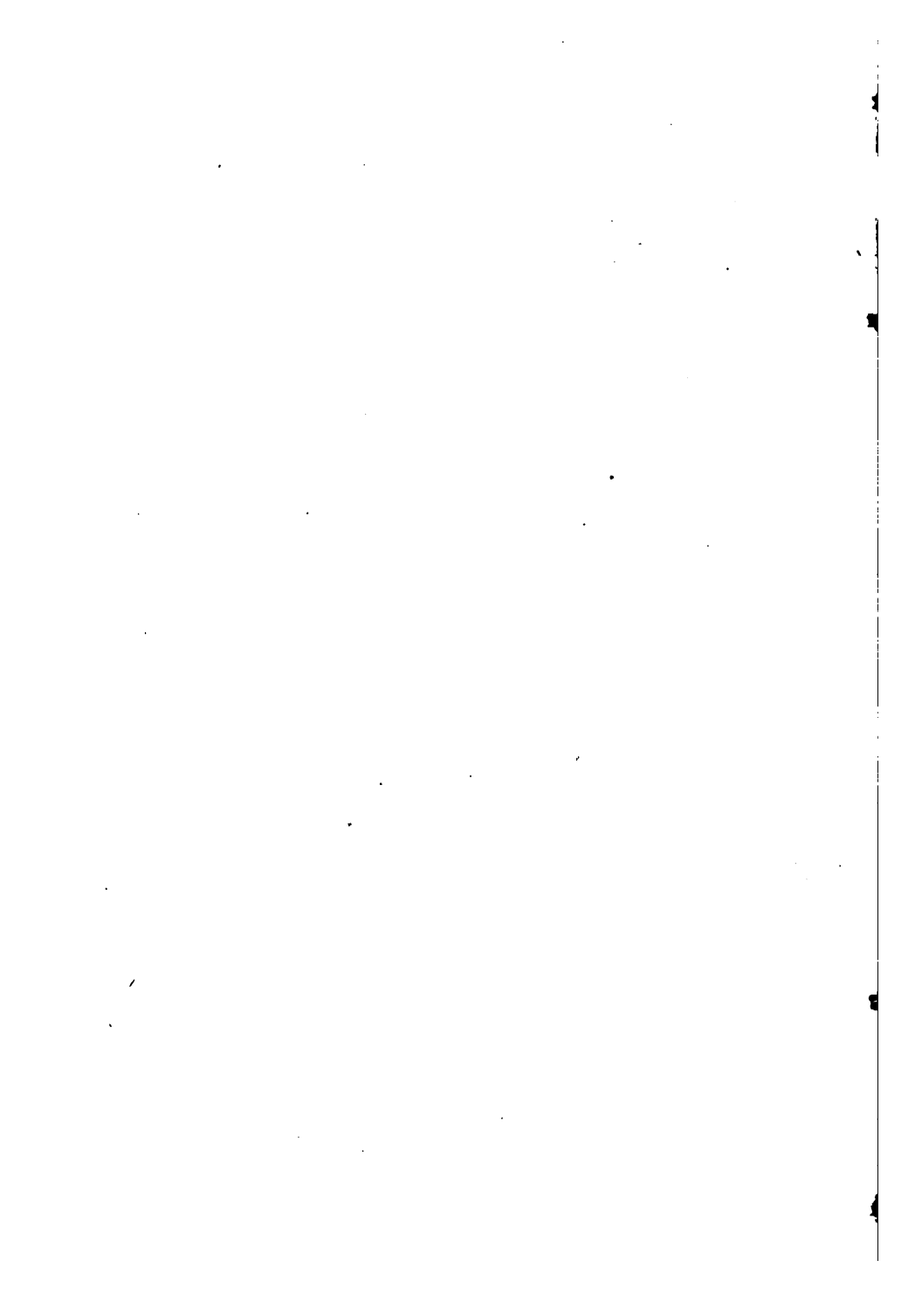
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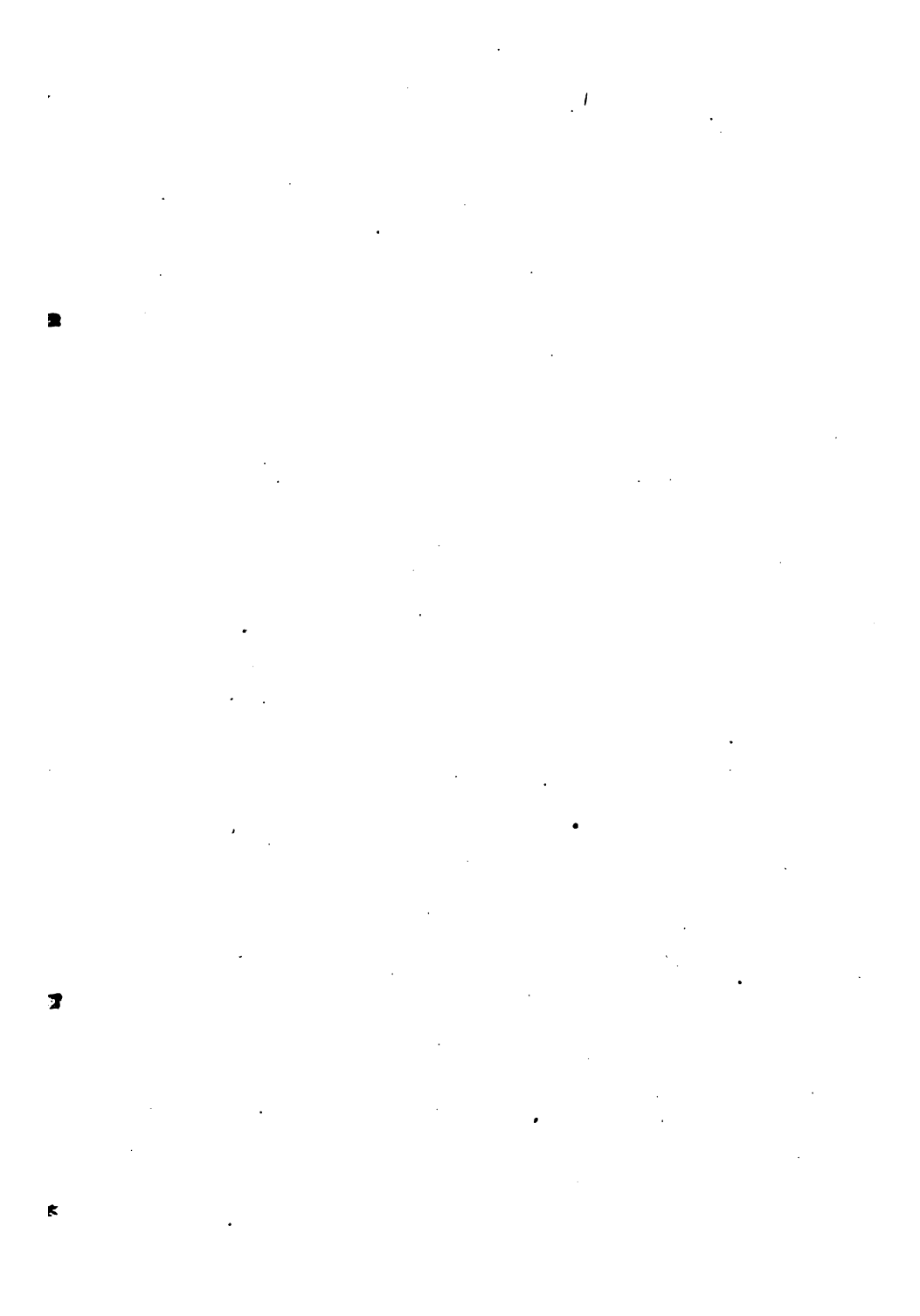


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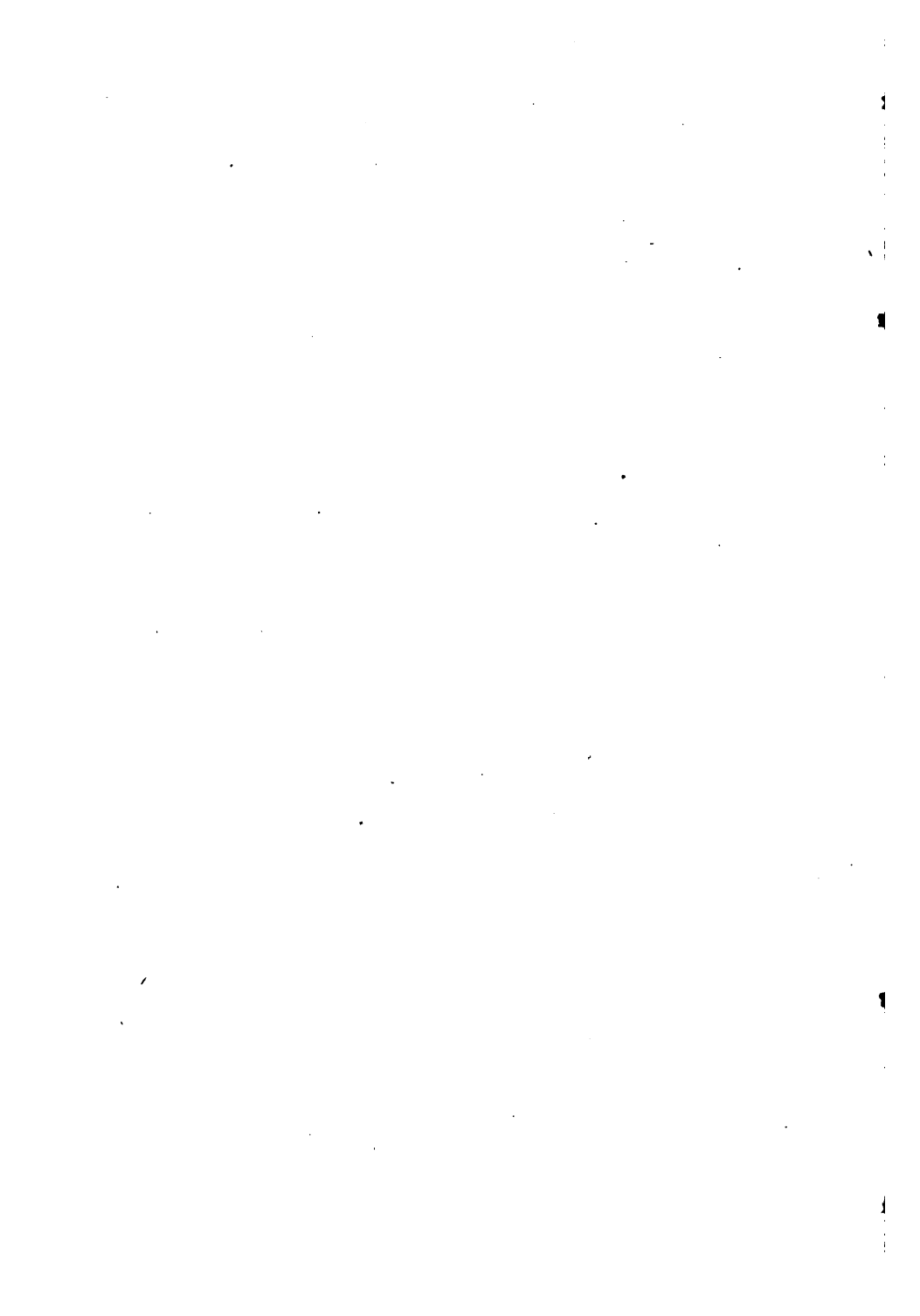




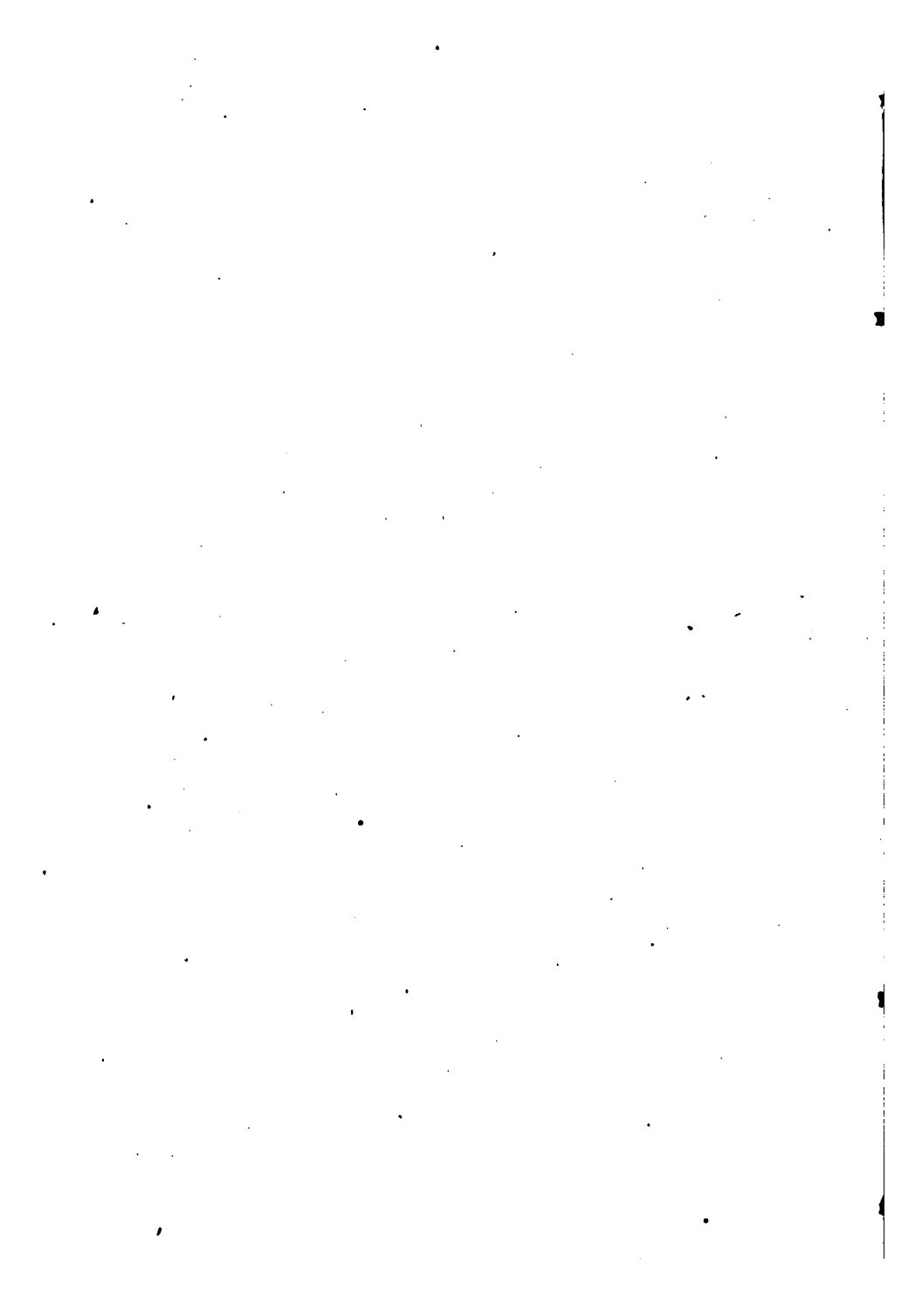


B. F. Munn

LETTER BELLE,









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LA PETITE BELLE ;
OR THE
LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.

A NOVEL,

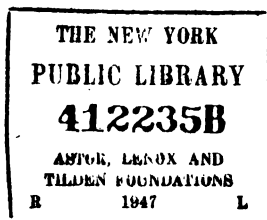
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BY

B. T. MUNN.
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A LIFE IS NOT FULLY ROUNDED OUT TILL ITS CLOSE.

SKANEATELES, N. Y.:

1877.
WMS



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PREFACE.

Grateful for the kind and gracious manner in which my first essay at story telling was received, I now present the Sequel of "Love on the Wing," hoping it will meet with that reception which greeted the advent of its predecessor. To all my dear friends who have from time to time expressed satisfaction and admiration for the genius and skill in the aforesaid work, I tender my most grateful thanks. To those who felt inclined to throw mud at me and mine, my most sincere and heart-felt pity. I love them all,—love them for what they do, and what they do not. Those praise because they feel like it ; others censure because they feel like it,—because it becomes easiest. Both follow their leadings, and both are useful in their spheres ;—one cheers, while the other does not discourage.

We observe, as we travel through the country, many varied scenes ; many kinds of architecture ; many tastes in the adornment of yards and lawns. Some may really be beautiful, displaying taste and scientific culture. Some may have been reared in the age preceding ours, while the yard is allowed to grow up in a half-neglected sort of way. Some may be entirely destitute of ornament of any kind, save, perhaps, a single honey-suckle clambering over the single, low front window. A few trees may shade the grass-grown walk from the door to the road. A few hives of bees may encumber the ground which should be devoted to flowers and shrubbery. Hens and chickens may

be cackling in close proximity to the door ; a lamb may be trotting around behind a six year old beauty, tanned by the sun-shine, and almost concealed by ringlets. A man may be lounging in the door-way enjoying his pipe, while his sinewy frame denotes the character of his occupation. Do any scoff at this? He is building as well as he knows. He is filling a sphere, and that is a very useful sphere of life. Had he means, a French cottage, with mansard roof and plate glass, would soon take the place of the one that now adorns the place. Why don't he get the means? Yes, he is ; he is doing that now, only he is doing it his own way. He must do this because he cannot do as you would. You work as best suits you ; so does he ; therefore your patience is at fault rather than his industry. Let him alone, and say nothing, if not praise ; don't discourage him. It is hard enough to work without clambering over your obstacles of dissatisfaction and contempt. You may,—you have a perfect right to criticise or applaud ; but if you display your envy, ill-will, and lack of culture, the censure is more justly due you than from you.

This is the work in which we are all,—yes we hope all, are engaged, building something for the admiration of our fellows. If we succeed in erecting something that is truly grand and magnificent, will not some one in envy turn his head and hiss? And will it not, like the feebler efforts of our fellows mould away into dust? It may be more substantial and enduring, living through an age or two longer. We may have been more admired through a brief space of immortality. Is there anything gratifying in this? Does it relieve us from necessity? Does it alleviate our sorrows? Does it add to our happiness? Things to be enjoyed should be presented during the present life ; therefore if you have anything good to say, say it now. Our bones we care nothing about ; it is our life that we foster, not our dust. Don't say to us : “ Why don't you put a flower bed here, a window there, or a piazza on this side, or a bow-window on that, or a

railing around the eaves, while a cupola should over-top the whole." Well done, thou good and faithful ; now enter according to thy work ; thou dost bravely ; thou actest wisely ; go ahead—prosper. God preserve from all harm, and bless thee, is the prayer of one, to everybody, who has no censure to bestow.

We observe not a living thing but has a parasite, neither in the animal or vegetable kingdom. Even parasites themselves have their enemies. One lives on the other even while healthy and vigorous. While we live, the lusts, if not the canker of envy, are surely eating away our life. The very moment we die the process is continued, though in a more severe and rapid form. First are the live parasites, and these do their work ; we are consumed ; we give our life to others whether we wish to or not. Thus the divine injunction is fulfilled, whether we desire to fulfill it or not.

Thus it will be seen there are all kinds of animals,—those that build, and those that destroy. It is but natural that those who cannot build should spend their time in destroying the work of others. These, though perhaps they would not desire a perfect wilderness, still do not like to see others do all the work, and make all the improvements. They may contemplate the same work, and delay it from time to time through sheer laziness, and indifference. They are forestalled, and they get mad about it. They forget that to do a work, a man must be up and about it. He must do something. If he remains idle, he grows in idleness. He cultivates that which he does, and it grows on him ; and he becomes, if he cultivates the evils, worse and worse. If he cultivates habits of industry, and virtuous accomplishments, he grows in the pursuits, and is enlarged and developed in those graces that dignify and ennoble manhood. If he cultivates forbearance, and conciliation, kindness, charity, and goodwill, along with his industry, he will be an optimist, with liberal, generous views, a large heart, and a noble spirit,

as well as a healthy physique. He is a man in the full enjoyment of all the prerogatives of his manhood. You may see the virtues irradiating from his face. His eyes, his nose, and mouth, and chin, in fact his whole being, proclaim the generousness of his thoughts.

You have seen manhood ennobled, now turn and see a parasite prey on the bounty of others generally. He finds fault with you because you are not this ; he finds fault with the good man because he is not that. The best man that ever lived was found fault with, and killed because of his supposed faults. The best poet that ever lived had his share of censure and criticism. With these examples before us no one need hope to escape the fangs of the parasite. Along with this disposition there invariably grow others : laziness, cowardliness, shame, deceit, fraud and sin. He shows these characteristics in every one of his features, in his walk and conversation ; in fact they irradiate from his whole being. He has a thin face, high cheek bones, sunken eyes, crooked nose, while over his chin a few straggling whiskers try in vain to find sufficient nutriment to sustain their growth ; but as there is no oil of kindness in his being, his physique is a failure. He is a pessimist in and out. He finds fault with everything ; nothing pleases him. Even God Almighty's works are brought before him for criticism. He does nothing and hates everything ; his life is a failure ; he did not even make it subserve himself ; he did not make it minister to his necessities. Strange that man should so spend his time as to frustrate the very object of his life. He, too, lived for others. Although taking his life from those around him, he gave it back to others more in need of it. Perhaps some died of his withering satires, while to others they infused new life and vigor ; what some are unwilling and careless to bestow, he confers with an unstinted hand, not only giving more than his share, but more than the indifferent with himself would have conferred.

We have a few more words to say in regard to the plan

of this story, then we have done. The first is in regard to progress ; and the second is in regard to the usefulness of the study of such works.

It is agreed by all that we are a progressive people ; that we are a great people, with diversified habits and pursuits ; that each is more or less dependent on the other for the means and the pleasures of life. We are a whole, and each part is necessary to the whole ; and so it is throughout the whole social body politic. The most insignificant trade, calling, or pursuit, is necessary to the more perfect enjoyment of any and every other part. The minister, lawyer, doctor, quack, street-sweeper, rag-picker and wood-sawyer, are thought by some to be useless appendages of society ; but they are just as necessary to society as society is to itself. We could not get along without the mason, or the house-carpenter, that is, in the state in which society now is. We could exist in a savage uncultivated state ; but that would not be in keeping with our age and ideas. It may be thought, in this connection, that society could get along without the novelist or story writer. Look at it and see. Writing and reading are the basis of our social structure. The two go together. Unless somebody wrote nobody could read. Then again, reading must be cultivated like any other science, else it recedes, and with the retrogression will go too the stimulus to writing : thus both fall together, and with their fall the whole fabric of society, and we relapse unconsciously, but surely, to a barbaric state. It is not the love of story-reading or story-writing in itself that preserves a state, or the society, but the love in general of all scientific culture. If a person likes to read stories he will get to like something else ; he will not stop at that accomplishment ; he will progress ; he will develop his mind to higher ideals. From the story he will discover the plot, the ground-work and the arrangement. He will study the characterization, whether they agree with themselves and each other, or whether they are at variance and belie each

other. The first he knows he is a critic. He has advanced from a mere reader of others' works to be an admirer of beautiful works. In all less perfect works he sees the defects, though perhaps unable to build one better; or even according to his own ideas of correctness. Here it will be observed that we have run against a snag that we have ourselves placed in the river. We are creating what we thought to have destroyed—critics; No. We do not wish them destroyed, nor discouraged, but we do wish to neutralize their pernicious influence. We wish to say a word in our defense, yet permit them to go on and talk, leaving the decision of the case where it rightly belongs—with the people. We don't wish to let such things go unnoticed for fear it would be thought we had not the sagacity to observe; and, furthermore, if we did not give back a portion of what we receive the balance would be against us, and more to the detriment of others than of ourselves. People permitted to have their undisputed way too long, get swamped in morasses of their own digging; therefore, we plank them over that they may live a little longer, in order that they may annoy others as well as ourselves. We live on. If you cannot build, destroy; we will build again. When you cease to destroy, then is the beginning of the end come, and you may look for the resurrection, and the second advent. Only in destruction and rebuilding is there safety for such a progressive people.

In all progresses somebody must go ahead—somebody must be the forlorn hope; there must be sacrifice made somewhere, and a forlorn hope is no better than the rear guard. These progresses are as well made by the novelist as by any other professional person. He stands as near to society as anybody; is loved as much, and is followed as implicitly. He keeps along with the great masses, always upholding and encouraging, never denouncing nor reproving. Occasionally he throws out hints for self-improvement, which rather strengthens than

loosens the tie which holds him to the world. Man is always respected when he is sincere in his motives, and upright in his acts, and while he is thus respected he cannot be utterly discarded.

In the advance which we propose to make, we offer not a word of excuse; though in stepping from a low sphere to the highest we do it in the full knowledge and belief that right will sustain us. We are not going to cut ourselves aloof entirely from the thoughts and affections of our fellows while we soar away into regions of airy fancy, or to an ideal paradise, to which we hope to elevate the sorrow-stricken, the broken-hearted and the despairing. No; we are flesh and blood, and propose to stay with flesh and blood—if not in them—while life remains. We shall rejoice with joy and be sorry in affliction. We shall mingle our tears with those which are shed by the rest of the world as well as laugh with its joy, though never losing sight of the great ideal that is beyond, yet always within our reach.

As to the study of such a work but little need be said, because nothing can be said against it. We read the history of nations with interest and profit. It instructs and amuses. It is often but the record of the jealousy, strifes, and dissensions of kingdoms and empires, often descending to the quarrels of mere families. Even this instructs us, for while developing our minds for higher ideals, we profit by the misfortunes of others. We carefully avoid mistakes into which others were unhappily led, by knowing the results to which they lead, and adopt those paths of duty which we before have seen result in good to those who followed them. So in the history which we now propose to write, though it embraces but a small portion of the state, it will be found to contain the same elements of harmony and discord, and be as instructive as if spread over a wider field of national life and action. Every town and village and city is a nation, and the people therein are prompted by the same impulses as those which

actuate cabinets and emperors. Though each of these may be on a smaller scale, yet the passions, hopes and fears are the same. The hopes of an ardent lover; the fears of an honest rival; and the jealousy of the loving heart, lest some other may snatch the object of our affection, who may be less worthy the sacred trust than we imagine ourselves to be, find a place in the life of those who sway the scepters of nations; therefore such histories, the history of family life and government, will be found to contain the elements of the history of the world, and will doubtless be as useful in encouraging virtue, and the correction of vice as if it were an emanation from the master's hand, depicting life and its struggles over a broad field of activity. A heart ache is no less painful to a confiding miss of twenty than to a diplomatist or emperor of fifty. The sighs are no less sincere. The tears no less sorrowful; while the prayers ascend not less sincerely from the fair petitioner, kneeling by the side of her couch, her curling hair disarranged, her snow-white uplifted hands, than from the kneeling monarch—if ever one did kneel. Beauty in sorrow, though sad to record and perceive, is as certain to occur in this mutable life of ours as is the daily sunrise.

La Petite Belle.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH SOME CHARACTERS ARE INTRODUCED.

“**I** WILL give you fifty dollars if you'll work over that churning of butter down cellar,” said a middle aged gentleman to his niece of scarce nineteen summers.

“Well, I'll do it; but mind you, if it spoils, you won't ask me to refund the money,” she replied.

“Of course not; I'm not in the habit of doing that, you very well know,” he returned; the last part of the sentence tinged with a little rebuke.

“I knew you wouldn't,” she said laughing, and away she tripped down cellar where she found a large churn full of butter-milk in which was swimming sixty or seventy pounds of butter. She rolled up her sleeves, perhaps the first time in a year, exposing a white, plump, round arm, and putting on an apron, she went energetically to work. It was hard, heavy and greasy; but with many sighs and “oh dears,” she succeeded at last in transferring the butter from the churn to the bowl, where, with a pail of ice-

water it was well washed and rinsed. She did this under the superintendence of the house keeper who was employed to do the work since the death of his wife, which sad event had happened but a few weeks previously. She and her mother had come to the funeral of the aunt and wife, and had not yet returned to their distant home. It may be thought that Mr. Brown had in view of the keeping of his niece, at least for a short time, to assist in the duties of the house, besides being very pleasant company for him, as he was left entirely alone with a large farm and dairy to take care of. This was his object—to interest her in such industries, so that she would take pleasure in the care of the house. It would not, of course, be expected that she would do the laborious part, such as the care of the dairy and general kitchen work; but simply to stay, and dust and tidy up the house and keep it in trim and neat. Such work, in short, as ladies like to do. This butter-making was a job, and he could pay her for a little extra exertion, the pay acting as an incentive to do something. The pay would conceal the drudgery; nay, it would enoble and dignify the work, because it was so disproportioned to the work to be performed, that she could brag of it as a fine piece of good fortune. It would sound very much as an inheritance for which nothing, or at least a very small amount of courting had been done. People do not say much about that which costs them its value in manual work; but it is that which they get at little expense, which they pride themselves on.

She soon returned and received her reward after the work had been duly examined and commended by the easy, good natured Mr. Brown. Not a speck could he find, while the butter bowl and ladle were washed and put out in the sun, and the churn, floor and fixings had all received their due attention. All was neat and shiny in the butter-room, whether it had all been done by the neat and fussy niece need not be recorded. The butter, however, proved to have been a little over-worked and salvy, but not enough to seriously damage it.

They had scarcely returned to the sitting-room, where five, new, crisp ten dollar bills were handed over, and which she was now putting in her wallet when the bell was rung and a newly arrived party rushed in, consisting of her brother, her cousin and two friends, whom we shall in their order now introduce to the attention of the reader, after which we will give their version of the events just narrated.

Mr. Brown, as we have mentioned, was a very large farmer—the largest in town—on which, with other pursuits, he kept one hundred cows. His character will be sufficiently illustrated in the following pages. He had been farming some twenty years with but ordinary success, having expended all his earnings, and, we may say, more in beautifying and embellishing the patrimonial estate, which had during the years of changing vicissitudes previous to his occupancy suffered that neglect incident to an unsteady occupation by one farmer. The buildings and fences had all been repaired at considerable expense, except only the house in which the worthy gentleman himself dwelt.

He had reared a family of three children to teenship, but these, with the last, his wife, he had now buried. He found himself alone, with no one nearer to him in the descending line than his nephews and neices, the most of whom are now present with us.

Miss Jennie Seymour, who we have already mentioned was the one who so daintily and prettily worked the butter. She is young, pretty, vivacious, and affected, having acquired this last named attribute from her mother, who by constant association with the upper crusts, had grown to be as faulty in this respect as she was good in some others; those others we will not enumerate. They are few and must be inferred. The young lady's character we will develop rather than explain. She had been to school some, having spent two summers at Vassar College, in Poughkeepsie. She had acquired some of the knowledge

to be found there with some of its superfluous accomplishments. She is now graduated, and is engaged in that secondary pursuit of life, the most interesting and agreeable of all,—the finding of a husband,—and the one, too, though easy at times, is always instructive, and at this peculiar juncture, or stage of our society, remarkably harassing, dubious and perplexing. It is one which brings into play, at all stages of life, all the faculties of our being. But this work, like every other, is best performed without too much deliberation, especially when, as in some cases, though not in this, there is a remarkable fortune to be acquired. Her parents were not remarked as being in the possession of a large estate, though her uncle had sufficient for all, if it had been equally divided among them. But we anticipate they had enough to dress well, and shuffle along through the world in that easy, unknown kind of way peculiar to such people. They were reported as having nothing, but by what authority is not in the province of this story to enquire. Suffice it to say, that they lived and got along somehow, and it is nobody's business how.

Mr. John Seymour, brother, and younger than the preceding, is a young gentleman of easy going habits, and not unlike his sister, at variance with laborious industry. Some light work, such as weighing grain, keeping books, selling produce, or buying stock, were the industries in which he most delighted, any one of which when followed up and made a business, would be found sufficiently irksome and laborious, requiring all the energies of a good head. But the truth is, he was never entrusted exclusively with anything, not deeming him equal to the emergency. He liked to hunt and fish, play billiards, and make love to the girls, to no one of whom was he particularly attached, because no one of them seemed to care very much for him. He was great to plan, but feeble to execute. He eagerly read stories in which some adventuresome young man had struck oil, or a vein of gold or silver; he

even dared to hope such might be his fortune, while he was leaning over the billiard-table, or telling stories to the young ladies. He seemed hardly to realize the fact that such works were accomplished only by the most patient industry. In the event of failing to acquire wealth through some sudden freak of good fortune, he had another resource,—he might get a rich wife; and this will be the work which most of our characters will be found doing:—that of getting a rich wife or rich husband, and it is our place to tell how they succeed.

Mr. Daniel Spreadeagle is a friend of all, being of that easy temperament which makes friends of everybody, and enemies of no one. He is rich, if we may call such a man rich,—one worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. He is splendid; all the girls like him; he keeps a good turnout, spends money freely, drinks some, smokes more, and makes himself generally interesting to every lady. He is good looking, and of good Napoleonic proportions; he is a stranger to most of our people, having just arrived from somewhere,—he says England, but wait, we get ahead.

Mary Douglas is a friend of the cousins, and beloved of the preceding. Her parents are rich, and this enables her to be classed with the bon-tons, with whom our story has mostly to do. She is good looking, lovable, and gay. She dresses neatly, kisses sweetly, and is withal a very interesting lady. She, like the rest, works little, plays the piano, gads and gossips, and, is in fine, just preparing to enter the fairy union with some eligible young gentleman. Her parents are retired, and they live in that easy style peculiar to their class. About the propriety of bringing up children in this way, we have nothing to do; as we find them, so we take them, working out their destiny with the materials which we find, neither extolling nor underrating merits; we make neither devils nor angels, but we leave them as we find them, no worse nor better. Don't infer from this that the loving, trusting, confiding Mary is not an angel, nor that she is. We find her with

the faults incident to her sex,—vain, selfish, faithful, kind and true. Who ever knew one that was not? Nor do we pretend to enumerate all her virtues; they will be sufficiently displayed during her subsequent trials,—and they will not be few nor gentle.

Miss Arlo Brown, niece and cousin, is the richest and prettiest of the constellation. She was brought up to work, by a mother who had seen harder times; but we will not venture to say, at this period, that she was often found in the kitchen or the laundry; nor would her mother permit her to spend all the time drumming on the piano or visiting. She was not addicted to much needle work nor knitting; but she could take care of her room and attend to those routine duties which naturally devolve upon the young lady. She had spent the greater portion of her time, up to the commencement of our story, in school, and that school away from home. Of course such a training as that would qualify one in most of the elementary branches of a common school,—English education,—and perhaps she would have time, as well as inclination, to dip a little into the classics. She actually did learn to smatter considerable French, much to her parents' gratification, who took considerable pains in the education of their daughter. As she was blessed with so many natural adornments, the work would seem incomplete without the addition of those artificial graces both of mind and heart, which go to make the accomplished lady. At home she would be in the very best position possible for acquiring the latter, as her mother, of all women, was equally well qualified to teach them; at school, let us hope, she had already acquired the former. She now, with the rest of her friends, finds herself emerging into the world, ready and willing to take her share of the responsibilities. She, though not in all respects, like her cousin, is not fortune-hunting, having that already in possession; but we may ascribe to her a moderate ambition, if we say she would not be unwilling to take an eligible companion for the arduous duties of this life.

"Just see what I've received for taking up a churning of butter," said Jenny, holding up the beautiful currency as her friends entered the room.

"Well, I must say I think you have been handsomely paid for the job," Arlo replied, approaching nearer and looking at the tempting prize.

"I know of a good many men who work longer for half as much," Dan said, casting a complimentary look at Mr. Brown, who was puffing away on a choice Havana, and smiling at the good natured company who had so unexpectedly burst upon them. He now arose and passed around a box of cigars, Dan taking one with the query :

"Are these some of your raising and manufacture?"

"Not much ; we don't raise that quality in this country. I wish we did ; maybe you have not a good one ; try another."

"It is very fine ; it has the flavor of the Bermudas," he rejoined.

"That's the flavor for me, the balmy dews of the Palmetto, with its never changing climate," Mr. Brown replied. "Come, Dan, walk out and see the place ; I've the finest farm in the county, and about as large as any of them," he said, taking his hat and leading the way to the door.

"Agreed ; I delight in farming, all but the work. You must have a very enjoyable time of it, with your leisure and ample means," he said, as they passed through the door.

"Make yourselves at home, ladies ; we won't be gone long," Mr. Brown said, as he stopped at the door, turning a pleasant smile upon his nieces and their friends.

"Why can't we go too?" the artless Arlo asked, coming to the door.

"Of course you may, with pleasure ; we are only going through the barn-yard and stables," Mr. Brown said.

"O, no ; let them go ; we'll enjoy ourselves as much here ; we'll play croquet. What a splendid ground you

have and so near this sparkling fountain," Mary chimed in, as she approached the party, now gathered on the piazza which overlooked the lawn, the fountain, and the meadows beyond.

The gentlemen by this time had sauntered away round the corner, chatting merrily, and followed by great clouds of smoke. We will leave them to their rambles, and spend a few moments in the delightful scene which nature spreads around.

It is spring ; the green grass is springing up, the leaves and buds are shooting out ; the flowers are blooming ; the birds are singing in the tall maples overhead ; the sun, after a refreshing May shower, is shining brightly in the clear sky, while all nature seems to rejoice. With the opening of spring the ladies drive out in the country, inhaling the balmy air wafted from the perennial sunny south ; and this is about the first ride they had taken this year, or rather, this spring.

The farm of Mr. William Brown lay about three miles from the beautiful village of Skaneateles, and which was reached by any one of three roads, each of which was in the highest degree splendid. The farms everywhere were well cultivated, and they were seen for miles upon the undulating hills. The meandering creek from the silvery lake flowed through the hollow, on either side of which, on the ridge, or along near the summit, ran two of the three roads, from which the opposite farms, with their trimly cultivated fields, orchards and meadows, could be plainly discerned. They were perfectly delightful roads, and especially at this season of the year, when all nature was putting on her habiliments of green, flower and shade. But the ever-changing scene grows more and more beautiful as spring recedes and summer advances, until finally autumn, with its hues of sear and yellow, caps the glorious climax of the most beautiful. This season, though unpleasantly suggestive, is probably, no less beautiful. It reminds us of time, and eternity, and of our own changing

hues, which, though they may not be already upon us, yet are as sure as one season follows another. By having the reminder of these always before us, we are deterred from quite forgetting our situation and destiny ; else, were it not for these we should become so engrossed in worldly pursuits and pleasures, as to utterly forget our Creator. Him we should always remember, if we would partake of the fruition which his bounteous hand has so lavishly bestowed.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH ANOTHER FARMER IS INTRODUCED.

N EAR by, and on an adjoining farm, lived a man whom we will designate by the name of Pinchtight. He was a man left in well-enough circumstances by his father, and had he chosen less active and aggressive habits, might more fitly have been called by some other name ; but being of an impulsive and imperious disposition he grew into that state of being which is most aptly called, Pinchemtight ; that is, pinch everybody, and hold fast all you get. At first, or at the beginning of his career, he was inclined, like most of us, to follow the leadings of the natural impulses, rather than those stiff, cramped, narrow ones which we find ingrained in those who have long followed a selfish, money making career. He saw the little patrimony his father had left him dwindle almost away before he awoke to a consciousness of his situation, when, rousing himself from his lethargy and putting on the helmet of industry, he pressed on into the fight, over coming all adversaries, and acquiring for his

old age a competence, and his children an ample inheritance, which, if rightly managed, would enable them to live at ease, and perhaps, in some degree of splendor, during their lives.

Such a disposition as his, is of all others the worst for a dependent position. It disqualifies a man from getting along well with his fellow neighbors, and those upon whom he is more or less dependent for his supplies. He, knowing this, resolved to be dependent on no one. So buying the farm of the heirs and mortgaging it for more than half its value, paid them all off in due time, and added more, while none of his brothers nor sisters could retain in their keeping the small portion of their patrimony. We will see in the following pages how he accomplished this feat.

In the first place he got down on his shin bones and worked like a slave ; in the second place, he bought nothing that he could possibly get on without ; in the third place, he lived on the products of his corn field and dairy, and this was sometimes stinted ; in the fourth place, he borrowed tools of his neighbors to such an annoying extent that he was nick named Bor, for borrow. When seen coming, or his boy,—he seldom had one, nor could he keep a man—some one near by invariably exclaimed : “ Here comes Bor. Pinchtight ; what do you suppose he wants now ? ” He would never buy a tool of any kind, that is of lighter kinds, such as hoes, forks, rakes, ladders, baskets, bags, &c., &c. He had to have a plow and drag and wagon as indispensable to his business, but other tools he could borrow. He was at variance with nearly all his neighbors, except with William ; he could most always borrow of him, for whom he wore out as many tools as did William himself. Having a quick temper and irascible to an unbearable extent, he was naturally cut off from the intercourse of his fellows ; and this was dictated by policy as much as by his natural propensities ; for being bent on making money, he did

not choose to keep open doors and a free table for all comers. If he went no where himself no one could expect him to receive company, and he never did, except upon a special invitation, when a stinted loaf of cake would be provided for supper, with some jelly, tarts and cookies. Nothing but ginger-bread was ever furnished the daily table, and this was sparing enough. But the biscuit and preserves, and cake, if any were left, were carefully removed before the boys came in, and nothing but bread, and the leavings of the last meal were spread before them. Of these Pinchtight himself partook if it happened that he too was belated, or prevented by some means from supping with the ladies. He seemed to care for no richer food than was daily furnished him.

As he increased in wealth, he let up a little and permitted tea for breakfast with bread and a small portion of butter ; but the pudding and milk for dinner and supper continued for some time after, until the gossip of neighbors and men—he got so he could hire them by qualifying his temper,—constrained him to adopt a more liberal domestic policy. He got so he liked coffee for breakfast, and it was sometimes had for dinner when threshers were there, or washing sheep, or when killing hogs. Whenever anything very laborious was in hand, a better dinner was provided, and this change we may attribute to his good natured, hospitable wife, who had before heard, with sorrow, not unmixed with indignation, the scandalous stories which had been circulated concerning the manner in which she had supplied her table. It is during these transition stages, rather than in any one of them, that our story has to deal ; for during her old age,—and it is this period at which she has now arrived,—she was considerably changed, being quite good natured and liberal. She was rich, and her family was leaving her, and she was settling gradually into that don't-care stage in which life seems to flow along without exertion or toil. The necessity for saving and economy being removed, she

did not care to be always quarreling about something. She had always been religiously inclined, while he, until towards the evening of his life, had steadfastly stuck to his idols,—money and economy. When life began to wane, and gray hairs to appear, he began to think about himself, and what would probably result should he be stricken down in his unprepared state. He joined the church and became a christian member of a religious society ; but this change of religious views had no effect upon his irascible temper ; nor did it open his purse-strings for the purchase of more tools. Things directly under his management were controlled as rigidly as before. Many a curtain lecture was had because of the increased expenses of the house ; but she was bound to carry her point in this respect so long as any one partook of her hospitality. When alone they could sip their tea and eat a crust of bread in silence, and it was no body's business ; but to be talked about all over town as being too tight to live decently, she would not endure it, and she didn't.

To account for some of these changes, we must not fail to record the fact that Mr. Pinch. had been twice married, and by the first wife had reared a daughter whom we will designate as Eva Pinchtight. She was very much like her father in everything save her pinch-tightness ; in this respect she was not correctly named ; but a little of it would have stood her well in hand, as we shall see before we get through the story. She looked like him, and acted like him, and thought a good deal like him, and with a goodly share of her mother's good looks, was passably handsome. She was not pretty, but she was a good-looking, motherly kind of woman ; her turn-up nose and cross eyes neither detracting from, nor adding to her good looks.

By the second wife he had several other children, the oldest of whom, Viola, is the prettiest and sweetest lady, Arlo excepted, that the sun ever shone upon. Her mother, who survived the father some years, was endowed with

those natural gifts of person, of heart and mind, which were so abundantly illustrated in the fairest and prettiest of her sex ; for with her exceeding beauty there went also a grace of manner, a gentle disposition, a kind and loving heart, never before met on this terrestrial globe. She had access directly to the circle in which most of this history is interested, and indirectly to all of it, her sister having married one of the characters, and her sister's husband's sister another. About this we will write when we come to it.

Contraries spring from contraries ; so this angelic girl is the daughter of a man, who, outside of his own family at his death, could not find one single friend. The whole world had forsaken him. The little world in which he lived and which he lorded over, as only the most imperious master could have done, was the only place where he was loved ; and, doubtless, he was loved here enough to make up for the lack everywhere else ; one thing is certain, he was loved by the little, trusting Viola, as no other daughter ever loved a father. We will leave her with her canaries, her embroidery, and the enjoyment of all the blessings which a loving hand can bestow, and attend to no less important personages in this interesting drama.

We will leave her :—

“ To be cheered by the glorious sunshine,
And washed by dewy showers,
To grow prettier and prettier,
Happier and happier, each and every hour.”

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER FARMER PRESENTED.

N EAR by resided another farmer, who had built himself up very nearly as the preceding one had, and contemporaneously, though by the employment of very different means ; not so different either, as the manner of the doing. This man, whom we shall designate by the name of Passable, acquired wealth and respectability without making everybody an enemy. He was a poor boy, from which he had worked through all the intervening stages, from the lowest up to the highest position. He had seen life in all its phases, enjoyed the kicks and jeers of outrageous poverty ; the smiling servility of courting sycophants, and the more than satisfactory pleasure of snubbing those in adversity, who before had snubbed him when he was similarly situated himself. He had got accustomed to being called " George,—eh ! George ; how do ye do old fellar ; duced glad to see yer ; how do you git on, eh ! " and he had been passed by a thousand times by such men as Hardfist, Sweetness & Co., without so much as a recognition ; and he had seen them come up smiling to him with a polite Mr. Passable, for a morning's greeting, following which would be a gentle inquiry respecting the health of his family. That was triumph enough. To have these men, leading men of the place, whose wealth and position placed them in the foremost ranks of the bon-tons, courting his favor, and craving his patronage and friendship, was surely a sufficient compensation for a life of industrious toil and hardship.

This man was otherwise blessed by a son and daughter, named respectively Frederick and Mary Jane Passable,

the former of whom is deeply in love with Mr. Pinchtight's eldest daughter, which, however, he did not discover until somewhat later ; while the latter is in love with a young gentleman, whom she finally marries, and—who we will presently introduce.

We will see how these farmers commenced and prospered in the world, each by the adoption of means peculiarly his own, though directly divergent, and in many respects hostile, and in the end converging to the same disastrous consequences. We will see how contentedly each gets on, one with his bowl of pudding and milk, the other with his crust of bread and cup of tea, in their little old tumble-down shanties ; how each with his knife and spoon dips into the butter and salt, without any regard to the taste or feelings of others. How happily the frugal meal is eaten while jokes and laughter lend their aid to the assimilating organs of digestion. The butter plate is in the center of the table with a large roll thereon and every one dips into it with a knife well plastered with gravy, the yolks of eggs, and mustard. Nobody cares for this. The gravy on the butter is just as sweet as that in the bowl, and what matters it if it has been in another's mouth. We love them all and kiss them occasionally. Who wants to be bothered with an unwieldly butter-knife and spoon, when our own is so much more handy. If other folks don't like our style, why, they need n't eat at our table. We propose to dip our knife into our butter whether anybody likes it or not. This is our right and privilege. We have a right to nauseate everybody in our house if we are a mind to, and they have no right to complain.

Refinement and the civilizing influences have done much, and is still doing much, towards the elevation of suffering humanity. Let the work go on, pray, even if some of the ordinances are slighted and disobeyed entirely. What care we whether the butter-knife is used or not. What care we whether a man chooses to make a

savage of himself right in the midst of Christian influences. He may be an exception. His wife may give him a lecture for it a half a dozen times a year. Others may respect the decencies of social life within their narrow circle, and wherein no critics' eye ever intrudes. For the sake of these which we enjoy and respect, we pass by others, with the slight censure which we have bestowed. We would say, for the sake of those who would be gentlemen, obey laws; do not ignore them. When butter-knives were not used, nobody cared about them; now they are used, everybody cares. No one, however high may be his station, is excusable for disobeying this ordinance. We have many friends with whom we have sometimes dined, but with whom we shall as few times as possible, who, whether thoughtlessly or not, always dip their greasy knife into our butter; it is ours, because the next moment it may be passed to us, and perhaps take a slice from that portion next to that from which their knife has taken a part.

We will see how with the advent of butter-knives and salt-spoons, a new extension table with the whitest of damask spreads—these latter taking the place of worn out sheets, when the single cotton cloth happened to be in the wash—the manners of the happy occupants change. In the place of pleasant conversation and sometimes uproarious laughter, we find the stilted phraseology of the surrounding circles of life, who, being a little in advance, are inadvertently teaching those who follow. Mrs. Pinch-tight and Mrs. Passable, being neighbors, are invited to supper by Mrs. Hardlist, or Mrs. Sweetness and company and there first receive the rudiments of the butter-knife and individual salt-cellar, with the phraseology which accompanies them. There must be a silver knife to every plate of cake large enough to take the whole plate off, but it is only permitted to take a tiny slice about three-quarters of an inch wide, leaving room by the side of it for a boy to dance a South Carolina jig upon. The ladies take

this choice piece of cake with a delicacy of touch and grace far eclipsing Juno as she waits upon her lord, and with many complimentary phrases proceed to mince the choice pastry. We have nothing to say against this. It goes with the world ; only we want to hint that we observe it. There are many good things, which without these we could not have ; so for the pleasure which is obtainable by all, let the stilted vices go along, only don't carry them too far, for your own dear sakes and ours. We all desire to live and enjoy them as long as possible but we will not if we live faster than our natural growth, and the development which goes along with the slow process of secretion and accretion.

Mr. Passable, though he did not at the beginning go into the extremes of poverty as did our Pinchtight, still he took his tea without sugar, though he liked it exceedingly well, and would occasionally insist in after life that it should be put on the table, and in his tea—he drinks coffee mornings now, while tea is only had for supper—was not willing that Mrs. Passable should put it into the cup of the hired man ; in fact he rather connived at its omission ; for at the induction of a new man, the sugar was not placed on the table, and, consequently, he was not asked “ How he took his tea,” but it was poured and milked just as the other members of the family took theirs. If, afterwards, it was discovered that he took no sugar in his tea the bowl was regularly placed on the table, but a portion of its contents sometimes failed to get into Mr. Passable's cup ; on which occasion he had to reach over his spoon and help himself. She considered it a good stroke of policy to save a teaspoonful of sugar. She would need it preserving some cherries. She never said anything, however, when it was being conveyed from the bowl to the tea, where it would doubtless do no good, but her eyes and the manner in which she masticated the crust she was munching indicated how much she prized it, and how much it would be missed in the quinces she

was putting up, and if asked why she did not put some in before, she replied :

"She thought she had," while a sad, disappointed look lingered on her face. When she baked she kept a piece of the new bread carefully by her plate, and not until the old was gone did she permit any one—save the great, gawky son who generally got up and helped himself to it—while the mouths of all the rest were watering for a piece of the tempting prize. She, too, whipped off the cake, and pie, and sauce, when the hired men came to supper, putting on in their stead cold potatoes, pork, and gingerbread. These were good enough to fill up hired men with.

The children of Mr. Passable received a passable education in the district school, and a couple of terms at Mr. Do-as-you-are-a-mind-to-boys, or at Miss Susan Mackerel's. They were brought up to work at home, to be economical, prudent and honest, and in fact all those christian graces which adorn and usify life. The parents like their contemporaries, whom we have just named, joined the church about the beginning of the evening of life, and thenceforward became exemplary members of the meek and lowly. The same arguments, however, at this time, did not influence the children. They wanted to see the world and enjoy its smiles and sunshine awhile yet ; they had not learned that a good Christian life was compatible with a full and perfect enjoyment ; indeed, no other kind of life is, a fact which older children than these have not yet learned.

Mr. Do as-you-are a-mind-to-boys taught a good school enough, that is, he knew enough, and taught enough, besides imparting his generous, good spirit, to enable anyone with ordinary perseverance, to acquire sufficient rudimentary knowledge to start well on the career of life ; but to get successfully through it requires an education which no man or woman can teach. In fact, life is but a continued school, in which, from day to day we ac-

quire the knowledge, or experience which will tide us along successfully. You could learn Latin and Greek, French and German at either of the above select institutions of learning, but these would neither supply our inner wants, nor cloth our outer. Something more is required than learning of any kind; something more than to get rich; something more than to get a rich husband, or wife. If we get rich we should know how to keep it, else it will do us no good, and we are mocked by the short possession. What this something is, everybody must acquire himself, through reading and observation; nobody can tell, nor can it be taught in any school. By careful reading and study, and the experience of every day life, a belief in, and a strict conformance to the principles of a good moral life, or a Christian religion, one may be enabled to successfully compete with the storms of life. No one, we care not who he is, can get on, and achieve an honorable record, without one or the other, or all of these. One may so conduct his life as to get in jail, or fetch up at the gallows; but we account this nothing; but it is that life which is so conducted that it takes hold of all—or such a portion of it as is necessary—and so adapt means to ends as to evolve therefrom the best results.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MEETINHOUSE.

MR. MEETINHOUSE lived, if not contiguously, yet near enough to be called a neighbor, to all of our characters. He does not play a very important, nor very active part, in this drama; but we can't get on without him, because of the influence which his pres-

ence exerts upon surrounding elements. We see in all natural phenomena the apparent usefulness of certain small bodies. They balance, if they do not effect and control the larger ones. We look with contempt and anger upon the weeds that grow in our gardens ; but they are necessary. If the ground could not produce weeds it would not vegetables. Thistles grow in wheat ; barley beards on the kernel ; smut on the corn ; thorns on rose bushes ; freckles on beauty ; and so on through the whole category. We don't mean to infer that we wish him tied up or extirpated ; nor do we wish to be at the expense of placing a thousand tons of powder inside of him and have him blown into the interstellar spaces. We wish to discover him with our telescope, and let him remain, neither magnifying his usefulness nor belittling his industry. We found him ; we have seen him for years in various occupations, from the meeting house, which neither storms, nor mud can prevent him from attending regularly each recurring Sabbath. He feeds chickens week days, reads the Bible and prays. He reckons up the expense of the week, and balances it against the receipts, if anything remains. God has been pleased with his conduct ; if anything is lost, why then he is angry ; more prayers are necessary ; more reading of the Bible ; more fasting ; more humiliation ; more self-sacrifice ; more self-abasement ; more giving of alms—he never gave anything but to the church or its members, and then, it must be solicited and received before the congregation. He delighted to give there ; it did his soul good to be commended for charity. The prayers that thanked him were to him as a sweet savor. To have the poor and needy go to the throne of grace for succor and be relieved by him, was surely a glorious privilege. The money saved out of his own necessities was thus contributed to the service of the Lord. The farm, the house, the barn, the fences might need it woefully, but religion would not have been spread abroad, nor would the poor

have received help, had they been kept up. Each post in the fence might be held upright by stakes driven from year to year on either side, until a dozen or more were counted there, still the Christian religion must be loved, and the only way to love it, is to pray, read the Bible, do nothing but save money and go to church. This is religion. Sit in the cushioned rocking chair for years, and mechanically turn over the leaves of the Bible, without knowing anything of the spirit of its contents, is surely a negative way for improving the ten talents which the giver of all has conferred. The Bible had been read, until a dozen were literally worn out, and not one entire chapter could be repeat. Those portions of it which all know were meant to be interpreted figuratively, he thought were intended to be understood according to the letter. Thus Hell was a place of bodily suffering and fiery torment. It was a real personal infliction for sins committed. It rectified the sins, or made holy sinful acts; or purified the sinner; or some way made things better, he could not tell how nor can anybody. How can the eternal punishment of sinners help them, or benefit the Righteous Judge? It is in this way only that we can take cognizance of the Divine economy. By bringing to bear the relations of cause and effect, and the principles which control their movements, we may arrive at approximate conclusions. It may be said, in excuse, that we cannot measure the infinite by the reasoning of the finite, nor bring to bear upon the infinite the rules which govern in the finite world; if this be so, the conclusion is as much for us as against us; for why should we not know as much about it as the man who never moves out of his sphere,—fixing fence, making hen's nests, or at prayer?

In this school was reared a boy whom, we would suppose, if we deduce from religious premises, would successfully compete with the world; but we shall see. He is George Meetinhouse, and his sister who, likewise figures

considerable, is named Matilda. With the exception of the severe training to which these were in their youth subjected, we find them centering upon the career of life under auspices of the most promising character. They both had good physical and personal endowments, and added to these their good moral character, the prestige of the first circles of society, and the assistance which it would be supposed they would receive on reaching their majority, make these two characters the most promising in our history. We have no word to offer in reproof, nor in commendation, simply taking them just as we find them, permitting them to solve the riddle which kind and generous nature gives and they accept, in their own untrameled way. If they turn out well theirs will be the enjoyment, and if evil they will suffer. They, too, had the benefit of such an education as could be received at the school of the pedagogue, Miss Mackerel. They had written love letters on their slates which were duly passed to the desired recipient ; they had drawn images of Miss Mackerel, representing her as in the sea, on the beach, dried and salted, in the grocery on the top of a barrel, on the stove, and finally on the plate. The bones were used as ornaments on the person and in the hair ; being sharpened they made good pins for securing the dress of the ladies. They were used for breast pins, and fobs of watch-chains ; while pieces of the fish were thrown at the heads of students. She was represented as cooking cod-fish, and serving it out daintily to the unfortunate wards that were entrusted to her guardianship. Now she was pouring molasses from a jug in a weak concoction having the smell and color of coffee, but differing from it as cider from vinegar. Her long, lean, lank figure was scrawled on the blackboard at recess, and when the truthfulness of the picture had been commended, with now and then an addition, or an erasure of such parts as did not meet with general approbation, it was hastily rubbed out in order to prevent it being seen by the anxious spin-

ister herself, who often times succeeded in gaining entrance to the school-room before the whole was entirely effaced. She, mistrusting, from the smothered laughter, winks and ill-concealed looks, that she was the object of their sarcastic caricature sent the bevy to their seats, with such threatenings and reprimands as a long practice had made familiar to her; and these when delivered in the stilted language which it was her delight to use in the school-room, and on the street and elsewhere, made the scene doubly ludicrous, and increased the laughter which she thought entirely to abate. One illustration of this manner will suffice to show the nature of the training which all our characters have been taught; we say all, and we mean all; for if only a few of them succeeded in acquiring such lessons, it is evident that they all will be more or less tinctured by the prevailing endemic, more especially when this is supposed to smack of the respectable, and to emanate from high and respectful sources. All would imbibe a certain portion of this style even when a few of the more extravagant phrases were ridiculed and denounced. Often we have heard these students mimicing their unfortunate teachers in their circles at the Lake House, over their wine and at their evening sociables. They all, and everybody else who chose, meet at the house of some friend each week, where a social converse was enjoyed, together with apples, nuts, ginger-bread and coffee; on these occasions the news of the day was rehearsed, in such style of language as best suited the several groups into which the whole company would be divided.

"Now, I doo declare, if you are not at it again; I shawl dismiss you peremptorily, if you do not cease this conduct. It is shameful! certainly shameful, to make such figures on the board." She had misinterpreted the figures, that's all. If she had known who the figure was intended to represent, she would not have thought it so shameful, however incorrectly it may have been repre-

sented. "I know," she continued, "that this can be no good to you, and I shawl be compelled, as I before remarked, to dismiss such of moy recusant students as persist in disobeying moy injunctions. Have a care, in the future, and thus save yourselves needless trouble, and me from vexation."

"You'll give one a little chance to repent won't 'oo, before you send her out into the could world," returned the most brazen of the group.

"None of your sauce, young miss, or I shawl write to youah parents, and inform them of the unlady-like course you are pursuing."

This was most always successful, because most of her students were from the surrounding country, and some distance away, and were now enjoying their first absence from the paternal roof. To most of them it was an enjoyable time, even to partake of the codfish and molasses-sweetened-coffee which were provided at this establishment for the hungry students, and to threaten to dismiss them to their homes again to the quiet humdrum life of which they were sick and disgusted, was the most potent weapon of reprimand which she could employ. She was instantly obeyed, and the mum-like fear which pervaded their countenances indicated how much they would deplore such a result. On one or two occasions she had actually carried into effect her threatening reprimands, and these had secured for the future, better obedience on the part of those that remained and a cessation for a short time of the caricaturing frolic. This effect would, however, in a short time be removed, when they would return to their old habits again, when another threat would be necessary, and perhaps expulsion, to keep the school in that state of order and decorum which is most requisite in such institutions.

The nature of the training, it will be observed, had a tendency to awaken those faculties of the mind which in after years are termed shrewd, smart, cunning, and tricky.

If a gentleman or lady is quick and apt at reply, and slow to anger, he is deemed qualified to enter any of the avocations of life, with every prospect of success. The depth of his acquirements is not taken into account, nor is the erroneous nature of the training that he has received ; for, it will be observed, in all, or nearly all, examples—it certainly will be so shown in this history—those of the finest promise turn out worse than those who make no pretensions to wit or smartness. The slow, plodding mechanic is not noticed when he is plodding upward, but when he reaches the acme of affluence and independence, then it is Mr. So-and-so “how-do-ye-do ; glad to see you ; are your folks well ? nice day ;” then they walk along together, and if he is of the free and liberal sort, they go in and take a drink, the bill being paid by Mr. Sweetness. If it happens to be Mr. Hardfist or Lookout, then there is no such thing as that thought of. Their good will is not expressed in that way ; but is, however, not less effective, nor is it less sincere. Every man has motives for his acts, and if we cannot divine them, it is not our place to be too critical.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER CHARACTERS.

MISS MINNIE FRENCH is a lady of wealth, vain and dressy. She had been nursed in affluence ; knew nothing of the trials and disappointments of life ; knew nothing of suffering or even sacrifice. She had sailed along over a smooth sea with sunshiny weather—no tempests, no shoals, no dangerous reefs had inter-

e

posed themselves in her course. Born of wealthy parents, and reared in the highest circle of the bon-tons, it cannot be expected that she would be prepared to battle with the more stern realities of life. And she was not; but moved by her womanly instincts, she obeyed those impulses which came most natural, without once stopping to examine whether they were wise or not.

She, with her parents and friends, summered with us while her winters were spent in the more congenial climate of the South or in New York. All her early life was one continued round of pleasure. When they got sick of one place they went to another, and after visiting around every place of interest or amusement they went to another, which was done in the same way. They sailed on the lake, pic-niced in the grove, rambled through the woods over briars and logs, through trackless glens where the foot of man seldom or never trod, and into whose recesses the sun never throws his beams. They fished from the girgling brook and roasted their speckled beauties on the coals beside the bubbling spring and beneath the overhanging boughs, the sweet and grateful fragrance of which was, perhaps, the most pleasant part of the scene. Who can forget it? And how sweet is the remembrance! Oh, thou woodland glen! brimming full of a thousand sweets. The song of birds, the chirping of crickets, the sonorous notes of the bullfrog, all lend their charms to thy exceeding beauty. Thou must be seen to be enjoyed; thou must be explored morning, noon and night; the dew must drip from the overhanging boughs; the sun must vainly strive to penetrate the rustling leaves through the long slant of the southern hillside; the winding pathway upward to the light of a brighter day are all reflected from the glorious past to the equally happy of the present.

Such were some of the scenes in which the light and joyous Minnie delighted to spend the most of the summer months. When she tired of these a gentle horse and

phaeton were ready at the door. She could ride along the winding road that overlooked the glen, the topmost trees of which barely reached to her feet, and enjoy again without partaking of the toil the scenes of yesterday. She remembered the exact place where she tripped over a briar, where she slipped off a log, and where she slaked her burning thirst at a refreshing spring. The bruises and scratches were nothing, neither was the fatigue. She recounted these scenes with laughter and jest, as she rode along.

Orlu, her sister, though a year younger, enjoyed these sports equally well. She was pretty and more lively, witty and gay. The schooling of both, as is too often the case, had been neglected, but they had more than enough of that lighter knowledge which is taught in the parlors of wealthy magnates. Though often expected there they always unbent in the forest and on board the yacht. The starch and frills, ribbons and bows, bustles and furbelows, were laid aside when a ramble in the woods was contemplated and with them the manners to which they belong. No stilted phraseology; nothing but the language of nature was heard in natural scenes. These they did not wish to mar by bringing city life there.

These are the wealthiest characters that will find a place in our history. They can be said to lack nothing for the enjoyment of the most happy life, unless it is, indeed, a little adversity. They had youth, beauty, form and fortune, with every prospect of continued success in life, and we will soon see what use they made of them.

Richard, nicknamed Dick Peck, was a cousin to these beauties through his step-father, who, like their father, was deemed the most wealthy man in the village of romantic Skaneateles. He is a bachelor of the confirmed kind, and perhaps we may add, of the most tantalizing sort. He was after every lady and satisfied with no one. All the ladies liked him and each took him up

as fast as he presented himself, not expecting to be discarded as her unfortunate rival had been, whom she may have labored for years to supplant. But he soon tired of her or fell more desperately in love with somebody else. He had plenty of money, horse and leisure, and these he lavished entirely on the fair and self-devoted sex.

The most peculiar part of his character was his divergent tastes. From the prettiest he went to the plainest, and from the richest to the poorest. He did not seem to care with whom he flirted; one form was good as another. He spent many happy evenings in the kitchen of Mr. French, where he was consigned by a trickery of the ladies, who were desirous of testing the sincerity of his demonstrations; but nothing was gained by it. He jested, laughed and frolicked with the tall, ungainly Irish girl with the industry and audacity which he played with so much effect in the parlor. He made a conquest of every lady, and every lady was ready and anxious to be jilted. He must think more of her; he could not fail to love her; he could not resist her charms. Every gentleman before had yielded, had been snubbed, then rejected. How then could he be an exception. He was a man subject alike to the infirmities and passions of his being. He must kneel and intercede because all had. Though he reckoned his conquests by the hundreds, yet he was continually adding to the list. There was plenty of fish, and he was always angling, and they were always biting his hook which was not half baited. Though every one knew his dubious nature, yet the temptation was so great that many let go better prizes for the purpose of trying him. All tried him to their sorrow, and no one ever caught him. Although a young man of passable acquirements would make a man such as any lady would desire for a husband, besides being a good friend and citizen, yet he never thought it incumbent on him to take his share of the burdens and responsibilities of the world. Temperate in habits, dis-

creet in manner — if we may except a tincture of cheekiness — and under the guidance of his ordinarily industrious parents, moderately successful. What he acquired he spent, not so much in personal indulgence as in dress and waste of time. He had no economy nor cared for it; he had but one life, and that he would enjoy. We look upon such a character with smiles not unmixed with a foreboding sense of the future. He scatters more than he destroys; he glides over the surface without ever dipping into the strifes and struggles of the world. He does not build it, nor does he beautify it — if we except the ornamental display which he makes in dashing through the world.

Charles Peekskill is a rich farmer's son, of medium ability, and easy going habits. When we say this much we say everything belonging to such a character. We can add but little, and that not meritorious. He is haughty, overbearing and lazy; looks with contempt upon the poor and considers them fit objects for still lower degradation. He never speaks to a laboring man, and then in a growl or none-of-your-business kind of way. He neither built nor destroyed; he was too lazy; but he could spend money, dash around, and ride over the poor. In this respect, perhaps he was better than Pinchtight, or Passable, or Meetinghouse; but his arrogance and disdainful manners neutralized the good effects of his selfishness and made us look with contempt upon him. He never inspired us with affection nor hatred; he was too mean to hate. People do not care to waste hatred on unworthy objects. His sympathies were with the rich; he aped their manners and considered himself infinitely better than they. He supported a driver with white gloves, and he dusted the cushions and harness while Peekskill lolled inside and complained of the weather; he was talkative, brazen, impudent and silly; he dabbled in stocks, was merchant, farmer, banker, horse-jockey, and gambler; he bet and lost, everybody rejoicing and wish-

ing for it. He was kept up by his father, who often grumbled at his conduct, but to little purpose. Was there a chance to make money out of the public, or any where, he was foremost in the project. Was a contract to be let for any job he would take it, or at least try to get it ; but everybody bid against him and tried to keep him out. Was a school-house to be built, a ditch, road, or bridge to be made, no one would build so cheaply as he, nor so shabbily. He sometimes got the job, in spite of opposition, and for years after he bragged about it, how much he made out of it, how he beat the opposing candidates, how he bullied them, brow-beat them. There was nothing too low for him ; he was equal to anything where there was money.

Such a character ought to make money and get rich, and he would if he could have had prudence, moderation, with gentleness and sauvity. He would fight his way through without these. He did not believe in conciliation, in yielding to the wishes and opinions of others ; he was the man. He had schooled himself so long in these principles, that his very looks and actions showed them ; his very smile was a concealed frown ; while he tried to show a pleasant exterior, the malice that filled his whole being to the brim, overflowed. The world was for him and everybody his victims. He talked, and laughed, and jeered of the manner in which he had beat his last victim ; you might be the next, and for fear, you oppose him. He seemed to have an idea that what was pleasant to him was to others ; it occupied his whole attention, and others must be fools who could not see the joke of the fun and enjoy it too. In this way he made fun of the whole world, while others in their sleeve made fun of him. He talked in a loud and boisterous tone, even in the house, filling the whole room with his ungrammatical voice, and drowning the voices of all others. If he read a paragraph out of a newspaper, it was mispronounced, and no regard paid to points. His voice

fell at any place in the sentence. He did n't care. He was going to be governed by no rules. He was the rule. The laws of good breeding and etiquette were wholly ignored, both at the table and elsewhere. He could convey sauce from the principal dish to his mouth as often as it pleased him; and to provoke you the more, and show you in what contempt he held you, he took as little as possible and went often. It might make you sick, he did n't care. It was his house, and he had a right to do anything he wished. When he walked around he tried to see how much noise he could make; it mattered not how much you might be disturbed, he was the only one to be pleased in his house. Everybody must wait on him.

No society is perfect without all the members that compose it, and as we have briefly given some small hints, the picture is not complete till we have added a few more. Though we do not intend to illustrate every phase of life, we will give such a glimpse of it all that any one may see, by the exercise of the imagination, such a portion of it, that a pretty correct outline of the whole can be obtained. As we observed of the religious life, so it is of the secular. Neither of them is the true state; but no society is perfect without them both, and society is more or less influenced by them both. The one, by the presence of the other, is restrained from growing into fanaticism, while the other is hindered from merging into debauchery.

It may be thought that we have already introduced enough to secularize any society in the world; perhaps we have, if all parties play their true representations; but the novelist cannot ascribe to one individual different and opposing characteristics, without a gross violation of natural and canonical rules. There are instances of abnormal developments in which a clever person plays successfully two or three roles; but these are exceptions and they find no place in this history. Man has generally

but one face and that looks right straight ahead. A man cannot look two ways and follow either. He can't divide himself. He may dissemble, equivocate, cheat, and steal, but he makes an indifferent deacon. He cannot be looked up to as a strictly pious man. He would not influence society religiously.

We could not get on without Charles Peekskill in his dandified phase. We would miss his smiling countenance; his gracious and affable manner; his pleasant address; his insinuating ways; his precise and elegant dress; his foppish airs. You admire him; you have a kind of love for him, and yet you pity him with a large admixture of contempt. You laugh more than you cry, in his presence; but when he crosses you, he hurts you more than anybody else. This, however, may be more due to the source and subject than to the manner, or the severity. You did not expect it, and you were taken by surprise. You was a friend, and you merited better treatment; but the next time you meet it is forgotten, or rather it is as if never remembered, and his old manner has returned. He is the same precise, affable creature he was before. He pleases you much; but when he wounds, he wounds very deeply. Perhaps no one in society would be missed more, because he is an object so often seen. The cocked hat, the smirking face, the cigar that points into his eye, while clouds of smoke go circling upward in his wake, are objects not soon forgotten. He is around the tavern, where everybody knows him, and no one asks him to drink, unless it be a stranger into whose good graces he has succeeded in ingratiating himself. He drinks; he smokes, and he chews; but he never buys anything. If it is evening, with a cigar that some bumner has just given him, he saunters out in answer to signals to somebody else. She does n't notice him. He hiccoughs, and coughs, and sneezes, all to no purpose. His handkerchief is brought into requisition, still she does n't come out. What can it mean? Did she not throw her hook out? He bites

it; why don't she haul him in? He goes to the window and watches. He sees his rival way down the street leaning over the gate. Yes, she is there. Well, who cares? He tries another game. His cigar is most smoked out. He wishes some stranger would come along. It is idle to waste time on these. Somebody comes in. He gets up, stretches his arms out, then his feet, and in a graceful, patronizing manner, resumes his seat. He has done this before, and may do so again, a thousand, thousand times; we like to see it. It is so becoming and proper. The clothes fit so well, and they set to a charm. They are new, just from Smith's, of the latest cut and style. How we shall miss him. The world will stop revolving; it must; it can't go without him. Charles Peekskill will live forever, will live by the side of other heroes who fought no less valiantly but in a broader field.

Emma Patient is a lady with similar attributes, though dissimilar characteristics. She lived in a narrower field of life, because her sex precluded her from entering a larger one. She doubtless would have been a good fop had her sex permitted. She had foppish airs, and could go the whole catalogue, had it been within the range of propriety. She is rich, gay and vain; with manners more loud than common; with beauty such as would pass in a crowd; with grace stiff and affected, she walked as if the world depended on her aid. Had she been Queen of Madagaster, she could not have swayed with a more despotic despotism. You might admire her, but it would require a stretch of amativeness to fall very deeply in love. She dressed; she danced; she flirted. She may have tried music, but it was no go. She might play a few tunes, those she practiced on all her life, but she could go no further. Teachers had tried in vain. Money had been spent which would set a poor man up for life. But music, it is like everything else—there must be germs of it there. Science cannot plant, or at least, has

not. She was schooled in all the accomplishments of the day ; but it was no use. She talked loud, she laughed loud, and dressed loud, and attracted as much attention as possible, all to no purpose. It was too thin. You could see all through and through. It never brought her a friend. She was the same yesterday, to-day, and if she lives, will be forever. She had no birds, nor chickens, nor pets ; but she lived for dress, display and a morbid vanity. Did her rival get married, she must don a similar suit and strut into church the observed of all. The perfume that is wafted by her rustling drapery fills you with the most grateful sensations. You involuntarily turn up your nose, look, admire, and wonder. You observe how daintily she carries the superfluous end of her garments. Who knows how often she had poised herself before a mirror ; the tears of agony she had shed at not being able to cope with that upstart minx of a girl across the street—she that worked for two dollars a week ; how many bonnets and silk dresses she has given away, or destroyed, because the minx had dared to buy one just like hers. It takes the value off a dress to have one just like it worn by a kitchen maid. She must have one that no one else can buy. She must have one that all must admire. We saw her yesterday, and so know what we are talking about. She sailed down the street with a load on her back such as camels carry when crossing the desert ; and the way she swung her enormous skirts, now on this side, now on that, would make all but a—no, not envy, it was, yes, it was—call it what you please—with a tincture of pity. We cannot but pity them when the frail creatures will persist in carrying burdens so disproportioned to their strength. The stout and hardy laboring man would complain if compelled to tug along all day under such a load of dry goods ; but she utters no complaint, unless it is for more ribbons, frills, beads, lace, and furbelows. We can but admire her for her fortitude and patience in enduring so much for the cause of society. Were it not

for her, and others like her, the whole fabric would fall to the ground. She keeps it up with those that try to emulate her. The money that she squanders in keeping herself before the public eye, goes to support the poor tradesmen. Were it not for this, these would starve. She and her kind scatter while others collect. The poor, ragged urchin for whose benefit she is doing this, she despises, and yet she does it that he may stare and wonder at her pride, and vanity, and self-sacrifice. Should we complain? Not much. Let her sail. Let her excite the envy, or whatever other passion there is, so long as the world lives by it, it is all right. The more wealthy do not squander so much as she does, therefore she is a blessing; she is a god-send to us poor, undeserving mortals. We live by the crumbs that fall from her table, yet we do not know it. While we inwardly blame and pity her, she is the providence that is supplying us. Thus evils correct themselves. The money that her parents accumulated through means no less objectionable, she is scattering. Instead of transmitting the virtues which have sustained themselves through years of industry, she has imbibed others easier, and more pleasant to acquire and indulge. She may not make a good wife nor mother, but that is neither her fault nor ours. She is the natural growth of the society in which she lives. To have not grown, would have been abnormal; to have omitted to recognize her, would have been a slight which she would have been slow to forgive. There are other good wives and mothers who uphold the world in their spheres, and they cannot operate in others than their own; hence, it is requisite that peculiar individuals take upon themselves such duties as they delight to perform. People take more pleasure in doing those things in which they are interested. Did the laws impose certain restraints upon fashion, people would rebel; let them do as they wish, and they all will be performed, not only pleasantly but acceptably. In this way sacrifices are endured which otherwise would be unbearable.

The Christian religion is carried out, but in a negative manner. It is done in such a way that the profits are designed to accrue more to the fashion's votaries than to those for whom they should be exercised. These receive the benefits, but not directly; and herein lies the difference between religion as it was designed to be understood and acted, and religion as it is to-day accepted. There is sacrifice already in abundance; but it is such as brings inadequate returns to all concerned. No one is benefitted to the extent of the sacrifice. We intend to show the difference between religion and no religion. Instead of sacrificing indirectly for the good to come directly, reverse the propositions. There will be just the same sacrifice on the part of each; but they will be borne for the direct good of our fellow, instead of our own. Our benefits return to us just as the sacrifice in the former case. We do not perceive them, though they are no less sure. In this way religion is lived negatively, instead of positively, and it will be found in the end to be the only way in which religion can be lived. Live directly for the good of your fellow, instead of indirectly.

Now the critic will take this right up and riddle it with a few twists of his pen. What is the difference in doing a thing for the good of others, when you expect your own to result? Might you not just as well work directly for your own good, as to expect it in some round-about way? You are working for your own good in both cases, with this difference: in one case you work with pleasure for your own good, and in the other against that pleasure for the good of somebody else. Is it not easier to work in pleasure than with disinclination? But if we succeed in showing it to be the best course to pursue that policy which results in the greatest good to the greatest number, then we shall have succeeded in demonstrating the truthfulness of our position, and as a matter of course, the error of the other; for two positions cannot be right which stand in opposition to one another. We

will, however, not criticise it. Let others tell by the fact. It is only by seeing these characters in contrast that we can arrive at a correct definition of the vexed problem which the complex relations of life present to every reader. When we see a young and promising man, endowed with all the attributes of a successful career grow up in our midst, and flash like a glorious meteor through the world, and then go out entirely, we stop and enquire the cause. We see the young and sprightly girl grow up to womanhood; don her long dresses and sail down; she is in her glory; she has looked forward to this period for years; to be able to carry her skirts, which their diminutive length had heretofore prevented, has been the period to which she has looked with anxious solicitude. The boy does not put on his pants for the first time with more pleasure. But to see her sail down and be submerged in the whirlpool—she may have prepared herself, but what matters it, you contributed by your acquiescence; you said nothing in opposition to her self-sacrifice; you let her go; you let her sink—we are sorry to see her go down and wholly disappear from sight, it makes us stop and enquire: “Why is this? “Shall the world always go on in this mad career?” and you say, “why not?” If the people are satisfied, why not let them go. It is but clay that suffers, and it has suffered a thousand deaths before; has suffered, and doubtless will suffer for ages all the pains that are incident to a mortal career; but we hope to be able to lessen it by the exercise of those superior faculties which the God of nature, and science have bestowed.

We now come to the last of these characters, Hugh Rivers, a name heretofore unknown amongst us, but whose character, is as familiar as the light of day. He is in direct opposition to them all, in nearly every attribute of social and civil life. He is not more in antagonism with the last than with all the others. We will keep them as near together as possible in order that

the angles may jut out and be so much in opposition that they cannot fail to be observed. We do not present a mere image of the imagination which fancy clothes in the person of a man, but a veritable being, who, at first, lived thus because he liked to, and, as he grew and fed on these and kindred thoughts, he grew deeper and deeper in the science of religious principle. He lived so because it was for the illustration of religion ; because Christ, the apostles, the poets, the philosophers taught it. He merged from the natural state into the contemplative or spiritual ; and it was done through those natural sources and impulses which are the moving causes in every man's career. There must be, on the part of the individual, a desire—a strong desire—to live a certain life, and when he commences it, he begins to grow in the elements of that life. The blacksmith grows in the elements of his science ; so does the farmer, the merchant, and the banker, just as a tree grows from the elements which give it its very life. The cherry tree does not grow to be an apple-tree ; nor does the merchant grow to be a farmer. It is evident that a musician knows more about music than when he commenced. So with the farmer ; he knows more about the capabilities of his land and how they can be best employed, than when he wandered over it after the cows of a frosty morning barefooted. He has grown in the elements of the science of farming.

Hugh commenced negatively, and he grew in the elements of negativism, until he persuaded himself that he did not want anything. What he would have been glad to get and jump at the acquisition, at the time he entered upon this course, he cared nothing about, as he drew towards the end. As with positiveism, so it is with negativism, they each grow into and out of themselves. If a person wants a thing for himself, he wants it badly, and the longer it is delayed, the more he wants it ; but if he wants a thing for itself, the longer it is delayed the

less he cares about it. Each of them grows in the elements of thought which constitute the substratum of the mind.

We propose to show that negativism is better than positivism, by the illustration of the character of this man—better for individuals, as such, and better for society in its complex characters. Although it is an uphill course, it is one in which positive benefits are always accruing; and although it may strike a death-blow at the aggressive philosophy of the day it will not wholly destroy. It will simply neutralize the evil effects of positivism, preventing effeminacy and retrogression, leaving vitality and ambition enough to crowd forward, increasing growth. No one wishes to block the wheels of progress; but all are interested in preserving the strength and purity of glorious manhood—hence the necessity for this novel.

He was born of religious parents, and received a strictly religious training. He was taught to revere religious truth, to shun and hate all forms of vice and wickedness. These principles were thoroughly imbued in his nature; and he grew in them—grew to such an abnormal development that he became so positive that his presence repelled you, if you were not well acquainted with him and knew, to a dead certainty, that he was perfectly sincere. This did not always protect him from unmerited slights; but he got along on the whole pretty well. He found no fault. He knew he was used better than he deserved, when merits were rewarded according to appearances. He lost more friends through their impatience than through his independence. They did not like to wait for him; accused him of dullness and stupidity, going sometimes so far as to call him eccentric and even crazy. When his friends became indignant at the perseverance with which he stuck to his course, they called him a "great big booby," or something else was a "big booby." It was strange he could not see the cue.

He was accused of sticking to his text, and being blind to his selfish interests. All these were true. He did not believe in being a weather vane ; and his first move was against himself. If there was anything righteous, and true, and just, they were worth sticking to. If there was a God who was our friend, we could befriend him only, by sticking to him. This was the great difference between him and everybody else ; he thought he could serve him only by serving him exclusively ; while others thought he could be served while we were serving ourselves. We should serve ourselves first, then God. The erroneousness of this proposition is too plain to require an argument. It is evident, that while we are helping ourselves, we are helping nobody else. We cannot lay hold of the pleasures of life, and the joys of immortality at the same time. We must relinquish one or the other, in order to attain full satisfaction of one ; and the question arises : which shall be the object of life ? We will see what we think about it in the sequel.

What is the use of being without attaining the very highest development of which that being is capable ? If we are but a little lower than the angels, why not be an angel ? why not be a God ? The being is but dust, and it changes its form, becoming some other kind of being ; while it is under our control, why not dignify it, and ennoble it ? We cannot expect the brute, of which we form a part, to rise higher in the scale of being. But we, created in the image of God, and with his essential attributes, what cannot be expected of us ? Can we be excused, while in the possession of infinite faculties, to descend to the level of the brute creation, and there remain ? So Hugh Rivers thought ; not, as we before intimated at first, but he grew into them, or they into him. He was to die, and his dust, return to dust ; it may as well have remained in its primitive condition, as to be transformed into his being, if he did not ennoble it by rising above the elements of which he formed an es-

sential part. All christians and right thinking people will agree with us in this ; but we will differ in the manner in which it shall be interpreted. We have found no one, in our intercourse with the world, who would dissent from the above proposition ; but they all, with one accord, dissent from us, and still adhere to the spirit of christianity. When we refer them to Christ we are not to do as he did, but to believe as he said ; to believe he lived, and was Christ, the Son of the Living God. We maintain that we must not only believe but also do according to the strict letter of Christ's teaching. We must give up our coat to the beggar ; do for him as we would for ourselves. Wash the feet of one another, and live for one another, just as Christ intended we should ; in fact, illustrate the golden rule.

He, with the aid of such reading as was accessible from the Bible down to Shakspeare, came to the conclusion that this was the rule of godlike man : live for God and for others. Shakspeare says : " Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fallest thou fallest a blessed martyr." Aristotle is the wisest secular man that ever lived, and he says the same thing, though in different words. He says : " Live according to right virtue," hundreds of times. So did Christ the wisest and best of men. So has every poet and philosopher from the creation of the world down to the present time, said the same thing. Yet in the face of all these injunctions we still persist in saying it was not meant thus and thus, but so and so. We will occasionally quote a passage of scripture in order to sustain this character in the position which he assumed.

We will say a few words more in regard to him so that he will be thoroughly dissected before we open the story. We wish him to be perfectly well understood so that every one can see, from the beginning, the role he is to play.

It is one of the principles of progress and of the science of civilization, that we shall rise higher in the scale of

being. It is evident that somebody must be first ; it makes no difference who he is, so long as he proposes to progress. It is, therefore, the duty of others if they love him, and respect the sincerity of his motives, to rise up to him. We shall not expect him to lower the standard of morality in order to keep down on our level. We must rise up. It is easier to rise. It is more noble to rise than descend ; ergo, if we love the first Adventurer we will follow him. So long as he is the exponent of Godly principles, we are in duty bound to respect him.

The main principle to be observed in others, instead of striving to prevent others enjoying the good things of the world, not only permit them, but also aid in the acquisition. We know well this is in opposition to all stories of the present day ; but we firmly believe it to be the only true course. We don't say it is the only course that can be successfully followed, but it is the only true one. The wicked flourish by the adoption of principles plainly understood, but seemingly in opposition to, the justice of the Father ; while others, adhering to the maxims of the Christian religion, and the requirements of social life, fail wretchedly. It cannot be that God designs this. It cannot be that he wishes to reward his enemies, and make his friends suffer because they chose to adhere to his cause. The reason of the failure must be in something else. We will try and see what it is.

We know in working for others we will conflict, because all principles do. No principle is consistent with itself, but we will stick to it, even though we die ; and this history will abundantly prove that it pays. It will look a good deal as if he were going to make a deplorable failure by persistently refusing to accept the advantageous advances which fickle fortune is always making ; but we can afford to wait. We know that a good many will laugh, and be disgusted, and indignant at his course. We hear them say, as we have often before, "It is absurd and ridiculous." We have detained the kind and patient reader already too long ; so here she goes.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH SOME THINGS ARE RECORDED.

THE grass was beginning to shoot forth through the thick mass of dried grass and leaves which the long winter and snow had pressed down firmly on the ground. A few robins were essaying feeble notes while shivering on the bleak boughs of apple or cherry tree ; these, with the lowing of the cows in the yard, and the calf's answering bleat, were all that disturbed the outer scene. All seemed still, while a gloom of sadness overspread William's heart occasioned by the loss of one most dear to him. Still, rousing himself from the reverie which a moment's contemplation of the scene had naturally inspired, he addressed himself to the duties of the hour.

"It is a delightful morning," he said, half soliloquizing to himself, as he turned to enter the house. At the door he met Mrs. Seymour and Jenny who had just come down stairs. "Good morning, sis, isn't this a nice morning. Just look over there—perfectly delightful," said he, pointing his fingers over the eastern hills.

"It is rather nice. But I don't like to survey much," Mrs. Seymour replied, while a sarcastic smile lit up her face.

"Survey, much," he drawled out, "its quite a job to look across the fields yonder. Well come, hurrah, lets survey this breakfast," said he, crowding by the ladies, and taking his place at the head of the table.

"Now say, William, don't, I beg of you, fill my plate quite so full—I'm not a relation of Epicurus," Mrs. Seymour observed, as he was preparing a plate rather liberally.

"We live here by eating, and what we like we supply others. You city folks don't know what it is to eat a good square meal," he returned, passing over a plate well filled with ham and eggs and potato. "Help yourself to pan cakes. I suppose you wish to be served just as daintily as your mother?" he said, looking up at Jenny.

"O yes, I can't eat as much as a farmer," she replied.

"I am glad of it. There will be more left for me. Do you eat cold slaw?" he asked, looking at both.

"O no, not for me; pan-cakes and cold slaw don't go well together," Mrs. Seymour returned.

"That's so; I never thought of that. I always have cold slaw for breakfast, pan-cakes or no pan-cakes. I'm going to start three plows to-day. Do you want to take one of them, John?" he asked turning to his nephew.

"I just as lief as not; where are you going to plow?"

"I'm going to plow up that pasture lot over there," he said, pointing over towards the west.

"Pshaw, he never held a plow," Mrs. Seymour exclaims.

"He can learn in a few days. Don't eat those cold cakes. Come, hurrah here with some more cakes. Ring that bell, Jenny. Hold on; wait, we will have some warm ones. She'll be in in a minute. Here she comes. Golly, ain't them nice? Brown them on both sides, Molly. Take another, sis. I like to have a stack of 'em with the syrup streamin' out between," he said, holding the plate for his sister to take a half dozen more.

"No more, I thank you," said she on taking just one.

"Here John, take a few. Never mind that cold one; shove it off. Here's lots of nice warm ones. Enough for me; go ahead," he said on seeing the doubtful look of John, as he was about to take the second. John was a good eater and he liked these buckwheats in the style that William did, and he did not have to be urged as the ladies did, to take an additional supply.

"These are very good. Do you raise buckwheat?" he asked, leaning back, smacking his lips.

"Sometimes; not last year. The spring was so short I didn't have time to sow it. Deuced hard to get the work done in time—there is so much to do. I think often that this big farming is more expensive than profitable; but still it is pleasant to have enough to do," William replied, doing ample justice to the bountiful repast spread before him.

"I don't believe it, boys. William and I would advise you to sell off gradually, and thus curtail expenses. It can be done in such a way as not to excite suspicion, you know," Mrs. Seymour said, looking significantly towards him. A cloud overspread his face. He did not like to hear such advice.

"I guess I can weather it through. Pay does not always come on the morrow. Farmers must sow—to reap sometime in the future—"

"Yes—if they reap. I have heard of sowing, where-of the farmer never reaped."

"Yes; he may have died, or something else happened to him," he interrupted, snappishly.

"Of course, such things happen; but to be serious about it, are there not too many unprofitable harvests?" she asked, mincing the delicious cakes swimming in maple syrup.

"Farmers have to contend against the elements—rain, frost, snow. Sometimes it is too cold, then again too wet, then the snow smothers out the wheat. Everything bothers. Seldom things go right; but when they do, a glorious harvest is the result. Take it all in all, it is about right. Are not these cakes delicious? Why do you not eat them, and not be playing with them in that way. Goodness! I'd have them devoured long ago, and another pile fixed by this time. Come Molly, hurry up there; want more cakes," he said, taking the last one on the plate.

"Not for me—no, thank you. I've a plenty here," Mrs. Seymour returned, as Molly entered with a plate-full smoking hot from the kitchen. He ate a dozen more, and then said :

"Don't be disturbed on my account. I must dig out, and see what is goin' on. We propose to keep open doors so you'll enjoy yourselves as best you may, while I'll try and keep what there is here," he said, shaking the silver in his pocket, and replacing the chairs, preparatory to an exit through the door, while an apparently happy smile lit up his face.

He passed out, and to the barn where the men were getting ready their horses. There was Hugh with the best team taking the lead with a plow to the lot, while Jack, an old veteran in the service, and Tom, followed. Glad that they were so early on the stir, William turned as the last of the trio went slowly to the lot, to look after other jobs about the place. "Come, come, hurra here boys. Got the calves fed, and the pigs?" he asked, and without stopping to get a reply, he hurried around from one place to another. Jim, Mike, and Pat. did the chores after breakfast, so they couldn't get out as early as the rest," and these he was now addressing. One fed the calves, while the other took care of the hogs, and the other the cows; that is he saw to them, and stayed with them till they were well supplied. As there were a hundred or more, he had help; but there were always little odds and ends to look after when the milking and feeding were done. Some of them were sick, and required nursing. A brand mash or two had to be prepared. Several calves were sick, and must not be neglected in the hurly burly of business. Some days were all consumed in the care of the stock; while others, by omitting some jobs, and letting others go over to the next day, a little was managed to be done outside, and in the field. The potato-pit must be opened, and the tubers got into the cellar. There were fences to fix, stone to

pick up, logs to draw, and manure to haul out, all of which jobs must be done by these three, and during the days that the beautiful spring afforded. Being answered in the affirmative that all had been fed, he again reiterated his joyous acclaim :

"Well, come boys, by gaddy this won't do, we must fly around now. Spring has come. How about that brindle cow, Pat ; will she get along ?"

"O yes, she's all right. I gave her a good mash this morning ; and she took it right down."

"How about the mully, and the Jones' cow ? Did they get up this morning ?" he asked.

"O yes ; they're smart as ever ; nothing the matter of them now."

"By gaddy, this is good ; we'll get along all right, I guess. Well, come, you'll want to dig out those potatoes to-day ; guess they are half frozen. And Jim, you get that feed from the mill, and Mike will help you unload it. Deuced nice day to begin the spring work, and I hope it will stay so awhile," he said, on turning away. He sauntered around, now to this place, now to that, seeing that everything had been properly done. It was an easy kind of life, such as most gentlemen farmers would like to enjoy. Never addicted to hard work, it was a pleasure to direct the work and see the glorious crops grow, ripen, and mature, under his management and the benignant smiles of an over-ruling Providence. He never found fault with the weather, destroying mosquitoes, or the drouth. What came was welcome. If it rained, and seven or eight men were idle on his hands, while the work was suffering to be done, it was all right. He didn't whine. He had grown used to it. Money was nothing. He had lots of it, and to spare. He was a great farmer, and he did things on a great scale, expecting always great results. Little things he didn't care to dabble with ; they were beneath his attention.

After an hour or two spent around in this idle, leisure-

ly kind of way, he strolled back to the house, and generally entered by the kitchen, where the milk pans were washing, and the churning was being done. Every one was busy around. The pans are being placed in the sun. The pails rinsed and set away, long rows of them. The butter has come, and is being worked by the busy girl; while others attend to the equally pressing duties of the house. The dishes are washed and set away in the cupboard, while some preliminary steps are taken towards getting the dinner ready. The seeing to this had of late devolved on William, which was before the exclusive business of her whom he had so recently laid away; and where there are so many to provide for, it is no more than fair for the man of the house to exercise a superintending care over the culinary affairs of the kitchen. These the sister nor his niece did not care to take upon herself during her short stay. They would doubtless attend to, if they did not do themselves, some of the minor jobs, without, however, entering the kitchen. This work the ladies never did, and it certainly would not be expected from them while they were at his house. He didn't ask it, nor did he require it. If they would arrange the gorgeous furniture in the drawing rooms and parlors, it would be all he would ask; he would attend to the rest. He had already extended an invitation to them, and the husband, to put up with him. It was so lonesome and dreary in the large house with no one but himself and maids. Perhaps they would comply in part.

By this time he was in the sitting room with the ladies, and as he threw himself on the sofa by the side of his sister who was looking carelessly over the morning paper, he said:

"I hope you will make up your mind to just stay here with me. I want your company. It is dreadful lonesome here, and it will be more so when you are gone."

"Of course we will stay, and leave our business in the

west. It would pay so well. It would be so wise to lock up the house and let the furniture mould, and our enterprising business languish for want of proper attention. Of course we will," she replied.

"Well, you can sell out. There is enough here to do, and as for furniture we have enough of that. I'll sell you quarter interest in the rolling-mill, or as much in the paper-mill. You shall not lack for business. I know it will be a sacrifice—the beautiful west with its growing wealth and enterprise—but—but we have a beautiful country here, and our friends are here, and all the dear associations of our youth. Think of it. Think of the school-house where we spent so many happy hours under the elms, and along the brook. Think of the scenes around the old log-house, in which we were born and reared. Think of the fun we had in the preserves and sauce when ma was visiting at Hardfist's. Think of how I whaled Fred Passable when he jilted you and went home with that minx of an Eva. Don't you recollect?" She smiled.

"Why, yes; I remember all these things; but what are they for us of to-day? We are in a new era now. The scenes are all changed, and that, too, for the better. Instead of the old log-house and its contemptible upholstery, we have a mansion filled with gorgeous furniture. They bear no comparison, and it is far from pleasant to contemplate the poor and struggling beginning. We used to have to get up and move our beds when it rained; and often I have lain nights and counted the stars through cracks in the roof," she replied, with a frown.

"Many an important astronomical discovery has been made while contemplating the starry heavens in positions similar to that which has been your own experience. Other physical phenomena have been brought to light such as the secret of gravitation, and the revolution of the world. While musing in the shade of an apple-tree a philosopher wondered why the fruit did not go up in-

stead of downward, and revolving the thought thus casually brought to his attention, he came to the conclusion that there were forces operating which were the cause of the fruit falling down. So in your case. There may have been forces operating at the time you counted the stars which have resulted so happily. Why are we not still in the log-house. Have you thought of this?" he asked.

"Why, yes; but not so deeply as that; and yet I have too. I am thinking now, and am doing, or causing to be done, that which has brought about these results. We wish to continue in the enjoyment of our inherited possessions, and to accomplish this we must continue active, instead of sitting down like an oyster to the consumption of what we already possess."

"That is also my object. You, out there, are not doing so terrible much, and"—

"Are not doing much? We are doing more than you are doing, or have done," she replied, indignantly.

"I mean to say, now—in your present unsettled situation. You know you have but a quarter interest in the still, and that is surely not a very extensive enterprise," he said, interruptedly, and at the same time apologetically. It is hard to dissent and consent at the same time. It is hard to approve and censure the friend whom we love. She had met with indifferent success in her struggles with the world. She had known what it was to be sold out of house and home—or rather out of business; the house and fixings were hers, and therefore not liable for his debts. These she had retained together with what was left of her patrimony; and on these she managed, by such aid as her brother extended, to get a living. This fact he tried to impress on her mind without the accompanying pain which would be sure to follow such announcement. In this, as we have seen, he succeeded but indifferently, as is generally the case when such revelations are made. Her anger, however, did not last, and it was, considering the foregoing, rather unsisterly to

manifest so much as she had already done. But she knew her man, and such an irruption, though ruffling for a short time the affectionate relations which always existed between them, never left permanent and lasting effects. Though she did not comply with his request in full, she modified her opposition in the future so much as to permit her husband to spend the most of his time there ; while she occasionally made long visits with her children, and especially her daughter, who, as in all such cases, is the cause of anxious solicitude. She was living her life over again. She was doing for her daughter what had been done for her. History repeats itself, because we do over and over again what was done before us ; and if we wish to arrive at different results than those which have already followed, we must adopt a different course. Unless we wish to arrive at the same end, we must not move in the same paths.

John and Jenny had gone up to their uncle's and were having a nice time with Arlo and Dan. Arlo was a splendid pianist, and she entertained her morning guests in her inimitable style, without, however, accompanying the music with her voice. She could sing, but didn't like to, especially at the request of a company. When alone thus in the morning she sang in such a manner as to engage the attention of the most casual listeners ; but now she simply played one or two airs while John leaned over the piano, and praised her remarkable proficiency. Dan and Jenny now resumed their places at the window and talked of the spring and the fine weather. The view from this window was one of the most beautiful. The evergreen shrubbery in the near yard, and the tops of the leafless branches in the adjoining, while the house-tops, and the clear lake beyond, presented a scene not soon obliterated from the young and imaginative mind. The recollection of this, and similar events, are our most happy remembrances in after life. The pleasant and gorgeous surroundings made this peculiarly so.

The father of Arlo was wealthy, and he took pleasure in adding to the beauty of his home everything that money could purchase. He had succeeded well. The furniture was of the choicest description, and it was for everyday use. The rooms were all heated by a furnace in the cellar, consequently they were at a summer temperature all winter. The parlor was as cheery and inviting as a living room. There were not many days in the year in which company of some kind, either hers or her parents, did not visit there. They were hospitable and social. She delighted to show her numerous friends what a happy home a munificent father had provided.

While the guests were thus engaged Mary and Charles Peekskill arrived. They were admitted to the company with a joyousness which could not be accounted for, unless it be on the hypothesis that wealth makes respectable every person. The morning salutations were exchanged, and the party resumed seats preparatory to a social chat. The weather was mentioned, then the chicken show which had but a short time since been held. The marriages, both actual and prospective, were duly discussed, with such other common-place gossip as engages the attention of everybody. Some poor mechanic was about to unite his fortune to that of an heiress; or Mr. Sweetness' daughter—who was not his—was about to marry Mr. Lookout's son, a gentleman of quite ordinary acquirements.

During the discussion of these and other common-place events, the parties had gravitated around, each to his or her natural or fanciful affinity. Dan was invincible, and all seemed to delight in his near presence. John, though equal to the occasion, was too exclusive. His object was too evident. While Dan was laughing and talking with a volubility that knew no check or cessation, John was slow, measured and moody. Unless he were by the side of the pretty and vivacious Arlo, he

was uneasy, nervous, and excitable. He showed by his acts his evident preference. Dan's arm was around every lady's waist, either to draw her nearer to him, or to waltz her around the room to the tune which Mary was playing. Charles essayed the fair Arlo in a step or two, but she gently unwound his arm with a smile which had something in it other than what he merited. He was not repulsed the third time. Smiles and blandishments had overcome her and she trained weekly under his guardianship. This state of things, however, was not agreeable to all, for John, though he had had his turn, was not so happy leaning over the piano while Mary was playing. She soon tired and walked with John to the window, which part of the room Charles carefully avoided; John and Mary disputed the kind of tree that stood next to the house, one thinking it was a spruce, while the other maintained it was a cedar. Arlo soon returning, it was left to her. She approached nearer, and declared forthwith it was a tamarack, while Mary without contradicting, thought it might be a pine. It could not be fully decided till Dan was called from his tete-a-tete in the opposite window; he didn't know what it was; he was no judge; perhaps it was a pine, perhaps a cedar—but tamarack—tamarack did not have only one advocate. Charles was turning away—it was a dangerous place to leave the fair one there—but John seeing them about to withdraw, asks her about other objects of interest which presented themselves to the observing company. She replied, without disengaging herself from the affectionate fold of her admirer. Again and again were other questions put and answered with similar result. Meaning glances were exchanged. Dan enjoyed it, Charles didn't much like it, but he managed to retain her as long as anybody could. Even Dan himself could not keep her long. He was, however, not put out of humor anywhere. The sweet and confiding Mary laughed and joked him for his fickleness. He enjoyed it.

He had a way of extracting pleasure out of everything. Like the bee, he found honey in every flower ; but the sweetest is that extracted from the rosy lips of the fairest beauty.

After again going around the circle two or three times, with both pain and pleasure about equally divided, the parties separated to their several homes.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME OF HUGH RIVERS' ADVENTURES.

M R. PINCHTIGHT lived about two miles from the beautiful village of Skaneateles, on one of the ridges we have before described. The winding creek and the valley through which it flowed, were plainly visible from his comfortable home, repaired and modernized since the beginning. It was a most desirable location, as all those on either ridge must forever be, or at least as long as a beautiful scenery can inspire the mind with conceptions of the grand and magnificent. And this period, we hope, is yet to be a long one ; though we believe the time will come when that which we now so much admire, will be thought—if thought of at all—among the most common things of life ; but not until after the scene shall have been viewed by thousands of grateful beings, and not until it shall have been beautified a thousand times more splendid than it is now. Sufficient unto us is the beauty thereof. In the place of large fields of grain, orchard and meadow

which are now presented to view, will then be long rows of snug little cottages, each tenanted by happy families, who extract a comfortable existence from the willing soil under their immediate cultivation.

The home of Mr. Pinchtight had been originally well built, the house being of the style of the second age of architecture, and taking on a little of the former and third period, but not much of either. This is occasioned by being built in the last part of the second age. The houses first erected on the ground were of small dimensions both on the plot and perpendicularly ; they were sufficient, however, for the primitive tastes and habits of the first settlers, if they were not for the busy, active and numerous families which occupied them. Often the inmates were crowded into narrow beds, but they were beds of comfort and contentment, such as is not the lot of the conventional people now inhabiting houses built on the same site. We make no complaint. What the people bear, is self-imposed. They enjoy it. Others may enjoy a different mode of life, and be not censurable for not partaking of the sweets of a christianized home. But this is ours, and we enjoy it. The Indian may say as much of his vermin-wigwam, with unenclosed wilderness as his flower garden. So of the Esquimaux of his snow igloo, with the trackless floes of ice and snow, and where is never seen the beautiful dahlia or verbenæ. Not the scene, but those inhabiting it are at fault.

Mr. Pinchtight, as his name implies, was not much inclined to expend money and labor in beautifying a scene where nature had done so much to embellish. The fences were allowed to decay, and the roofs to rot. Young trees and bushes grew in the corner of the fences until they encroached some way on the arable and productive land. This habit of negligence grew on him until every department of his business was affected by it. The barn was littered with shiftlessness, and tools were left where they happened to have been used, or thrown carelessly

into some corner, where, covered up by one another, none could be found when needed. When he first obtained a tool he would take care of it for a while; after he got used to seeing it around, it was no uncommon thing to be left out doors hanging on the fence or on a tree, or even lying on the ground. He didn't care then. If any dared to speak about it, he was answered by a quotation of scripture: "Take no thought for to-morrow." "We have got enough for to-day." If anything was said about repairing buildings, he said: "He didn't believe in putting new wine into old bottles." He was going to build from the foundations. He had excuses for everything he didn't do, and some good reasons for everything he did. If anyone in the house appeared to neglect anything, no matter how little, why, it was a dreadful thing. A few straws scattered on the lawn during cleaning-house-time, was an occasion of some remarks either bitter or censurable. A half a load might be scattered by his negligence, and it excited no remark. Did anybody notice it, why, he could attend to his business. He was the lord and whatever he chose to do, or cause to be done, nobody had any right to talk about it. He was on the money-making line as well as on the imperious and overbearing side of it. No one knew anything but him. No one could tell him anything. He knew it all. He and his wife had fought it out and now were harmonized with such everyday jars as usually occur in households of this kind. He often offended her and as often was reconciled by yielding the cause of dispute, or by not urging the argument further. He ceased, and gave up, but thought he had his way. He was the shrew tamer. Love did it all. She had, at first, wept and bemoaned her fate, when she discovered to what she had linked herself, but she found "it was his way," and to marry him she must let him have his, neutralizing her acquiescence, however, by such an appeal to his better nature, as women know so well how to use. The same experience has been the lot of others.

The two had reared a daughter, Eva, whom Hugh, at first sight, fancied he loved. Or was it only fancy? She was ordinary looking; nay, not ordinary, but she was a woman—a lady, whom not to love were ungallant. She was feeble, frail, dependent. Without help she was nothing—a desert flower, blooming and fading alone—he was poor, she well to do. Could he hope? He would try. He was a farmer by trade and taste, and she a farmer's daughter, and she hoped to be a farmer's wife. She partook of her father's haughty manners, though, not like his, qualified by an experience which time only could inspire. He made a preliminary—purely preliminary call—and was, on the part of all, indifferently well received. He called again; the skies were brighter, and the angels smiled. She must not be won too easily, she thought, so she snubbed him, just a little, you know. It hurt him, it hurt him terribly. He was positive—terribly positive,—equal to her, and he retired for a short time to wait for developments, if any should show themselves.

It was evening. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills, lighting up the gorgeous hills and vales with the mellow rays of the setting sun. The lawn was clouded by the the snow white cambric of a bevy of the fairest beauties. Eva was of the number, whose dress vied with her more fortunate rivals. It fell in many a fold, tuck and seam, and flounce, around her graceful figure, relieved here and there by bows and ribbons of red, white and blue. With a beauty and grace, and love such as her sister possessed, she would have been a being well worth the homage and admiration of the most chivalrous. As she was, she was no less worthy, provided a man only thought so. Mary Jane and Matilda were there playing a game of croquet. They were calling. The boys had not come, but will soon be around. Time enough for Hugh.

“So you did n't like him, Eva?” Mary Jane asked.

“No, I did n't. Are you for that arch?”

"How short you are ; yes."

"It would make any one short to think of him."

"Why, what of him ?"

"He is too poor. I do n't feel like marrying a broomstick and wash-tub, all my life."

"You may come to then, however."

"I won't if good calculations don't fail," she said, with a degree of firmness and decision. She had not in remembrance several cases, wherein, both parents and principals had exercised a degree of prudence which the sequel did not fully sustain. But she was acting upon the impulse of her being, rather than the experience of others.

"I'll never marry a man who is not able to give me a diamond ring as an engagement present," she continued. She did not know that the most ordinary man could easily comply with such conditions, without coming anywhere near the spirit of the requisition. He might be faulty in some of the essential attributes of the gentleman, and still have that one necessary quality. Without going into any abstruse meaning either as to what he might or might not possess, we can confine ourselves to her literal meaning, or as she intended to be understood. A man of ordinary capacity, agreeable person and manners, with a goodly share of prospective or actual possessions ; this was doubtless what she meant. The diamond ring must encircle her finger at the hymenial altar. She ought to have it ; but need she endure what is the concomitant of such tastes. After she had said it her half-sister, Viola, looked up and said :

"You ought not to say so, Eva. If I loved a man, I would marry him though he had not an iron ring to give me."

"Yes, I know you would. You are of the sentimental sort, and always on the opposite side. A little practical good sense would be quite useful to you. O leave that ball for me, Jane ; you are in position, she said, advancing

to where Jane was about to croquet the opponent out of reach."

"I was playing this," Jane replied, "thinking to get myself into good position ; however, if you want the advantage which my skill is about to reward us, you may have it ;" and she propelled her ball through the wicket.

"Now say, Matilda, you and I must play more skillfully if we wish to win this game," said Viola, approaching the place where Matilda stood. She was about to play, and had not shown remarkable skill thus far, having been more interested in the colloquy, which we have only in part recorded, between the other partners.

They had finished the game and retired to the house where such hospitality was spread, as usually greeted the company assembled at Mr. Pinchtight's. Often better suppers were furnished for every day. He somehow did not wish the company to think extra pains had been taken for their entertainment ; this idea was successfully impressed on the minds of those who were honored by an invitation to supper at Mr. Pinchtight's. The usual greetings and formalities were exchanged which generally take place in the reception and entertainment of invited guests. This was well and gracefully done on the part of Mrs. Pinchtight, as far as her limited directions permitted. The grace was all expended in the reception, and in serving the not over ample supper. There was usually not quite enough of the kinds ; nor were the dishes remarkable for variety. Biscuit and butter, with pickles and sauce, and tea, were deemed sufficient for the framework of a meal, which is often increased in poorer families by a plate of cold ham or beef, a dish of hash, an egg, and a glass of milk with graham crackers. Such a meal as was here provided was soon discussed, both materially and socially, on the part of the host, not always pleasantly, nor liberally ; but on the part of the hostess with such generous hospitality as she had been before instructed to dispense. She was always pleasant

and she labored hard to remove the unfavorable impressions which her husband's coarse and ungentlemanly manners so often provoked. It was more his manner of doing a thing than the deed, that pained. He wished to have you feel your inferiority and his excellence, in everything. If he served you with a plate of soup it must be done with some remark that had no application near or remote to the subject in hand. Some quotation from the classics, misquoted, and worse pronounced; or by some word long drawn out. He liked to hear his voice vibrating among intricate syllables. It showed learning, penetration and precision. If he passed the butter: "Will you have more of the pro-duct of the dairy;" or the biscuit: "Will you partake of more of our hus-ban-dry," with a hanging fire on the last syllable. The mother and children, and himself laugh with an inquisitive glance at the company. It was very smart. A professor of Yale could not have said it neater. It was well done. The glance indicated complete satisfaction, and the motive. We would repeat that style a half-a-dozen times, and each time with increased admiration and laughter on the part of her, who had been instructed before, and with increased disgust on the part of the company.

His handkerchief was freely used—and his tooth-pick—at the table; and he sucked his teeth, and inserted his fingers, and swashed out his mouth with tea, making a noise such as that caused by raising a wet piece of leather from a stone, which boys often play with. He did not care how unpleasant he made himself. The company endured it and said nothing. It was not their place; the family dared not. Neither love nor entreaty could prevent him from blowing his nose when he wanted to, however close to you he might happen to stand. We speak of these habits because Hugh took lessons here and learned to practice well the tooth-pick habit. He did it, however, in as modest a manner as

possible after he had shoved back from the table. It was sickening to him without the other accompaniments, and he severely condemned it as out of place in the dining room or parlor, by any one, host or guest. But there will always be men who can be governed by no laws, human or divine.

The ladies repaired to the parlor, while Mr. Pinch turned his attention to his chores at the barn. As soon as it was known that Hugh had visited at Mr. Pinch's once or twice, it began to be rumored that there would be a match; but the announcement was premature as most such declarations are liable to be. It is a case about which there is the most uncertainty. No body can tell with definiteness the result until it finally takes place.

Hugh was already there, occupying a chair apart from the ladies, as he was never known to be unduly forward with them. It was rarely that he could muster courage enough to address a lady of wealth and culture; only such as he mingled with daily, and was well acquainted with, dare he say anything to, even on the most trivial affairs of life. But he managed, by broad hints and suggestions, to get into houses where he sometimes worked or boarded. In such cases he had more liberty and felt more at home than when he was ingratiating himself in the good graces of the fair sex by the repetition of visits from time to time. He might ask a lady to ride or walk, and if she did not comply he interpreted it as a hint that his attention was not desired, and so qualifying his future movements, he waited for those signs of returning graciousness which are sure to follow every rebuff, before again renewing his suit; often times he waited a good while. On this occasion he rather inclined towards the fair and pretty Viola, who was all smiles and condescension, knowing well—if he were like other men—that his coyness would not last long. She played her game well, for her sister. Fred

knew his preference, for Mary Jane had told him, so he devoted all his attention to Eva. Hugh rather liked this, than otherwise; for Viola was to her as gold to brass; but the family and Eva stuck to it that she was the exclusive object of his admiration. It would not be for his interest to dispossess them of this illusion. So he let them work, paying such compliments to Eva as he could not, without the plainest evasion of gallant duty, avoid, together with such other demonstrations as a very bashful man could make.

Fred Passable lived near, but he never thought of mixing with so intractable a family as Mr. Pinch's. Hugh's attentions there, slight though they had been, were sufficient to rouse the slumbering embers of his passions. He arose and proceeded forthwith to the residence of Mr. Pinch.

While Fred was laughing and joking and carrying on with Eva, Hugh was with Mary or Matilda, neither of whom were so settled in their preference as to object to a little innocent flirtation. Mary Jane, however, had an eye there, and it may be that she was the cause of Fred's sudden activity. She did not seem to object to his, Hugh's, advances, while the little rosy Viola looked on with trembling anxiety.

Her father rather liked Hugh, because he was of such a moderate, easy temperament, and put up with all the sarcasm and jawing which he chose to inflict, and he very strongly objected to the course which his daughter was pursuing. He had urged her to repair the breach which her imperious and haughty disposition had made. He was desirous of getting some young man to live with him, and aid him in his husbandry of which he had made mention.

She did not like to look at it in this light; nevertheless, she would modify her conduct so as to be more receptive, providing he would be more demonstra-

tive. She had received Hugh more condescendingly than she had heretofore ; while he, smarting under the rebuff he had received, was not prepared to reciprocate.

It took a good while to heal up such a wound in his sensitive heart ; whereas, if he had had the courage and affability of the most common suitor, he could have talked and laughed himself over this embarrassing point, and over every other one which the exigencies of the case required her to place in his path, and he to overcome ; but they all remain to this day, just as she put them — unremoved or neutralized.

Instigated by the corrections of her father, she was for evading the approaches of Fred, especially as Hugh seemed rather inclined to shine around Mary. Fred seemed to like this, and Viola, with all her smiles and blandishments, could not prevent it. These were considerable, and the man who could steel his heart against her, ought at least to receive such treatment at the hands of fickle fortune, as those most unworthy her smiles generally obtained. Mary seemed to favor him, but was displeased with his mode ; Matilda was indignant, and had expressed her contempt and dissatisfaction in language which he could not fail to understand. He understood, and she never had to repeat it again. There was a chasm between her and him which no words or conduct could ever bridge over. This may account, in part, for the sad fate which attended her career. Although we write it just as it transpired, it cannot fail to be tintured somewhat by passing through a mind so riled by unkindness. Her friends may regret the unhappy circumstance, but the lesson which the narrative teaches should be sufficient to enable those who read, to follow with prudence and reserve the dictates of an impulsive passion. Never say a word from impulse, but weigh deliberately before uttering it.

Before the evening was far advanced Mary gave him a

cut which he has not forgotten yet, and in all probability, it will be some years before the event and the circumstances attending it are entirely obliterated from his mind. He was out in the cold — entirely shut out. No ; there was Viola left, but of course she would do just as the rest had done if he should attempt any of his awkward manoeuvres around her. He knew his weakness, and was avoiding her on purpose. He knew she would snub him and therefore did not wish to let her. He did not care how wide the breach between him and everybody else was so long as there was none between her and him, and there would never be one between her and him if he let her alone ; but we are anticipating.

After the awkward circumstances which had attended Hugh's last movement, he betook himself to the piano where Viola, who was no musician, and never afterwards became one, was carelessly drumming the keys. He leaned over the corner ; she continued playing ; Fred was watching him, and exchanging knowing glances with his sister and Matilda, expecting soon to hear something that would drive him to another corner of the room. Just at this moment the bell was rung and George and Andrew, in company with Emma, were ushered into the room. Thus a rupture was there avoided by a contingency which seemed providential. All hastened to greet the new comers. The girls kissed each other and embraced with a fondness that was truly exasperating to those who were looking on. This over, and a palmleaf removed from the top of their heads, with many protestations that "they didn't mean to stop, only dropped in for a minute ; didn't expect to call when we left home, but was going by, saw a light in the parlor, heard music, thought there was fun — and — and pa will expect us right home." It was all understood what they came for. It was the simplest thing in the world. The most ordinary idiot could see through a veil as thin as that. Well, what if he could ? What's going to be done about it ? Hadn't

they a right to call? Of course they had. George said it was all bosh, they meant to come, and started on purpose to come; he wanted to see Eva — so did Andrew — at which they both laughed, then Eva, then all the girls.

It was mighty funny. Eva suggested something about a fine thunder shower they had in the morning; the wind blew and broke down a tree in front of Mr. Sweetness' house; also took the roof off a shed belonging to Saddler. Some hail stones fell — big — big as a wagon wheel, and broke all the lights out of the Presbyterian church on the north side. It filled the gutters a foot deep, and cut the corn and knocked down the wheat as flat as a pan cake. Awful storm. One of the boys was out and he couldn't get his team to face about towards home, and he had to take shelter under a burdock. He had a sorry time of it; was drenched through to the buff. What was the buff? Nobody knew, and then they laughed. It might be a technical.

They had some fun with Hugh, repeated what he had been talking all the evening, and laughed at every one of his propositions. He believed in being good and in dealing right square on the square with everybody, without having recourse to those insinuations and hints which prevail so largely at the present time. We must be true to one another and to ourselves; must love each other so much that we will not strive to make victims of any one. We must declare plainly what our purpose is, and not seek to take any advantage over any one. At each of these they all laughed — except Em. She didn't. She thought there was more to commend than to censure. We must be perfect, he said, and do by one another just as we would wish to be used. We must be as angels in heaven — loving, trusting and confiding in one another, as children confide in their parents. We must make a heaven of our earthly home, dignifying and ennobling our terrestrial existence. Why, how ridiculous and absurd he must be, they all exclaimed with wonder and

astonishment, except Em ; the more she heard the more she admired such principles. He believed in woman's rights, and in perfect equality. Woman was endowed with the moral, spiritual, and intellectual attributes of man, and she should be allowed to develop them the same as her more favored fellow. Give her all rights, civil, social and political ; then insist that she shall deal with man upon the same terms as he deals with him. This most of the company liked.

Being equal to man was, on the whole, rather desirable ; but they didn't care anything about voting. When all the consequences of this was by farther discussion which it is not necessary to repeat here in full, revealed to them, some rather fell back from their first concession. Men let each other wait on themselves. The girls like to have the boys pick up their handkerchiefs, run for a glass of water, hand them over a puddle of water with the grace and gallantry of a Chesterfield, run for a needle, bring in an armful of wood, and a hundred other little inconsequentials which man, after he is married, cannot afford, nor have the patience nor the servility to keep up. By placing women on an equality, she would have all these things to do both before and after marriage — as he would doubtless have something else to do. The business of life was too urgent to insist on any such course of conduct. If this should be so there would be no wooing, no courting, no conciliation, no quarrels, no make-ups ; in fine, we would relapse into a pretty state if we should follow his advice. But when they came to progress—the development of social life to a higher state of being, why that was worth considering, but the other propositions were absurd. Man, nor could woman, do as she would wish to be done by. Society couldn't subsist a moment. It would go to rack and ruin. Think of our changing beaux, for instance, said Matilda, coloring as the flush of passion mantled her fair face : “ If B. should do unto you as B. would be done by, I'd let you take—take Hugh,” she

said, coloring more deeply than before, as she saw where conclusion of the sentence would lead. She could not be frank even in that proposition ; then how could she when a still greater object was in view ? When Hugh came to his own rescue, as he often did during this discussion, and showed how much woman had been benefitted by the advancing intelligence of the times, and that it was his intention to benefit her still more, there was a lull and a manifest acquiescence on their part ; but the question arose whether such an innovation as he proposed would be an advantage to her or not. She now had the reins of government in her hands, and she guided the administration of affairs as the temperaments of the several individuals warranted. Some by the adoption of one policy, and some by another ; more by love, some by entreaty, some by expostulation, some by appealing to the self-love and vanity of the husband. Should she lose all this power and place herself on an equality with him, when she was the acknowledged head ? Would she descend from the mastership to be a hireling ? Hugh, in this, seemed to get the worst of it ; but when he spoke of the widows and orphans, the trials and sufferings they had to endure, the denials, the actual want of a great majority of them, the weight of the argument inclined to his side ; and when he concluded his remarks by the assertion that these sufferings and trials were brought on her by her own inordinate selfishness, they became indignant at his presumptuousness and refused to consider it further, though they could not help admitting, in after individual conversations, the truth of the premises ; but it was the impracticableness of carrying them into effect. It could not be done.

Hugh, however, succeeded during the rather short evening in impressing the fact on their minds, that he should always strive for the advancement and best interest of woman ; that he should never consent in word or deed to her degradation, or to her continued subjection

to the will and caprice of man ; that she should be free to act and to develop all the faculties of her being without restraint or hindrance from any source ; that the principle of love, of confiding, of protecting love, should be the main and guiding one of his whole life ; that he would carry out to the very end those principles which we have already enunciated ; and that rather than continue in a position wherein temptations to retreat from the rule which he had laid down would always be before him, he would now secede from society and the world and devote himself to the exclusive study of social science, with a view towards a partial, if not complete, reformation of society.

At the conclusion of this rather long sentence, during the delivery of which his eyes sparkled, showing the sincerity and determination of his spirit, the girls and boys laughed — except Em. She stood up, and in a face such as that which Venus is supposed to have assumed when Paris was deciding on her beauty, heartily endorsed what had been said. She saw no need of carrying out the last part of the declaration. Some one could be found, no doubt, who would endorse the main principles, and perhaps he could modify others so as to make them more acceptable. The girls didn't know whom it would be unless — unless — they would not encourage him so far as to say ; for Emma was at this time more than equal to any of them ; that is, if most of the social graces of ladyhood be taken into account.

Andrew said : " Because Matilda would not say she would accept him on the spot — much in the same manner as a man would take a hundred dollars for a horse — he would retire to the woods and deny himself the comforts of a civilized home." George and Fred said they would. Rather than be the cause of such a catastrophe, the girls intimated a willingness to concede their part of the programme — all but Eva. She didn't

like that, nor did Matilda think it a very good way. It was too soon, nor were the parties well enough acquainted. They had known each other from childhood, and the boys had drawn the girls on the sled to and from school, and had washed their faces in the snow. George had licked Fred for calling him steeple, and then a pulpit, and Andrew had received a general drubbing at the hands of Charles for going home with his girl one night. He had to apologize for it though the next morning to prevent a prosecution which the father was contemplating. Perhaps most of us have a dim recollection of similar events. The philosophy of Hugh prevented him from receiving as well as administering such rebukes. As the girls did not approve of this course at the time of which we write, we cannot endorse it ; but the sequel will prove which is the wisest.

We must not fail to mention a fact on this occasion which will have a little influence on one of the closing scenes. A young man of good habits, kind disposition, but poor, had laid his heart at the feet of Mary Jane, and been refused — preptorily refused. He had pressed his suit with a persistency worthy so valuable an acquisition, but as he had not all the requirements of an eligible lover, he was supplanted by his more acceptable rival, George Meetinghouse. They had been friends together, went to the same school, sat upon the same bench, made paper balls to throw at the girls, had pinned long strips of paper to the master's coat, had placed crooked pins in his chair, provokingly painful to sit upon, and had scribbled mongrel verses on the slate laudatory of some favorite beauty ; and as they grew up to manhood they had moved in the same society, visited the same places, and strolled home in the evening while the silvery moon shed her rays through the fluttering leaves of the overhanging maples and elms. O, delightful memories ! They had visited together in the same parlor, had gone home across lots together, leaving their

overshoes stuck in newly plowed ground. Each had hurriedly donned his best in the gloaming of a summer evening, while the sweat rolled in exasperating prodigality in the heroic endeavor to be by the fair one's side first. They had visited, at other times, on alternate evenings, one bringing nuts and candies which the other helped to eat. They had watched each other through the lattice-work, screened by a friendly rose-bush ; had lain under the piazza and listened to whisperings which, though soft, fell like daggers on their ears ; had witnessed the lingering good-bye, and heard the sound of that labial annunciation, which inspired at other times far different sensations. One had preceded the other home, at such a distance as to awaken no suspicion of his presence, and if by chance they met on the way some plausible excuse would be given for being out so late. One never told the other about the cobwebs and dust that had somehow accumulated on his hat and shoulders, thus soiling the clothes, which, no longer than the night before, shone and gleamed in the light of the gorgeous parlor, and in the smiles of the fickle Mary. The recital of these scenes fills us with both pain and pleasure, and as we look back upon them, we would be glad to obliterate the one and burnish up the other. They were scenes of unalloyed pleasure to her. She basked in what seemed a perpetual sunshine, while flowers and perfume shed a most grateful fragrance around.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES.

WHEN Mr. Brown heard what a distinguished company had honored his house, he arose into a towering passion. "He'd kick the fool out; he'd boot him down the steps; he'd — he'd — he'd be blowed — he'd be sunk; he'd be utterly erased if he'd have the — fool around the house. What did you invite him for? Why did n't you send word you was not at home? I would n't have the — fool in the house again for — for ten thousand dollars. Don't you ever let him come around here again, if you do some serious consequences will result." While he was making use of this undignified, ungentlemanly, and unchristian language, he moved about the room in a manner indicative of the intensity of his anger. He threw his hat on the table, his gloves on the floor; he slammed back the chairs; tipped over the flower-stand, rolling the pots and flowers and dirt over the Brussels carpet; the spittoon was kicked about, and a stool was kicked with such violence that had it not been made of soft material must have injured his toe, as also the looking glass against which it came in contact.

He had not yet heard all the circumstancees of the case, and if he had they did not merit the severe reprimand which he had administered. The party had come, drawn by those mutual and friendly ties, which so often, and sometimes so dearly, unite us together. The last arrival, and that one which the reader has doubtless ere

this divined against whom the foregoing maledictions were addressed, had come of his own free will, in the company of those whom he had good reason to think would not be unacceptable to the hostess. He thought, no doubt, as others have before and since, and will continue to think, while thought is thought, that he could not find out about it unless he went; that his company, which was also sometimes hers, would excuse and make acceptable what might be embarrassing if he came alone. He was only feeling. He wanted to find out if there was a ghost of a chance there. He found out there was not. She did n't tell him; neither did she tell anybody; neither was it known outside the family what kind of treatment he would receive should he dare again to visit the social precincts of that house. He found it by that inexpressible manner of communication which is sometimes used in cases of this kind. He saw it in her eye; there was something in it which not one can tell, but which all understand.

He was continually running into such difficulties. He did n't care anything about them — that is about their ill termination; he rather liked the fun. It showed pluck, audaciousness and a brazen-faced impudence which the general state of society more approves than censures. It looks upon the daring hero who thus presses forward to the acquisition of his own ends, without stopping for a moment to consider the ill consequences which too often attend such aggressive measures, with approbation and encouragement. Only one side of the case is looked at, and that is the one most favorable to individual sovereignty, progress and waste. The other view, being conservative in its tendencies, and economical in habits, and also in opposition to the general order, is not considered, or at most, only superficially, and at times when other thoughts are tiresome. When consumed by ennui, or oppressed with grief, we look upon this side with more pleasure, though without any

thought of trying, or even hoping, to see it reduced to practice.

Such characters always have a good opinion of themselves, and this, coupled with the cheek, both of which are necessary to themselves, makes it more relieving to everybody else. We cannot fail to regard him wholly and absolutely with contempt, unmixed with a single sigh of pity. His arrogance and presumption, and conceit, unite to make us abhor him more and more. In manner, he is like the fly you brush away again and again, and often returns to vex you. You execrate him to no purpose, and to expend your anger in crushing him under your foot, is wholly inadequate as a measure of your indignation, and the merits of the offender. Its simple death amounts to nothing; it is the plague of its tormenting presence. It is in your mouth, then your nose, then your eyes, then your ears, equally annoying wherever it attacks, and as indifferently about it. Let one light on your nose and it will stay there on purpose to see how long you can endure it. We have thought sometimes that we would like to be in a state—for a short time—in which we would be insensible to his presence, just to see if we could n't beat it. It is tantalizing! Indeed it is.

But still there was another feature about it which we must not overlook. Unlike the fly in these respects, he comes up with smiles and blandishments, pleasing while he is tormenting. In this case a tinge of pity is excited, which we all know is akin to love; the two bear a very near relationship. The secret abhorrence which we before felt is silently and stealthily removed, and unless we absolutely forbid farther association and cut off entirely and refuse to think of him any more, we are loving him whom we before detested. Strange we can be brought to love attributes that we before thought so abhorrent, especially when these, as in this case, seem so well calculated to forbid those enjoyments of life of which all

are desirous of partaking. This man, as we have described him and as we have seen him, was never at a loss to say a word, or do an act which would pain. It came easily and naturally. These words and acts were during the visits he made at Mr. Brown's, carefully omitted, and she heard and saw only those pleasant ones which indicate a warm and genial spirit ; and if, as on some occasions, they did crop out, they were in company with such smiles that their effects were greatly neutralized if not entirely overcome. She may have had suspicions ; may have thought much and deeply — whoever loves that thinks thus ? — of his disposition, as it would be revealed by a more thorough acquaintance ; but these reflections were only casual, and were entirely set aside by the recollection of a kind word, or a humiliating act. He was the most fawning and servile of creatures, doing for her whatever she asked without a syllable of dissent. No one else used her thus. He would leave the gay company, at her intimation, and go out in the garden to look for her fan which she purposely hid in the seam of the sofa, and while he was out in the dark and among the dewy flowers peeking around where they had been, she was making fun of him inside ; and when he returned with a smiling face, not a whit abashed at what he might have guessed from the suppressed laughs of those present, he took his seat by the side of her on the sofa with that debonaire style indicative of the perfect gallant. He always disregarded her protestations that there was no room there and he had better get a chair, but squeezed himself right down amongst crinoline and embroidery in manner indicating how much he held such things in contempt, as well as the comfort of those whom he was annoying ; if she arose immediately leaving him with the other lady at the opposite end of the sofa, he took no offence, but chatted away as if he were as well pleased with her as any one ; and although she soon returned looking daggers at him and her, he pretended not to no-

tice the discomfiture which his stratagem had provoked, but proceeded to entertain her as if she had been all the while there. She couldn't make him mad by any conduct, however provoking, nor could she get mad herself. See him—she could not help it when he came, and though she had repeatedly showed by every sign in her power and afterwards had been repeatedly told by the enraged father that he must cease his attentions there or get a flogging, that it was unpleasant to her, yet he came and hung on her movement like a shadow. When she drove out he would hasten to her carriage and with bows and smiles instate himself by her side. When they tired out her horses, his own were ready, outvieing her equipage in the splendor of its appointments. Did she wish to take in any of her friends, whether they were gentlemen or ladies, he made no objection, but received them in his own vehicle with the nonchalance of a true cavalier. Did she try to provoke him by taking the other seat, he continued the conversation laughing and joking just the same as before; he noticed nothing; acts which would disconcert, if they did not entirely unnerve others, had no effect on him. Although he could not fail to perceive the distrust with which he was regarded, it never for a moment lessened his activity nor diminished the conceited opinion which he entertained of himself. On the contrary, it may have stimulated still more those passions, which in other persons would have been entirely overcome. He seemed dead, or insensible to embarrassments or sneers, and the more he schooled himself in these attributes of being, the more hard and impregnable he grew.

His meetings with the fair Arlo had to be arranged with prudent foresight, because of the threatened unpleasant termination in case he were discovered; but the cunning devices of men, whether they are directed towards the preservation or destruction of lawful rights and privileges, are counteracted always by equally cunning devices, by those seeking to thwart the natural

current of events. The governor may have had an inkling into what was going on, without being able to obtain any positive knowledge, and so setting his wits at work he gave out that he should be away from home two or three days on a business trip to New York. Instead of being gone as long as was announced, he took up his station in a tenant's house near to his own, and there waited till his own suspicions should be verified. He did not wish to spring the trap which he had laid with so much care before he was ready to catch the game, as he doubtless would have done had he returned as he naturally would as from a journey; because, in that case, they would suspect some such thing if he should come by a regular train and be prepared accordingly. It would be an easy matter for them to adjust circumstances according to possible events, and still enjoy the privileges which a favorable fortune throws in the way.

Of course the tenant wondered at such an unusual proceeding on the part of Mr. Brown, but his visit was explained on the pretext of making some repairs which he was contemplating, and of which he was profuse in explaining, submitting, in deference to their wishes such points about which he had no particular fancy. During the discussion of this, he kept his eye on the front door of his house. No one could pass from the gate to the house without encountering his full gaze. The moon shone brightly in the sky, which fact was duly timed beforehand by the sagacious eaves-dropper. But he had not to wait for the full benefit of this.

Charles knew beforehand that he intended soon to take such a trip, and he was watching anxiously when he would start. Mr. Brown intended he should know this. Thus it will be seen how small circumstances favor his projects. He had not long to wait. The evening was not far advanced when he saw the gay cavalier dash up in his barouch, spring from its luxurious enclosure and dash up the steps to the house. No sooner

was he seen bouncing up the path than Mr. Brown made a rush and reached the hall just in time to see the most important part of the meeting. It was such a meeting as lovers like to experience after a long absence and which they are very apt to indulge in when no untoward circumstances, as in this case, present. They were just in this act when the enraged father burst open the hall door. She saw him first, and exclaimed :

“ Why, father ; I thought you was — you was — ”

“ Yes ; and I thought you was ; ” and he propelled his foot freely in the direction of Charles’ base of understanding. Out the door he went, Charles’ hat following, and Mr. Brown very close behind, and at each step forward he raised his foot vigorously. Charles’ coat tail stood out horizontally as he was making his way to his coach, much more rapidly than he left it a moment before,—into which he sprang and was driven off in a rather dejected state of mind. All this was done in much shorter time than it takes to record it, and it may be wondered that any man should thus tamely submit to such unkind usage in this age of law and civilization. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Brown was a strong athletic man, and could easily administer such rebukes to a man of Charles’ stature and habits ; besides, Mr. Brown was evidently in the right, as he was at liberty to defend his house against the intrusion of unwelcome guests, especially after he had given timely warning that such visitations were disagreeably annoying.

And it may be wondered why the coachman did not descend to the assistance of his master when he saw him thus assailed. It may be said that he acted the wisest part. It was sudden and unexpected. The evening was duskish, though objects could be plainly seen at the short distance between the house and the carriage, and yet not quite plainly enough to distinguish a man from a lady, especially when the observer’s mind is so flurried as in this case. In fact Arlo was there expostulating with her

father ; therefore it was not easy to determine the exact situation of affairs. Perhaps they were running out to take the carriage and elope, followed by the maledictions of Mr. Brown, in which case it would be very prudent to remain on the seat, and be in readiness to drive away when the two should be ready. Besides the team was fractious, and it would have been unwise to leave them to themselves in order to prevent his master from getting an extra kick or two, to run away and smash things, thus leaving the parties longer in the unpleasant dilemma, in which this unfortunate affair had found them. More would have been lost than gained if this last contingency had taken place, even though the driver had succeeded in rescuing and protecting his master from the just anger of Mr. Brown ; because his assistance, neccessary and efficient though it might have been, would not dignify the re-encounter, nor prevent a punishment, nor smooth the way toward a reconciliation.

On the whole we see nothing to censure, and much to approve in the course which the driver took. He may have received a blessing for his non-interference when the parties arrived home. This being caused more by his, Mr. Peek's, lack of judgment, in presenting himself at such a time, when he might have known it would so result, and his own disposition, as is always the case with such persons, to put the blame on somebody else ; or if not the blame, some of the odium would be removed from his shoulders, and the ludicrousness of the scene greatly diminished. It was this last feature of the case that ground on the conceit of Mr. Peek more than any other phase of it. He did not like to be laughed at for receiving such a flagellation without offering some resistance. This wounded his pride more, though he could not by swearing and blowing diminish the unpleasant aspects of the case, he could, in fact, relieve his mind of the unkind thoughts that filled it, both towards himself and others.

It may be thought also that Mr. Brown had not that absolute control of his house which his irritable temper would lead us to suppose. This is a unique case. They, that is Arlo and her mother, had tried to impress on Charles' mind the fact that his visits were objectionable, and must be discontinued, or the consequences must be wholly borne by himself. This he promised to do. After such an admonition and reply, conveying as it did, an assurance that the true aspect of the case was perfectly comprehended, we cannot wonder that he should voluntarily rush upon such a dangerous mission, armed though he always was by a fund of inimitable pluck, perseverance, and cheek. He thought the objections which were vaguely hinted at, would by a more thorough acquaintance, be entirely removed, and as Arlo laughed at the bare thought of such a possibility, he construed it as an encouraging symptom, whereas it was because he should presume to hope for a change of mind on their part, as well as a change of disposition on his. Dispositions are never changed, opinions may be. Governed by such emotions, it is not strange that he should pursue such an object with all the ardor of his impassioned soul. He would listen to no objection, not even if he were kicked off the piazza a half-a-dozen times. He would pursue her still; he would come again, and this was the last word he said on entering the carriage that eventful evening. He waived a kiss to her as he rode away, among the curses of Mr. Brown, and, "let me catch you here again and I'll have recourse to more effective weapons than I have heretofore used." Come again; yes, of course he would, if ten thousand such men were in his way, with all their weapons of offense, both verbal and destructive. This was fun for him. He was as watchful as a cat, never tired, and never asleep.

It may be thought that the first intimation which he received of Arlo's displeasure at his attention, that he intended to give up the prize to more worthy hands. But

this was done to convey the idea that he perfectly understood what was meant, without, however, entertaining a single thought of retreat. If such an impression was conveyed, this timely hint will set it all right, and Mr. Peek be allowed still to pursue the game which by his courageous behavior thus far he is entitled to, if his disposition had been more tractable and amiable. We know it is painful to look on and see a beautiful bird caught by a hawk, and be unable to put forth a rescuing hand; but as it occurs every day in the year, the indulgent reader will bear with us for a short time.

The disposition of Mr. Peek was much the same as Mr. Brown's, without, however, any of his qualifying virtues, and many more of his positive vices. This accounts for the dislike which Mr. Brown had from the first entertained. Persons of like temper never like each other. The family of Mr. Brown had grown up almost—his wife was young when he married her—under his severe discipline, and they found Mr. Peek no worse in the faults that had been pointed out, and which had but just showed themselves on occasions easily neutralized and overlooked, than they had a thousand times experienced from Mr. Brown; in short, it is quite plain that Mr. Peek was a man, who, if we leave out some of his petty faults, could be easily got along with in a home wherein love was the predominating element; whereas those of Mr. Brown showed themselves more offensively in the home circle than anywhere else, for he was absolute, and nothing could be said in reply. Mr. Peek's faults were such as made him a multitude of enemies outside of his own immediate relatives, who because he was such, will be inclined to look with indulgence upon them.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE OF WILLIAM BROWN.

SINCE the death of his wife, Mr. Brown had conducted his affairs much the same as before, excepting that part relating directly to the house and kitchen; these taxed his patience and ingenuity to the utmost. It will be inferred from this, the sister and family had returned home; such is the case. He had coaxed in vain, and he was left to the solitude of his splendid rural home, his thousand acres, and his one hundred cow dairy. He was equal to the emergency. He retained the help already in the house, and permitted the outside work to go along as it did in the hey-day of life. The girls were refractory, and refused to be guided by that system which worked so well out doors. They rebelled and were going to leave; they were coaxed to remain—this is always poor policy;—they played the same game again, with the same result. He would not give up, he was equal to it. He had long wind and had traveled; he had seen the world in all its phases; he knew it exactly; he knew the workings of human nature, and could make it subserve his own advantage; he knew he could; he said he could. As to making a failure of it after he had got so far along, it was all bosh. His debts were paid; his farms were not mortgaged; his health was good, and promised to be so for a long time. He might suffer a little loss, or be embarrassed, but he would whack away and make it up. He would sow; he sowed with a chari-

tableness, indicative of inexhaustible resources, as well as indifference as to their retention or dispersion. They could n't break him down ; he was not going to fail ; no, not a bit of it.

These boasts may seem more weak than strong — but they show the man who is now in the vigor of his manhood and the prime of his glory. It is not the boast of a man who has a premonition of a coming disaster ; but it is the exultation of one who merits success by the generous, open-handed means which he employs. He is launching out and spreading, preparatory to making something in the future. He is making friends of everybody, buying them by his magnanimity. These will surely bring their reward. He is throwing his bread upon the waters in the hope that there will be returned something more than the crusts ; he is giving to others, in the hope of receiving the full measure, but not, however, in the spirit in which that injunction was promulgated. He was doing good in his own way, as every body does it, believing he was perfectly right. He was right in expecting such rewards as it would be natural to suppose would accrue from generous deeds. Herein was the mistake ; he was using all the elements within his reach for the purpose of aggrandizing himself, yet it must be confessed he used the best means that ever man employed for conciliating the good will of the multitude, and the worst that could have been adopted for advancing his own interests. Man seldom succeeds in gaining two objects at the same time. If he gains one he loses the other, and vice versa ; as he pursues one, the distance between himself and the other widens ; and if he divides his attention so as to include them both, ten to one they do not both escape. He is now striving for money, and that is his sole ambition ; but while getting it there are social relations which require his attention and should not be neglected. Thus his first ambition is subservient to that of friend-making. A man cannot very well be a

friend and a victim. If he is using you as a friend he cannot very well rob you at the same time. We have known others to play this game more successfully.

It is mid-summer ; the morning is balmy and serene, and William stands on the corner of the piazza overlooking a scene of strange beauty ; it is one which, when once seen, lingers long and lovingly on the memory. It is one, too, which makes it doubly so from the hallowed associations with which events and characters are united ; and we love to review them both, more because of the generosity of one of them, than of the good works which he accomplished. It is not so much the idle hands he employed, the machinery he set in motion, the hungry mouths he filled with bread, the homes he adorned, the schools and churches he endowed, the country he glorified, the manhood he ennobled, as it was the spirit that dictated these kind benefactions. Years hence, when his name shall have been entirely obliterated, except where it is scarcely legible on the monumental stone ; when the country shall have outgrown the improvements which he made, this narrative will show from what a wilderness it all has sprung, and also honor one or more of the principal actors therein. The scene was one which his munificence had materially contributed to create ; houses were erected, gardens laid out, manufactories of various kinds established wherein the inhabitants labored with their children, thus conveying good in two ways ; by it food was provided for the people, and the surplus earnings were devoted to enlarging the house and fencing the grounds. The beginning is usually small, the house being barely sufficient to accommodate its occupants, and which, as years advance, the means with the family increase, thus making it both pleasant and profitable to make those little improvements which add so greatly to the comfort and convenience of the family. We cannot be too grateful for these benefits ; nor should we fail to laud—the interested zeal though it be—of

him who was the principal agent in these enterprises. It cannot be said that no thanks are due him on the principle that man is entitled to all he earns. He could not have earned it had not the means been provided whereby he was enabled to earn it. Neither can it be said in excuse, that if he had not done this somebody else would. He saw the exigencies of the occasion and the facilities of the place, and he so shaped events that he united them to the benefit of the surrounding country. He did what others would have done, perhaps sometime in the future, and at long intervals of time. To him belongs the glory, and if he had not, the honor, with equal truth, would have been ascribed to others. What man does, let him have the credit of, whether it forestalls others, or is in advance of the real necessities of the case.

The cows were milked and the men were partaking of their rural breakfast, which consisted of pork and potatoes, bread and butter, with coffee and sugar, and doughnuts—everything in abundance. Presently out they come smiling and joyous and prepare the horses and wagons for drawing in wheat. Three teams, with their attendants, commence the work with all the alacrity which usually attends the movements of those about to engage in the gathering of an abundant harvest, under the direction of one who has the entire love of the laborers. Two more additional teams are expected from his brother's, who, in consideration of the importance of getting in the wheat before the rain which seems to be threatening in the west, consents to help for a day or two in the harvest. Thus the five teams succeed in wheeling in the one hundred acres of wheat just in time to prevent it getting soaked by a heavy shower.

We have omitted some of the events of the morning in order to get through with one branch of the narrative, so as not to be compelled to return to it again, thus mingling two or more together. Right in the hurly-burly of the morning's preparation, Mr. Pinchtight comes over

and wants to borrow a pitchfork, and if he could spare a hand to use it he would repay the compliment on some future occasion when men were not so difficult to be had.

"O certainly! certainly! got lots of men; just as well have one as not; I was going to set one or two mowing around the fences as they could not all work at one job." "Could you spare Hugh or big Tom? I want some good man to pitch." He was not satisfied to get a medium man, but he must ask for the best to be had. Strange that such hints as the above would not have indicated to Mr. Pinch the unreasonableness of the request as well as the unwilling compliance, without insisting for more. But such characters are blind to other's interests; or, if seeing them, they refuse to act and cloud the subject by turning the attention to another point to be conceded. The two are well united. William was willing to grant the first request and of course he would the other. If he had said "No" to the first, he would to the last. If a man depends on another to take a hint when it is for his own interest he should not be surprised if he should not when it is for his interest to avoid it. Man must be the measure of his munificence. The man and fork were lent.

They had hardly disappeared over the rising knoll—the loss of both he felt a hundred times that day, but they were useful to Mr. Pinch, nor could his friendship have been long secured by non-compliance—before another was seen approaching. This was Mr. Passable—an ordinarily good man.

"Good morning, Mr. Passable; this is a glorious morning for harvesting, isn't it?"

"It is that; it is splendid, perfectly splendid. You are drawing in wheat to-day; I have mine drawn; I had fourteen loads—not much by the side of yours, but it is enough for me to handle."

"O, I have not much; not so much as I had last year.

It is not so good, the drouth hurt it amazing, and that cold snap in the spring froze it out. Do you remember that cold day we had in April — about the middle — yes, that's it; the day I went to Auburn and like to have froze to-death," he replied, and Mr. Passable acknowledged the time when the cold snap occurred.

"It was a blasted cold day; I would not have started had I thought it would have been so cold; but I got started and didn't feel it so much as on the way home; the wind blew right in my face," Mr. Brown continued. Mr. B. was mistaken in the time, for on the occasion to which he referred, the wind was in the north-west and to have faced that would have taken him in the direction opposite to that which would have led to his home; but such accidents occur every day.

"Mr. Brown, you are in a hurry, as I see by your impatience, and so be I. I would like to borrow fifty dollars to-day if I could, and I thought you would be likely to have it; so I thought I would just call over and see; you always have money."

"No, not always — I haven't it now. I have just used considerable to pay my extra help. These chaps are so 'fraid they will lose something that they wont work unless they have their pay right along," he said.

"I wouldn't pay them till I was through; I do so, and I find it a purty successful way. A feller mustn't do as is wanted of him always," Mr. Passable replied. He did not stop to think that a compliance with his principle would not insure him with the accommodation which he asked. As Mr. Brown did not like to have it known that he was without money for fear it would be rumored that his stock was waining, he said: "I have some, though, lying idle in the bank, a part of which you can have if it will be an accommodation."

"O yes, it will greatly oblige me, and I'll return it as soon as I sell something."

"You needn't be in a hurry, take your time; you can

just as well have it as not. I was just thinking where I could invest some, where it would be earning something, and this is a good place."

"Yes, good security, you know, and I'll repay with interest, besides my thanks."

"All right ; come along and I'll write a check. You have been to breakfast ? Here, take this chair, and we'll have a little something cheering. You don't take anything ! Golly, I thought everybody took some ; I couldn't live without it — but you'll set by and have some breakfast with me. See, I am alone and a table full," he said, glancing at the table, while his face reflected the warm hospitality he expressed.

"No, I thank you, I have no occasion, as mine will be ready as soon as I return." The table looked tempting and the occasion was propitious, and by gently hinting that his own would be ready, it could easily be inferred that he had not yet partaken ; the time would be a good one for the illustration of that tact which Mr. Brown had tried to elicit from Mr. Pinch. The game was played in this case with far better results, as Mr. Brown always took a hint that suggested an indulgence from him, although he never could be prevailed upon to accept as much from anybody else.

"O, yes, sit down ; you will have to wait till I eat before you get the check for I'm determined you shall eat or see me go through the ceremony alone," he said, smiling at the cunningness of its device.

"I may as well set down then as wait," he said, drawing his chair up and placing himself at the table directly opposite William.

"You like ham and potatoes ?" he asked, handing Mr. Passable a plate well filled with delicacies. "We have ham all the year. When the last crop is gone we have some more fresh coming right on."

"Yes, thank you ; it is splendid ham ; I've been out some time ; you have everything nice here. Well, you've

got the spondulex to keep things that way. We small one-horse farmers don't find it so easy getting along, and keep things all right and safe. Things will leak out and get to waste in spite of all a feller can do."

"O, well, you've got on first rate. You have a good farm paid for and are now fixing it up," he said.

"No, not quite ; but I will have in a year or two if I don't have any bad luck. It is slow getting along these times. The drouth and the cold, and the wet, all conspire to hinder a man getting rich. I never saw the beat of it."

"That's the way in this country. These hindrances I suppose are all right. A man would get rich too fast. Clouds, you know, and weeds, make us work, while reward is bestowed on faithful industry ; else the slothful could get on as well as the industrious. Things are rightly managed. We could not ourselves do better."

"No, I suppose not. You have a comfortable home, Mr. Brown ; all paid for, eh ?"

"Yes, all paid for ; no mortgages ; all clear."

"You are most lucky ; not a few so well off in this town ; you were born here ?"

"No ; we lived on the homestead a long time ; sold that and moved here.

"The Hartlot you keep yet ?"

"Yes ; O, yes. I wouldn't sell that, under no circumstances. That's where all the money is made ; if it were not for that I don't know as I could run this as I do."

"Don't this stand alone ?"

"Hardly ; I have to prop it once in a while with a little help from elsewhere." This was an unwise confession, and it was what Mr. Passable was trying to find out. He was wondering how he could farm it so successfully, and appear to be getting on so well while, others had hard work to make both ends meet. Mr. Passable was one of those old fashioned quizzers with whom we sometimes

meet to our great annoyance. It is first this question, then that, none of which is of the least concern to the public. But Mr. Passable lived much in the country and as he was the greatest light that shone in the domestic circle of which he was the acknowledged head, no one presumed to correct him when telling the news he had gathered from the gossiping street walkers ; and as this was a legitimate business, he carried the same propensity to a prodigious extent when visiting with his neighbors. Mr. Brown took pleasure in answering such questions, the answer of which reflected credit on the successful management of the estate which he had inherited and since enlarged.

" You'll take a cigar ? " Mr. Brown said on going to the cubby-hole where he kept his little necessities. He had taken one, and offered another to Mr. Passable, which, however, he refused, as he never took the weed in that form. He helped himself to a large quid of tobacco from his box, and commenced its mastication with an enjoyment such as only old tobacco chewers can describe. This much done, and the check having been written and delivered, the party passed out well satisfied with the morning's work. Mr. Passable bade his kind host good morning and went his way, wondering at the liberal hospitality of Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown sauntered down towards the barn where the boys were unloading wheat. He had not been there long when he saw neighbor McDuff coming hastily up the road. What could it mean ? McDuff was a laboring man of moderate fortune, having earned the little house and garden by severe daily toil. It was not, however, yet paid for. It seemed Mr. Pinchtight held a mortgage against his cow which he purchased in the spring of him, and agreeing to pay for her in the two or three months which had intervened. He had been to Mr. Hardfist and Lookout, and these promised to see him safe through but had no money at present to invest

in chattle-mortgages. Mr. Sweetness was all smiles, and he thought Mr. Pinchtight was not in pressing need of money, and would not urge him to extremities. He was trying to hurry him up a little in the hope that he would shell out. Of course William had the money—might just as well have it as not. What was money for if not to use and help folks out of difficulties with? He could have it and welcome. He drew a check for fifty dollars and handed it to him in a manner that indicated pity for the poor man in distress, and contempt for the bankers who were not willing to invest in such security as McDuff. He had no such narrow views in regard to money and how it should be used. McDuff received the check in much the same manner as a criminal would have received a reprieve. He was glad; a tear glistened in his eye. He was thankful, very thankful; and as he shook William's hand he hoped God would bless him. He lingered around until reminded by William that perhaps Mr. Pinch would have the notice of foreclosure published if he did n't lookout. He took the hint and departed a much happier man. His cow was saved to him for a still longer time. He could pay for her after he had collected in a few accounts and earned a few dollars more.

William was now at liberty to turn his attention to affairs about the farm. A lot had been cleared and a horse rake must be started. Whom could he spare? If he only had that man over at Mr. Pinch's, he could set him raking,—but no; there was the boy churning—wonder if he is not through. "Hello there; Pat ain't you through with that job?" he asked, on approaching nearer to the house. "Yes, just got through; haven't carried away the butter-milk yet." Well, come hurry up. I want you to rake that stubble as soon as possible. Take old Dick, and hitch him on the sulky-rake and go a head; now put in and get through, I want to get through this cotillion sometime this summer; and when you get—." Just at this moment a woman drove up in a

democrat, behind an old spring-halt horse, which she vainly endeavored to urge to a trot; but the poor jade was entirely unequal to the exertion. She wore a pair of spectacles which were of the old fashioned kind with glasses much larger than the eyes, and which were held in place by an iron band one-sixteenth of an inch square. The same size wire is now used for wringing swine, in order to prevent them rooting up the yard in which they are placed. It is strange to what divers uses an article of merchandise may be devoted. The whip with which she goaded the poor animal had seen better times, in years gone by. As she sat in the middle of the seat, with her feet braced against the dash-board, whip held in position, such as jockeys assume when racing their horses on the course, and peering through the spectacles as if trying to search out some particular object in the dim distance, presented an object such as is not soon forgotten. She is one who can paddle successfully her own canoe.

She yelled out, "good morning, William; I hope you ain't busy this morning. Old Mr. Pinchtight's cattle broke into my cornfield this morning and destroyed all my corn. My boy has been chasing them out ever since he got up; the milking ain't done, the hogs ain't fed, the—I haven't had any breakfast this morning yet; my girl went away last night and I'm all alone, and I don't know what I shall do, as the cows is in the corn yet and can't be got out. I wish you could send over a man to help fix up the fence; I can't do anything with them cattle—they run over everything I have—and they have before a dozen times." All this was said without stopping to take breath, while William looked on in wondering astonishment, affecting more than he felt. He stood with his mouth open, while the attitude of his body and arms indicated his intense surprise and indignation. He was surprised that the neighbor's cattle should presume to pass over the dividing line which separated them and

encroach upon the domains of the worthy widow of Mr. Smith ; and he was indignant to think that Mr. Pinchtight could not keep up a better fence than the single rail or two, which, though in a zig-zag line, marked the boundary of Mr. Pinchtight's possessions.

" Its our fence, its our fence ; but I had n't time this spring to fix it up, and he had no business to turn in there till I had fixed it up—it is just 'like turning into my own—when I want to turn into a lot I go all around and fix up the fence whether it is mine or the neighbors," she continued in the same manner she had begun. When folks talk thus, they do not take into account the sagacity of others.

It is evident, according to her own acknowledgement, the fence was hers, and unrepaired, she could not fix up her own in time to prevent the cattle breaking over, in all probability she would not have had time to fix her neighbor's fence, as she intimated she would do before she turned her cattle upon him. It is the recourse of such persons when they find themselves driven to straits by their own negligence, to throw the blame on somebody else, either in one form or another. As she could not blame him for wishing to turn his cattle into pasture, which he had doubtless deferred some time, on account of the condition of the fence, or he had some other pasture in which they might graze up to this time without any inconvenience to him,—she must resort to his negligence for not fixing her fence. William made such inquiries as the exigencies of the occasion seemed to suggest, smiled at her weakness, flattered her vanity, and permitted the boy to go and help put things to rights. She was a woman, and as such, was entitled to his sympathy and protection. He was the guardian of all who chose to throw themselves upon his care. Instead of peremptorily denying her application, as he should have done, with the plea, that he had more than he could see to advantageously, he sent the boy

whom he needed to do his work, to do the work of others, which he need not have done, and for which he would never get a red cent of pay. He might get thanks in abundance, and protestations of good will and friendship, but these do not pay for tools nor hired men, nor bank notes; indeed, when there is anything to pay, persons who are most under obligations, are the last to come forward and offer the needed relief.

The wheat gathering was continued, while the raking had to be deferred. Mrs. Smith's fence was fixed, thus preventing in the future, the accidents of which she this morning complained. Perhaps the main part of the wheat was saved, but rains must come, and at such times, seemingly, when we are least prepared for them. The consequences to the negligent are more severe than to those who are active and industrious. William could not see that the hinderance of a day or two in raking his stubble could materially interfere with his prosperity. It is not probable he thought so far, but, acting upon the impulse of his generous feelings, he did that most congenial to his nature.

CHAPTER X.

THE PLOT STILL UNFOLDS.

MR. MEETINHOUSE was very careful that his cattle—the few he called his own—did not break into his neighbor's corn. It would not have been according to his ideas of justice to have them consume the substance of others. Whether they ever did break out, or whether he was ever similarly situated as Mr.

Pinchtight, his neighbor, are subjects quite foreign to our narrative. Probably they did more than once ; for if they did not, we could neither ascribe it to the height and solidity of his fences, nor to the tame and contented nature of his cattle. Brutes do not acknowledge respect for character, whether it be of a religious or of a purely secular nature. Moreover, Mr. Meetinhouse was usually a great part of the day engaged in repairing fences, especially where there was the least likelihood of his cattle breaking out. The morning after his religious devotions was spent in this industry. A board which had done serviceable duty for at least sixty years, was strengthened by a piece being nailed lengthwise across the weak place, or a post was supported by an additional stake or two, that being the tenth or fifteenth which had been compelled to perform this service. Thus nearly every post on the farm was surrounded by a hedge of stakes. As fast as one rotted off another was supplied, and so on year after year. He never calculated that the time spent in this work, would in the long run, make an entirely new fence ; his time was nothing ; he would rather watch them year after year and day after day, incline to this or that way, until it should be their turn next. "There is a post that wants fixing — I will see to that to-morrow," he soliloquized as he walked along intently examining each drooping support ; but perhaps the morning found him at the other side of the farm making like observations in regard to twenty or thirty posts there ; or he might have the headache or rheumatism ; or he might be called suddenly to visit some dying friend, by the side of whose bed he offered up the last prayer of thanksgiving regret ; or he might take a notion, through the expostulation of his wife, to take a bushel or two of apples and peddle them out from door to door, receiving therefor two shillings per bushel. Doubtless he remembered, with the sense of an injured man, all those who didn't pay him in full to the last penny. He would in this way have

every part of the fence marked off for future repairs, and taking his axe—the same that had done duty for his grandfather fifty years before—and a hammer and a pail of eight-penny nails, he set off for a designated place which he had that morning been thinking of in close connection with his other duties, and there worked away at what he should have done a month or two before. He worked until he was tired out, seldom consuming more than an hour or two at farthest, when he returned to the house and spent the remainder of the day in reading some religious paper—and at proper intervals the bible—and in doing such little chores for his wife as he thought too onerous for her to perform. When he tired of these uniform occupations he spent some of his spare moments in putting up racks for his hen's nests, making powder for killing rats, chopping up brush for fire-wood, in setting traps for skunks, and in watching the holes of woodchucks. This latter occupation, especially in the middle of the day, at which time it would be most likely to occur—as the mornings were taken up in the manner we have described—was rendered more deliciously tedious by the probability that his woodchuckship would not soon appear. All who have had the pleasure of this hunt know well that he is slow to come forth, especially if he has the sagacity to perceive that danger awaits his exit.

After all these duties had been performed to his satisfaction—with of course new things to be done on the following day—and the sun was smiling gloriously behind the western hills lighting up the tree-tops and the distant spires with a golden, ruddy hue, he gathered his family around him and for the seventh or eighth time offered up his evening orisons to the throne of the ever-living God. It may not be irreverent to say here that George and Matilda had heard this so many times that they had learned every word. The same form was observed on each occasion, only varying it by a reference

to the morning or evening as the case might be, and by such other natural phenomena as hot or cold, a drouth or rainy weather. If there was weather such as would materially damage the apple crop or the wheat or corn, or if still later in the season there was danger to the honey from an early frost on the buckwheat, the fact would be made known at morning and evening prayers. A mournful petition would ascend on these occasions unrelieved by that thankful spirit which would be thought to animate so religious a mind, for the many blessings heretofore received.

The length of these devotions interfered greatly with the plans of young George in his youthful days, and in fact, when he was very much older ; for the necessities of youth are no less pressing to the youthful mind than the more important enterprises of a later period ; while the mind of a boy, or girl, is less able to endure the restraint which a religious training imposes, than when they have acquired a wider range of experience—and this enables one to cultivate that patience and serenity which are often necessary to exercise towards him on a subject of so serious a nature. But in youth no side considerations have any weight. Only one idea at a time is present to the youthful mind, and that is one having immediate reference to pastimes and pleasures. The ball and kite, the marbles and jack stones, are reluctantly laid aside to engage in the duties of a religious character. The mind of the child is unable to grasp ideas that have no representative in material things ; therefore religious instruction at so early a period is more apt to delay conversion by imposing restraints such as the child is ill able to overcome in the presentation of the image of ideas of which the mind can take no impression.

Many a time has the back of these youthful sufferers ached by prolonged kneeling around an imaginary altar, the usefulness of which is never made apparent by an increase of worldly necessities. The old sled, which George

was compelled to use sliding down hill, did excellent service for his grand-folks in hauling logs of wood into the house for the fire, and no entreaty could induce the father to expend a few of the shillings he obtained for apples to buy him a new one. He might tell how other boys who did not go to church nor learn sabbath school lessons, nor listen to long prayers were better supplied, and all to no purpose. He might also ask, "What was the use of praying for these things and never get them?" A question which would be answered in such a manner as he had not calculated upon. The God whom other parents worship was more willing to supply the wants of the children. This reflection, together with the painful subjection to which a religious training unnaturally compels the child, may be the cause of the delay in his conversion, if not his final and irretrievable loss in the sins of perdition and infamy. We can only tell by the after results, the observance in one case and their non-observance in the other, whether it is always best to be so strict or not; and experience has thus far taught that the children of such parents observe a wider latitude in their moral conduct and finally fetch up much worse than those who have been denied such teachings. We will not say, however, that the teaching thus imparted failed in its mission; for those children who were the direct objects of it may have failed to receive any permanent benefit; still there is a wider family, and one more necessary to be reached, who are more or less influenced, and religiously, by the teachings which they have not received. Thus the good that this kind of life inspires is of a negative character, benefiting more — if we take a positive view of it — those who do not believe, than those who do indulge in religious observances.

A strictly religious life, is generally of a passive character, letting things pass along in their natural, easy course, rather than contending boldly in order to make them assume a position dictated by a stern unrelenting will.

The faculties of faith and belief are more developed than those of aggression and the pleasurable indulgence which goes along with it. No one wishes to fight for life unless he wishes to enjoy it. Thus we find the parents of our heroes devoting themselves to a life of inactive religious indulgence. They took as much pleasure in the easy contemplation of divine things as the irreligious secular did in his warfare for the acquisition of worldly goods. We find them at no time in their life engaged in "making the wilderness blossom as the rose," but simply living along from day to day in that easy don't-care-style which is the characteristic of the loafer, the bum, the scape-grace of every kind. They are no positive injury, as is the case of one who is sowing evil; nor a positive good, as is the case of one who explores new regions of thought, thus adding to the sum total of knowledge, for the benefit of all mankind.

We now come to that period in the life of our heroes, wherein the passions of love and ambition are beginning their development. The former prompted by that instinct, which is inherent in every animal from the highest organism to the lowest, is seeking that affinity for which it yearns, and to which it may attach itself in bonds as firm and indissoluble as they are true and sincere; while the latter, instigated by worldly love, is seeking to guide the former in such a manner that it shall result in a firmer union, and bless it by a continuance of peace and prosperity, such as is only the lot of those who make the most felicitous alliance. They are both laying the foundation of the future structure of their lives, each in the hope and firm belief, that the future will not deny them the pleasures and privileges which they have through all their early life been denied. Such is doubtless the feelings of every young man and lady, in whatever circle or circumstance he may have been reared. Each thinks his lot the hardest that has ever before been borne by mortal man; and each resolves that should children

ever be his, he will not subject them to the hardships and sacrifices which he has so heroically and so unnecessarily borne. The many things that were wanted, and could just as well as not have been had, will be among the very first that he grants his son, even before the want has been distinctly made known.

There were many things on George's list of wants, and which had from the first to the last been strenuously refused. He wanted a gold watch and chain, sleeve-buttons and studs, and a new buggy to visit Mary Jane and take her riding in ; a new cutter, with a harness and bells. The house needed fixing up and modernizing like Passable's and Pinchtight's. In fact, there were so many things wanted, that had they been granted in full from first to last, and the new ones to which each purchase would have led, and the time spent in enjoying them, would have made his father bankrupt. On each and every occasion when the purchase of a new thing was discussed in the family, he always concluded it by saying "he could not afford it, he must look out for a wet day, he must provide for the future ; he must clothe the family, and to do this requires money. It cannot be done if the money is all spent for those things which we can get along without."

Such reasoning had no weight with the children. It had been resorted to so often that its efficacy was entirely lost upon them. They could not see the force of it. Of what use was money if it could not be used in the purchase of comforts and pleasures ? Why work and save all the days of life, and never know what it is to enjoy a single happy one ? Why look forward to a wet day which never comes ? Why look for cloudy weather when the sun is always shining ? They hardly knew that the course which was being pursued was such as ensured a continued course of sunshiny days ; whereas that which they advised would have caused the clouds to gather, and the rain to descend in overwhelming torrents, engulfing them all beneath its destructive waves.

Matilda wanted a piano, because Eva Pinch had one, as well as poor Henry Wilson's sister—Anna. Everybody but themselves, whether rich or poor, had a piano. Why could n't she? Money was lying in the bank idle, doing nobody any good, save that which was derived from counting over the increase that had accumulated during the past year. The pleasure to be derived from this source she had never experienced, and if she continued in the present frame of mind, it is evident she never would. She had cried and simpered, had scolded and fretted all to no purpose. He was inexorable. He loved his money with an affection and constancy second to that bestowed upon nothing else. The only rival that challenged with any prospect of dividing it, was God, and the question may arise in the mind of the reader, which of the two had the greatest share. The mother was somewhat inclined to side with her daughter, with a leaning, which long custom had inspired, towards the better judgment of her husband. To this she had been compelled, though reluctantly, to submit. She did it, however, with that half-divided grace which is suggestive of submission under protest, and a conviction on the minds of both that the future would yet reveal the expediency of her policy. On this occasion she persisted in her argument in a manner which showed an intention of carrying her point.

"The girl should have a piano. Every girl in town has one. It is the first thing she gets after she has finished the district school. We must live up to the times. These poor Wilsons and Smiths and Jones are going ahead of us in the graces and accomplishments of the age," the mother argued.

"Of course they are. There is that little upstart of Anna Wilson, whom I used to show how to do her algebra sums, got clear ahead of me, just because she had a better chance. She learned to play on the piano, because she had one, and now plays the organ in church, gets her one hundred dollars a year and dresses better than Miss

Passable, or Pinchtight, and pretty near as good as Arlo Brown." She had a notion that Arlo Brown dressed very finely, when in fact she was often more plainly dressed than those who were less able to incur the expense. "I think it is a shame, a downright shame, to think of. Here I am now eighteen years old, and never had a silk dress, while other girls never think of coming to church without one. I feel some times like hiding my face behind my shawl when I see that impudent minx of Anna, brush up the isle shedding perfume on each side with every sway of her rustling silk; and it seems as if she took pleasure in the humiliation I feel." Tears were coming but they had no effect upon the obdurate heart of her father, who sat dipping his crust of bread in his tea, then mulching off as much of it as could be masticated by his toothless jaws. After which ceremony had been performed and his mouth cleared, he said:

"No; there will be no pianner brought into this ere house while I stay here. Before you was born I had a time getting along, paying debts, and getting a living. I got both through the adoption of principles peculiarly my own, and I propose to continue in this line, which has resulted so well for me and us. When you are as old as I be, and have seen the experience that I have seen, yer will know what it is to git a living, and git along; but until that time, or as long as I live, it is my intention to keep the financial part of my affairs in my own hands," he said, resuming his crust of bread.

The tears which had begun to flow did not cease in the face of this speech. She had finished her mincing, hardly partaking of the frugal breakfast which was spread before her, and had pushed back from the table, with every symptom of wounded pride and indignation. Between her love for her father, which on these occasions was not of the very warmest kind, and her love of display, there was only one course, and that was the one her father suggested. He was the absolute ruler. There

could be no deviation from his commands. She remonstrated, and pleaded, all to no purpose. She might cite a hundred instances in which other girls had received pianos, horses, and phaetons ; it was no use.

" Well," she said, " I don't care. I suppose its my lot never to have anything—never to enjoy myself—never to play on a piano, or sing in church—or ride in a phaeton—unless it is with some other more fortunate girl—never to have a silk dress—unless I earn it by taking in washing," she said, half sobbing. She had never done an entire washing in her life, and probably never would unless she had her way about things.

" Well, she ought to have a silk dress, and she shall have one, or there will be no meals got in this house," her mother said, in a tone of authority which she only used in the last emergency, and which was generally, if she persisted in it long enough, successful.

" I can stand it as long as any of yer, I guess ; as fer meals I can help myself as long as there is anything to eat, and when that gives out, you will be apt to be as hungry as I be," he said, bowing his head in the direction of his better half, and closing his mouth, which on account of the absence of teeth, caused his lips to jut forward. After he had taken and consumed a piece of gingerbread, he proceeded, " It is strange that girls now can't dress as they used to. When I was young, a simple calico gown to do house-work in, and an alapaca to go to church in, was all anybody had ; but now it is fix and fuss, with silk and satin and laces to an extent ruinous to anybody who will use them. I tell you what it is, it is ruinous—perfectly ruinous. There is no use of talking, all of these ere folks you have been talking of will some day be sorry of it—now mind what I say—they'll be sorry of it—they'll come to want—they'll get poor—they'll have to go to work, and come down from their silk and satin plane."

" Why, father, you've talked like that ever since I can

remember, and these folks live along yet and dress just as they did before. They ride and drive and enjoy themselves as everybody else ought to ; but we can live along in this humdrum sort of life, and never enjoy a single moment—”

“ Hush ! you impudent hussy ! What have you got to say about enjoyment. I won't have such talk from a child of mine. I won't put up with it. It is downright insolence. All you have, and ever hope to possess, you owe to God, and me. He and I gave you life, and for this you should be thankful. You should go down on your bended knees and offer up your thanks to the one true God for food, for clothes, and for the many other blessings of life which you ungratefully receive. Instead of being thankful for the home which you enjoy, you are heaping calumny and abuse upon God for bestowing them. Instead of giving me credit for the skillful manner in which I have managed my affairs, resulting as they do in a happy and abundant home, you are angry and undutiful, urging me to depart from the course I have always followed with success, and adopt one that will lead to disaster and ruin. Is it not more pleasant,” he continued, “ to live in this house with the meagre comforts, as you call them, that I confer, than to live in one such as Jones and Smith furnish, in which, some times there is not enough to eat ? You don't think of the other side of the question. What is a piano, or a silk dress, if you have not enough to eat ? They won't support life,” he said emphatically.

“ Well, they have enough to eat, though it has to come by the hard day's work,” his wife said, “ but this is no reason why we, who have enough and to spare, should deny ourselves the comforts that abundance will convey. We live in a different age than that from which we sprang. It is more cultivated and enlightened and we must live up to its requirements. Our fathers lived in log houses, and in them we were born and reared. We

spent our time tilling the soil, and getting a living. It took all our time. We could not dress and parade because we neither had the means nor time. If we had had silk, and satin, and pianos, we could not have used them, because we were spinning flax, or hoeing corn, or threshing wheat, or grinding it, or making it into bread. We were doing something to keep our bodies supplied. Now we find it not necessary to devote all our time to these pursuits. We have accumulated a little, more than our actual wants, and we cannot make it useful to us in any other way than to dress and enjoy it; otherwise we might as well not have had it; we might just as well have continued in the cramped up condition in which our primitive days found us. Industry has brought its reward. Our house is larger; there is room for a piano; there is plenty of room for the display of silk, which could not have been found in a log hut; in fact it would have been soiled by being worn in such a place; it would have been torn by a sliver sticking out of the wall; there was no place for such nice things there."

Matilda's eyes were by this time dry, and her cheeks assumed that rosy hue which they naturally possessed when joy and gladness reigned within. She felt joy at the discomfiture which her father must feel, as these weighty arguments fell upon his ear. She knew he could not deny them. They were unanswerable, and there was nothing, she thought, that he could do but grant the request which had been so ably sustained. But he came to the rescue of his favorite hobby with the argument that if society is more enlightened than it was, it is more wicked, and corrupt, and licentious, as he abundantly proved by reference to the criminal statistics. He forgot to say anything about the increase of population, which fact, would, in part, account for the increase of crime. Although he was unable to go as deeply into the metaphysics of social economy as his wife had done, still he could convey a pretty clear idea, in his uncouth way, of

the unfavorable features in the picture. He looked on the darkest side, and saw only those repulsive forms which are necessary evils of cultivated society ; had he gone one step further, and admitted he was himself enjoying a contentment, and a peaceful joy, which were wholly unknown to the conditions of life in his early days, he would have weakened the effect of the opposition.

He then asked how many yards it would take to make her the dress she was crying for. Matilda answered up very quickly, and with a pleasure she had not showed during the whole of the morning's conversation, " that it would take only fifteen yards."

" Only ! only, fifteen yards !" he sullenly muttered. " Fifteen yards should buy tew dresses, and they of a kind that would out-wear three or four of these, and be more useful tew. How much a yard will it cost ?" Here was another step taken in the right direction. She again quickly answered, " only two dollars."

" Only tew dollars ! Thirty dollars would last me a year for contrabution money, provided I put on no more than I usually do. It would pay a missionary tew weeks for preaching to the Sandwich Islanders. It would save a dozen families from starving to death. It would buy six tons of coal, and this might save as many families from freezing to death. It could—it could be devoted to a better use than on any one's back. It is outrageous—it is a shame—it is outrageous—it is—I don't know what it ain't—it is wicked—it is wicked—it is—wicked."

Everything was wicked to him that did not smell of church air—that did not savor of sanctimony. In order to be a Christian a man must wear a long face, button up his coat to the chin, and put himself right behind his nose, and follow it without deviating to the right or to the left. He wants to have his contribution money where he can get at it handily, and open it so everybody can see how much he gives. He wants to give to every charitable Christian enterprise—that belongs to his

church—but he must scrupulously withhold aid from every other. A man cannot be a Christian without fostering his own church ; if he goes to every church he must necessarily not believe in any of them, and must, therefore, be terribly wicked. He must hold exclusively to his own denomination, and sect, if he would hope to merit the rewards of eternal paradise. No one will be admitted there but such as rigidly followed the steps of Calvin and the blue-nose hierarchy. You must have cheated poor widows of their portion and driven the orphans from your door, with the admonition to seek a home in the poorhouse, or some similar institution provided expressly for such homeless wanderers. Such, and such only, will be received into heaven. The great portion of earth's inhabitants, such who have done good unto all men, without distinction of sect or condition, can find no place in the heavenly abode. From those, the Christians will be forever separated, as there can be no sympathy between sects so much opposed to each other—one striving after filthy lucre and the other scattering it around. How can it be otherwise with men, who through life, never cultivated but one or two ideas—those of God and money ? Can it be expected that they would throw off at once the notions which had engrossed their whole attention through a long life ? Or is the principle that governs the heavenly sphere entirely different from that which controls the forces of terrestrial life ? Here everything is growing to a higher plane of existence, or it is derogating to wretchedness and misery. May we not suppose those principles to hold good in the celestial economy that obtain in the terrestrial ? What other principle can we take cognizance of but such as we can grasp by our finite capacities ? And if we cannot apply the principles of which we know, of what use is it for us to guess at a state of things which bears no relation to the exact truth ? Surely we are bound to study the subject by the light that is given us, for we can make use of

no other. We cannot reverse the order of creation. We ought not to say the principles of this life have nothing to do with those which are to come, for one of these days the system of rewards and punishments, without which there would be no religion whatever, will be made known to us, and they may not prove entirely satisfactory. Here, "do good" is the principle that receives the greatest reward; and if this is to be reversed in the economy of heaven, then, of course, we cannot take cognizance of anything there; if "not to do good" is to be rewarded with good fruit, then all those who believed in that doctrine, and did it, will receive a reward such as is commensurate with good works. The latter hypothesis finds no truthful illustration with us, and therefore we cannot suppose it will be the course of policy pursued by One who is just and Omniscient.

The silk dress was bought two years afterwards, when she was twenty years old, but not without a deal of talking and crying such as everyone experiences under the guidance of penurious parents. The house, however, was not repaired. The clap boards were loose, and a good many of the nails came out, or otherwise failed to perform the functions for which they were designed, by the rotting away of the board. The action of time, and rain, and wind, had so told upon the crumbling edifice, that it was evident something must happen soon or the whole would be tumbling down on the heads of the unfortunate inmates. The roof was covered with many thicknesses of boards, which the wind made terrible havoc with sometimes, scattering them into the road, and into the neighbor's yard. Mr. Meetinhouse gathered these carefully up after every severe storm, and placed them back on the roof to await the next hurricane. Sometimes before the rain had quite ceased, in order to prevent a leak which was drenching the inside of the house with water, he was forced to climb upon the roof and re-

place a board or shingle which the wind had torn away. When not thus engaged, during the storm, he was carrying the water as it poured from the eaves at the corner of the house into the house where tubs, pounding-barrels, pails, and the boiler were improvised for a cistern. In this way all the rain water was caught which was required for the domestic purposes of the family for years. With a piece of carpet over his shoulders, and a shawl around his head, he emerged forth into the storm, stepping with an alacrity that was foreign to his ordinary motions. One would suppose, that, firm in his reliance on the promises which religion vouchsafed to its votaries, he would have been less careful of a life useful only to himself. We delight in the company of those we love, and we fail to observe the consistency of a faith that, while professing to love an object worthy of our entire devotion, we still defer the time of meeting, and cling to a life wherein that object is never seen.

George had to content himself with the old rickety wagon, one in which his father had gone to sparking with, while his friends and associates dashed by him in light phætons. He jogged along, mentally resolved to go to some other place, rather than have his loose jingling vehicle by the side of their spruce, shiny buggies. It was irritating in the extreme, and on many occasions he refused to go, preferring to deny himself the pleasure of meeting with his friends, rather than undergo the pain occasioned by unequal associations. But, George was a good fellow, liked by everybody, while they all pitied the cramped circumstances to which he was compelled to submit. All those who delighted in having a good time sought George's company, who laughed and talked the time away in pleasant raillery, feeling, the while, relieved from the oppressive thoughts which were continually—if otherwise engaged—crowding upon him. This was the secret of his pleasantry. We saw only the outside of his life which was mirth and cheerfulness,

while inwardly there was a canker gnawing, fed by the suppressed passions of ungratified indulgence. What he wanted he could not get. He wished to be on a level with those who moved in the circle in which he was reared and in which his advancing years found him. Thus he was compelled through all his youthful and young manhood days to submit to the stern requirements of exacting parents. He endured it, but he endured it in the way we have intimated, in the hope that the future would have brighter and more pleasant realities for him. He hoped that he would yet, not only be enabled to cope with his more fortunate friends, but also make up for all which he had lost by enjoying a degree of happiness, which would be more sweet because of the absence of that which had been so long denied. He had his own destiny in his hands and he was working it out, as all of us do, in a manner most agreeable to himself.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THERE IS CONSIDERABLE PLOTTING.

HUGH Rivers did as he threatened, but none of his equally brave associates followed him. He built a cabin in the edge of a piece of woods, and there devoted himself to the study and contemplation of things which too often fail to engage the attention of people while in the natural pursuits of life. He worked and studied, wrote and printed three or four works on current subjects. These were received by the gracious public, and especially by his more intimate and personal friends, with curiosity and interest. It was

with the curiosity and interest of friends when they view the work of another, in the hope that it will lead to good results, but fearing it will eventually end in disaster. The debt he is incurring will swallow him up. He can't pay the interest, and he will lose all he has invested, and he will have to begin life over again. We fear he is a failure. Hugh didn't have any doubts. He liked to work at a trade most congenial to him. His last effort was the novel, of which this is the sequel, and it was received with much greater favor than any of his preceding works. His lady friends, especially, bore testimony to the excellencies which others did not discover, or were unwilling to acknowledge. They were his most charitable critics. They did not believe that, because a man could not do first class work he must necessarily remain idle. They were willing to be the objects of his praise, however incorrectly it might be offered. Others, they argued, might erect more enduring works, and more worthy the admiration of succeeding ages; but his was for the age in which he lived, for its glory and its renown. If any chose to find fault with it, they would not. From this time forth they were his earnest supporters, and he was their steadfast friend. He lived alone, did his own cooking and housekeeping, but it was such housekeeping as we generally look for when there is only a man, and he is at a business that has but very little to do with the duties of housekeeping. However imperfectly that part of the work might have been done, it is certain that he achieved remarkable success in that line which was the principle object of his undertaking. He succeeded in isolating himself from the world, at a time when a more close union with it would have been both profitable and pleasant, thus tending to weaken the influence of worldliness, when it was most necessary such influence should be exerted.

The place he selected for the erection of his lonely habitation was contiguous to the scenes recorded in this

history, consequently it was not inconvenient for him to work for the farmers who play such an important part in these pages. We find him occasionally in one place, then at another, which, though widely separated, was not difficult of access in a country having good roads. He was oftener with William, who was the most distant, as well as the most liked, the most hospitable, and the most able to pay, than any of the others. If the truth must be told, he lived longer with William than with any one else, contracting a friendship which lasted until death. At the home of William, the description of which we gave in the preceding volume, are enacted many of the incidents of this.

We now find Hugh, although professing to live a hermit's life, engaged as deeply in the intrigues and factions of romance as if he were actually still of the world, and in sympathy with its hope and aspirations. He worked a good deal for Pinchtight, and was there often when not at work. He liked to have Hugh there, keeping him from William, and Passable, thwarting all the calculations of everybody, if he could. He liked to have him around, too, because he could boss him, and tyrannize over him, more than he could over anybody else. No one would put up with him as Hugh did, and it is doubtful whether he would, if some of the contingent circumstances had been wanting.

Quite a furore was occasioned by the appearance of Hugh's novel, and he thought he would improve the opportunity, and pave his way with it, to the heart of one of his fair friends. So taking a volume with him one day he called on Eva, she who had given him the cold shoulder on a former occasion, and for which he had retired to his lonely abode; but she received him with even greater coldness than before, not noticing the book he held out; and when reminded by her mother that she was addressed by him, she returned her a scornful glance, and kept about her croqueting. Thus was the

study of years thrown away. The hope and ambition of Hugh were nothing. That which he had prided himself most upon, and had looked forward to with the most anxious solicitude, in the hope of winning friends, or influence, or money, had come to nothing—it was fruitless of good and barren of results. The time he had spent was thrown away, and the money he had expended was lost. She whom he had been led to hope would take the most interest in his achievements was totally insensible to the seductive influence which a new book would be supposed to inspire; not even when she was delicately reminded that perhaps she might be one of the characters represented, did she evince that curiosity which most ladies would take in a subject of this kind. Could it be she cared nothing about this, or was she trying to hide the feelings which animated her, in order to increase the ardor of Hugh's attachment? Hugh did not stop to enquire. If she meant it or did not, it was all the same to him. If she were playing smart in order to get him to play the same kind of game, she was mistaken in her opponent; he was not for playing smart—or at least, not so smart as that. He failed to perceive the principle of angelhood with which he set out. Angels would not have received his advance in that way, though she could claim no connection with them, still Hugh thought that, to ennoble the being, she should be equal to them; and, as the first step was directly opposed to what would be thought would be the conduct of angels on such an occasion, he concluded to let the subject drop just as she left it.

This point requires a little explanation. The conduct of Eva had been on every occasion in opposition to the apparent wishes of Hugh, even after she had been fully acquainted, by letter, and conversation, with the high and noble principles which were to be the guiding ones of Hugh's life. About his angelic ideas she appeared to take no more notice than if they were the idle whims of

a lunatic ; and, in the meetings of the family, during the day and evening, whenever the subject of Hugh and his mode of life were discussed, he was termed crazy, or wild, or eccentric, or fanatical, or whatever you may be pleased to call it ; and she, prompted by the teaching of her father and mother, reflected back on him, what she heard from them. If Hugh believed in the perfection of the human character, he must also believe that it requires a little perfection on his part. It could not be that he was insensible to the signs and what was desired of him ; then of course he must pursue the game, regardless of the direction in which it might fly. He could not do this and still maintain his idea of perfection ; for if he were not perfect, or as near so as he could be, then, of course, he could not expect others to be ; therefore he must strenuously maintain his own position, and try to get others to adopt it, rather than follow them on the dubious courses which were being followed.

Again, if he truly loved he must love, let her do or say what she might. Right here hinges the whole question. The above proposition is in accordance with Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. It is the positivism against which this book is written. Hugh represents the negative, and these fidgety girls the positive. He must lead rather than follow, because he is working for the interest of others rather than for himself. He must not let her do those things that will result to her disadvantage ; or, if he cannot hinder her from doing as she is pleased to, as in this country he could not, even if he were all powerful, he must appeal to her reason and intelligence in the hope of getting her to co-operate with him in the labors he had set himself about. She must be perfect herself if she would deal with a man who proposes to be perfect. She could not begin with imperfection, then afterwards grow into perfection, without changing the principles upon which she set out.

The idea that she was an angel, or that anybody

thought her one, had little weight with her. She would rather obey the first impulse of her being and repel him, than to be an angel and let him have his way. She did not want to have him think that she entertained the most distant thought of him ; and at the same time she wanted to be thought more of by him—or whomever she should elect to be the recipient of her love—than any other woman in the world. She did not seem to realize that it required a great sacrifice on her part, even if she rightly understood him. She was so selfish that he who loved her must be selfish too, and be so anxious to get her that he would pay no attention to the little rebuffs and embarrassments with which she chose to oppose him. In doing thus, she would make him take those initiatory steps which so often result in ruin and wretchedness. Sometimes an aggressive policy is neutralized by others which, by their united action, enable the aggressor to pursue his course successfully ; but more unhappiness is occasioned through the confidence that success inspires, than by any other cause. By beginning thus, he necessarily would grow in aggressive habits ; whereas he wished to get her to sympathize with him so much that she would forget the pleasure of opposing him upon purely natural impulses. He wished her to deal with him much the same as angels would deal together, without being influenced by the passions of the body. He wanted to see if he could not get one lady to act upon this principle, then every other succeeding step would be very easy. If she chose to, it would be their business and all the happiness that would result would be theirs. He must take and be guided by those natural impulses which are in opposition to the principles of human reason. He must abandon his idea of perfection and God and love her more than them, else he was not worthy of her. A woman—a lovely woman—that was not more desirable than an idea, could not be much, and as for herself she would not sub-

mit to that kind of treatment. She would rather enjoy the pleasure of slamming the door and throwing things around, indicative of her contempt and displeasure, than be enshrined in anybody's affection as a heroine or as an angel. Of course no one could deny her this pleasure, if she chose to take upon herself the consequences, to which such a course would lead.

Hugh felt hurt. No wound ever cut him so deeply as the one inflicted by the hand he loved. He could not think well of her afterwards, notwithstanding the many futile attempts he made. He withdrew, but, of course, as he was often working for her father, he must see her, and must exchange the civilities of the occasion. He must say good morning, bring in a pail of water, or an armful of wood. At such times she was smiles and blandishments, almost compelling him to forget the rebuff he had received. She asked him to do a thousand errands which he never refused, though he would rather have been excused. He did not want to see her, nor be reminded in any way of the circumstances which had caused his ill feeling. It was the first thing he thought of in the morning on awakening, and the last thing on going to sleep. It troubled him all the time, by night and by day, and many a time his pillow was wet by tears he vainly tried to keep back. But it was no use. The next time he approached her he was snubbed as he had been before. He repeated these time and time again, instigated by those indications which are thrown out on such occasions. It was too much to be endured, so he quit it and sought for other fields, and pastures new.

It was Sabbath evening in early summer. The sun was sinking behind the woods, throwing a long shadow over on the adjoining hill, in the thickest of which stood the little cot of Hugh. The birds were singing in the tall branches overhead, the flowers in full bloom, and all nature breathed her sweetest perfume over the scene.

Hugh was within unmindful of the glories everywhere spread around. He had forgotten, or at least was trying to forget his troubles, when a gentle tap was heard at the door. "Hello there, come in," was the hilarious invitation which greeted the ears of Fred Passable, who deliberately walked in and took the chair which Hugh placed in the coolest position. "Glad to see you—nice evening—did you ever see the beat of it? it is perfectly splendid—it is a beautiful world—glad I'm living in it." These were the congratulatory phrases with which Hugh welcomed his friend and rival.

"Yes, it is a nice evening. I was just going across here and I thought I'd stop in and see you. You have a comfortable cozy little place," he said, glancing around upon the meager appointments of the cabin.

"Yes, it will do in a storm, as the last resort; but it would hardly suit you."

"O, I don't know. If I liked books, and could be contented, I would like it as well as you do; but I don't know as I should like it, in my present circumstances," he said.

"No; of course not. A man must bid farewell to the world, in order to live here."

"The world is not much to bid farewell to. A man must leave it sometime, and he might as well do it now willingly as to be compelled to do it by and by unwillingly."

"That's sound. I could not have argued that better myself. It won't be long before you will build a cot long side of mine."

"Some time, I guess. I would not live thus all my life for a million dollars."

"I would live so a year for half of it."

"Perhaps I might, but it would be great punishment. But then, everybody to their notion. What are you going to do to-morrow?"

"Nothing, as I know of. What have you that you want done?"

"We are going to hoe corn, and would like some help. Will you come?"

"Certainly I will. I'll be up bright and early."

"I don't see how you stand it in here, it's so hot. Come let us walk out and see the country."

"I spend a good deal of time out doors. I enjoy it much. I was just in from a long walk in the woods when you came. I am a great enthusiast of nature."

"Yes, I know you are. You would not live in this primitive style if you were not." They strolled out into the woods, and reclined on the greensward and discoursed on the topics most agreeable to their fancies. They enjoyed a pleasant visit until the shades of evening assumed a darker hue, and the stars came out one by one, lighting up the heavens with a multitude of shining lights. They separated. Fred found his dubious path over the brook that murmured close to the cottage, and over the fence, and through the fields to his home, where he recounted his Sabbath evening's adventure. Hugh turned in and found that disturbed repose which he anticipated. He thought over the events of the evening. It was what he liked. He would see Mary Jane. He would bid farewell to Eva. He would let her know there was another, prettier and lovelier than she ever dreamed of being. He would go for her, with a vengeance, and he would get her if possible just for spite. With these reflections he fell asleep.

The first thought on awakening was Mary, how pretty she was. He wondered why he had not thought of her before. He thought it was quite strange that he never before had turned his attention that way. She was such a sweet and fascinating beauty that most anybody would be glad to unite with her his fortune. She would have a good endowment, and her father would leave her a snug competence. Yes, this was his hold, and he would cling to it with the desperation of despair. He would accom-

plish two objects. He would get a good wife, and he would spite that proud minx in a way she would not soon forget.

Though Hugh felt all these emotions he did not allow them to control him to the extent we have here intimated. He could not be insensible to the passions inherent, still he could guard against their too great indulgence. He would not let them carry him beyond the bounds which reason set; neither would he pursue her with that determination which an anxious lover is supposed to feel for the one cherished idol of his heart; because other considerations might arise which would bar, or restrain him. This he must pass; those he must not overcome unless he threw away the first principle of his life.

He went up—they were near neighbors—and he was soon there. They sat down to breakfast with the smiling, happy Mary right opposite him. She had no thought of the last interview, which we before gave the reader. Hugh was cold and fearful as he always was. His thoughts recurred more than once to the ill-fated word, and time, and place—all were reflected back to the disturbance of that happy morning meal. Not so with her. If she thought of them at all, it was to obliterate every such impression from Hugh's mind. She succeeded only in part, as the sunshine of the present causes us to forget, for the moment, the storms of the past. They will come again; and thus, between joy and fear, with the balance inclining to the latter emotion, he succeeded in getting through. He was not a pilot, who is at home in the storm, while the surging billows are foaming around. He delighted in continued fair weather, and dreaded the approach of the hurricane. He knew that fair weather was the precursor of storms; but man and woman should be above natural laws. They are created in the image, and with the attributes of the Divine, and these are not of the earth; therefore man should permit those princi-

ples to guide him which are the fundamentals of eternity. Such ideas as these the light and fidgety Mary would, of course, not stop to think of. She would be guided by the first monitor, and if Hugh wished anything from her, he must let it guide him too.

In the evening they played croquet, and enjoyed it very much. There was no one to intrigue against Hugh. There was no one to supplant him. He favored her though too much when he had it in his power to vex her. Instead of croqueting her off out of the way, he gallantly left her in position, where she could at the next play reciprocate his kindness in a manner he had not anticipated. If she had been his rival, she could not have used him worse. She seemed to take especial delight in his complete discomfiture. She laughed when he was beaten, and she gloried in the triumph of her brother, whom she scolded terribly for leaving him in too favorable a position, when he might have sent him kiting off the ground. Hugh did not return the compliment, but worried through, favoring each of them more and more. He was beaten,—beaten every time. He didn't care about the beat, if she hadn't played against him so. He did not like to see her take pleasure in his embarrassment. She was his last hope, and if she failed him, as he saw she was doing, there would be no salvation for him. Jenny had gone back on him, just as Eva had, and now Mary was going the same sure road. It seemed to make no difference to them because he was a novel-writer. He should be used, as if he were nobody. It interposed no barrier between them and him. They would have their say and do as they pleased, regardless of ulterior consequences.

Both Fred and Mary saw the effect which the evening's amusement had on the sensitive mind of Hugh, and after he had withdrawn, and bid them good night, Fred followed him along some way discoursing the while on the events of the evening. Hugh was not much inclined to be

cheerful ; but Fred was lively and happy as a big sunflower. He enjoyed this very much—it was such a pleasant evening—the moon shining, the stars twinkling, while the warm, balmy breeze wafted a fragrance from the south, of palm, and palmetto, and olive.

“What makes you so low spirited, Hugh? Goodness, I can’t see how you can feel so in such a scene as this. Everything is bright and cheerful, and why should not we let our feelings partake of the surrounding elements?” Fred said, as the two strolled leisurely along.

“I think mine do,” Hugh replied. “Did you observe how much interest Mary took in seeing me so terribly beaten?”

“Yes, of course I did, but you mustn’t pay any attention to that. It is the way of life. You must pitch in the more, and beat her. You must use the girls just as they use you,” he continued.

“I can’t do it ; no, not if my life depended on it. How would I feel to put her to the trouble she did me? I would feel just as the devil would in heaven—trying to scatter discord and treason, among the angels. Trying to get them to forfeit their allegiance to God, and join my revolt. No, I couldn’t do it, and furthermore, I wouldn’t try. Rather than be guilty of so great a sin, I would let myself be beaten ten thousand times,” he replied enthusiastically in her defence, and his own.

Then there is no help for you—you will be beaten every time you play like that. She will improve the opportunity you give her to circumvent yourself, whereas she would glory in the opposite course, and like you more for trying to beat her. It is diamond cut diamond, and you must go in to inflict as much pain as you receive. You mustn’t love as you do, or at least not show it so plainly. She’ll torment a man to death if she could. I know I would, should a girl act so plainly towards me as you towards her.”

“Well you may ; but as you are not answerable for

my conduct, I am not for yours, so you will let me pursue my course, and I'll let you pursue yours."

"Of course, of course; but I was only hinting for your own benefit, that's all. You are all right. It is only in the practice, wherein you err. Women like to be loved, like to have men sincere, and moderate and kind, and all that, but you can never get a woman to think as you do, if you try all your life," he apologetically returned.

"Well, let them. With them is the cause and the effect. If she can't find it for her interest to do as she would like to be done by, why let her do otherwise."

"She does as she would like to be done by. She wants you to serve her as roughly as she does you. She will delight more in that, than in the kind, condescending manner you think so effective."

"She likes to be used roughly, does she? then, alas! She will have to find somebody else besides me. I can't do it."

"Yes, you can. Retaliate. Revenge. Hit back. Fight. For every little trick she plays on you, play one or two, little meaner. Make it hurt. She will like you more for it. If you kneel at a woman, and permit her to run over you, she will most indubitably improve the opportunity. She will use you worse than you merit. You whip a dog, and he will cow right down, and lick your hand. Use her in the same way and she'll kiss you. You must keep her down, or she will get you so far below that you would be of no use to either of you."

"I can answer you the best by repeating the story of a crazy man who, when he wanted a drink went to the well, in which there was no bucket, or rope to draw with, and, leaning over with a dipper, he sang out, 'can't do it, can't do it, can't do it.'"

"Then you are the equal of a crazy man, are you?"

"Yes, in so far as that is equal, I am."

"I wouldn't own it. I would not descend from manhood's dignity, to the fancies of a lunatic."

"You would rather lie about it, would you?"

"To tell the truth, I would; for a lie well stuck to, is as good as the truth."

"You don't take into consideration the after consequences."

"No; it is sufficient to get through the present. Other contingencies will arise in the future, as these arise now, which will enable us, if we make a right use of the means within our reach, to get over all the obstructions which a dubious course of policy would naturally place before us. Lie it out; dissemble, any way to get over or through the mazes which will naturally surround us."

"You forget that these mazes will grow so thick as to be impenetrable, if we encourage their growth, until at last we are engulfed in the mazes of perdition and wretchedness. In a word, we are lost to usefulness, to honor, and happiness, by following the course you have suggested."

"Have you no other proof of this than mere assertion?"

"I have such an abundance, that you would be astonished by their recital."

"Well, go a-head, and give them; I guess no serious consequences will result. If I'm wrong in this matter, I should like to be set right, for I surely do not wish to experience such a catastrophe as you have intimated. I certainly intend to follow the course I have recommended to you, unless you can make it so clear to me that I shall be afraid to proceed on the road I have marked out. I wish that no unusual disaster shall attend upon my efforts, and if you can make it so plain that I shall see the truth as it is, I will adopt your course, and abandon mine."

"We have repeated once or twice the Golden rule,

but as you say she does not like it to be illustrated on the good side principle, we will have to abandon that and resort to others. 'Obtain ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all things else will be given unto you.' This will require some explanation or else you will be unable to see how this can be made to apply to the question under consideration. The first to be thought of: 'What is the kingdom of heaven?' Obviously, it is a state of mind in which dwells the spirit of truth and righteousness. Now, the spirit of truth and righteousness is nothing less than the spirit of God and his holiness."

"I can't, for the life of me, see to what you are driving. Let us postpone the argument until another time. See, we have come to the house," he said, pointing in the direction of the cabin, which clearly arose in the deep shadow of the woods.

"No, come in and we will have this argument out—it is not late, and the evening is pleasant." So saying, he opened the door and they walked in. A light was soon produced, in the cheerful radiance of which the two sat down and Hugh resumed:

"You see, to truly represent the kingdom of heaven we must be nothing less than God; in the many attributes which make up the sum total of his being. The absence of but one of them will reduce all the others to nothing: therefore we must be God incarnate, perfect and entire. We must give all we have for other's comfort and enjoyment; in fact, devote our whole life and soul to the cause of righteousness and our fellow man. We must give rather than receive. We must be fountains, rather than reservoirs. We must scatter rather than absorb. We must be like the great luminary, throwing out rays of golden sunshine, and receiving nothing back in return. See how much good the sun does, and this is one of the natural elements. It warms and nourishes. It causes the grass, and herb, and flower

to grow, giving life, and health, and beauty to thousands of millions of people, and yet it receives not back one single iota of benefit. We should be like the sun, giving off the sweet radiance of our lives, expecting, nor asking, nor receiving, not a single benefit."

"By doing thus, a man would be a perfect sacrifice."

"Of course he would, in the same light in which the sun is a sacrifice. We are to sacrifice ourselves for others. It says somewhere in the good book: "Offer yourselves living sacrifices unto the Lord." It is a living sacrifice, not a dead one. You are to be conscious that you are doing good to others, instead of living for yourself."

"This is good for me. There may be a greater test applied to the sincerity of your convictions than you will be pleased to demonstrate," he said, while an arch smile irradiated his face.

"You will be more pleased with that demonstration than you now think possible. In short, I propose to carry out to the very letter these principles; for it cannot be that God, the philosophers, the poets, the statesmen, lie about this. It must result in good to those who followed the doctrine laid down by the architect."

"Yes, it would seem so. You may have misinterpreted the law. To do as you say would be subversive of law and society. See where it would land a man—he would die in the poor-house."

"Is it not better to die thus in the cause of God and religion, ennobling the being which nature gave us, than to die in affluence, having been a dishonor to our lives and the cause of our existence? Come, answer me this: Is God right or not? Should he be obeyed, or should we live at variance to his commands?"

"If I answer this question on the basis of law and strict justice, it should be affirmatively, but if I should answer it according to the natural behests of being, it

should be negatively. Society has demands on us which cannot be denied."

"Has society more demands on us than God?"

"No, I don't know as it has. Let us trace your doctrine out to its legitimate consequences. In the first premise we have: do you love me more than any one else?"

"No, I love all mankind."

"And womankind?"

"Yes, I love all; the former includes the latter."

"You should have specified her as being more worthy of your affection. No woman would accept your love, did you not desire her more than any body else? If she were unworthy of your single, entire, and exclusive affection, she would prefer to be linked to one who had less to recommend him in every other respect. She could not brook any other state of things."

"She would rather have a man devoted to her, than be herself devoted to God."

"Yes, in the same manner as indicated above."

"Then there can be no hope of salvation here, if she is to be the last to join the army of the Lord."

"No, not the last, but the first. When she is truly persuaded that you are his general, and are fighting in his cause, you will be overwhelmed with female recruits."

"Good; this is encouraging. Then I have only to convince her of this fact?"

"That's all; and she is thine, wholly, body and soul; or rather, I should have said, the Lord's; for you do not propose to own her in the sense in which a husband owns a wife."

"I mean she shall first be God's in all the attributes of his being, then whatever other duties she can perform consistent with such allegiance, she shall be at liberty to do."

"Ah; I see. God first, you next. I guess you would

be the only one willing to put up with such lukewarm love and attention. Man wishes to be sovereign and independent."

"I wish God to be sovereign and independent, and man his lieutenant."

"You cannot fail to see that your doctrine is perfectly untenable in its very first steps; and, of course, if we apply the principle of growth which we find prevails here, we must admit it grows worse and worse towards the conclusion."

"I see no such thing. You are looking at the subject from your standpoint, and conclude after mere assertion that nothing more can be said against your position, whereas the half has not yet been told."

"Deliver me from the other half. Say! it is late; let us wind up this discussion."

"No; not yet. It is my privilege to call the game; if it is, as you say, you have the best of it. If you admit that God is God, and God is just, you must admit what he says is just and true; and if just and true, it is just that we obey him. Acknowledge this and my argument is supported; deny it and yours is vindicated."

"All the support you have for your theory is what is purported to come from God, and this is susceptible of a different interpretation."

"Is the golden rule susceptible of a variety of interpretations? I think not."

"We have killed that doctrine by the assertion that woman, and man, too, for that matter, wants to be used just as she is used; and that is rough, resentful, and gentle. It is now necessary to lay to rest the other premise when the subject will be sufficiently elucidated. According to your theory you would not take what others want. Suppose everybody thought so, who would there be to take this lady or that lady to wife?"

"If any one else desired her and she desired him, we should not interfere with their mutual love."

"But that man would not desire her, if you did, provided he was acting upon the principle which actuated you ; and no principle is tenable unless all can adopt it."

"There is a latent force in your argument which is liable to deceive the unwary, especially when it is looked upon from a one-sided, selfish point of view."

"You are at liberty to show the fallacy of the argument. I am waiting anxiously. You are at home. You support not this with the vigor of an enthusiast."

"I support nothing in that way. Things cannot be upheld in that way. We are thinking beings, and we must be allowed to do our own reasoning. Men cannot be driven to the adoption of a principle, of the truth of which they are not fully persuaded. Man hurts his cause more by his dogmatism than it is possible to injure it in any other way. If I should overwhelm you by the most convincing arguments of the fallacy of your position, you would be no more persuaded than you will be by the course I will pursue."

"Go ahead ; you have talked a good while and have advanced nothing yet. It is getting late and I don't propose to stay here all night expecting what will never come."

"Admitting your first premise to be true, and it is true only by the supposition that woman, which you did not prove, desired evil rather than good, it does not follow that the second is. The price of commodities is regulated by the demand. If nobody wants an article it is simply worthless, and anybody may take it free. If you don't want a girl because I do, and I don't because you do, the third can step right in and take her ; while she, wishing for somebody, will be as much pleased with him as she would have been with either of us. To which side now inclines the balance?"

"Mine. The third had no more right to her in the face of your wants and mine, than either of us had. There is another view of the subject which, I fear, you have not

yet considered. During all this argument you have not thought of her. You have not given her any choice in the matter. She has been the silent commodity for which we have been bargaining. She is an entity, entitled alike to the liberties we enjoy. You have not consulted her. She has rights. You are to do by her as you wish somebody should do by you, were you in her place. She might want one of us to the exclusion of the third, to whom we consigned her, because we could not rightly determine to which of us she belonged. Now she may have had a natural repugnance for his person and character, but to these she is bound to be chained because two fools or fanatics could not prove either had a right to her. This is a more flimsy argument than any you have yet advanced."

"Good ; this is encouraging."

"You only take a one-sided view of the subject, as you did of the other. What you have admitted is good so far as it goes, but you have not gone quite far enough. She has love for other objects as well as we. She loves God and the principles which support civilization, law and order ; in fact, she should be foremost in the maintenance of them, and challenge all her lovers and friends to press onward with her to the overthrow of all evil, and the re-establishment, on a more enduring basis, of the principles of God Almighty. She, seeing the truth in the light in which we view it, would be glad to second us in our endeavors for its more perfect illustration, and would gladly make that personal self-sacrifice for the good of that cause she held, not subordinate to any other in the world. Yes, she would sacrifice that love, which she may have cherished for one of us, just as you and I sacrificed it. In doing thus, you see, I have given her greater liberty than that meagre one that is, and always has been, so unsatisfying. No one has yet, nor will one ever be, contented with a triumph, and as you intimate would be the reward of the chivalrous ; but everybody,

in all ages, and all climes, will forever glory in self-sacrificing triumphs. There is something in it that appeals to the better part of our nature, that we cannot resist; and we cannot overcome the seductive influence which this little fact has upon our imagination. We are carried away captive by it." He ceased, while a look of modest joy greeted the sardonic smile which painfully conceded the conflicting emotions which the argument had awakened in Fred's mind.

"You have succeeded much better than I thought you would. The subject is quite clear to my mind that something is wrong; but what that is and how it is to be remedied, are subjects equally perplexing to me. If I adopt one, I see evils of which we know but little; if we adopt the other we continue in evils of which we know too much. There is no way out of it but to live in evil. If we adopt your course, competition will cease; extravagance and waste will come to an end, and with them will end the progress for which you are arguing, and for which you are throwing your life away; with display and extravagance go development, and a desire to keep pace with the growing greatness of the age. Stop these and live down on the barest necessities ignoring vice and display, and there is no stimulus to enterprise. The whole world stands still, where science, industry, art, and intelligence have brought it; continue on in this course with the moral influence which principles would have upon the retrogressive tendencies of the age, and all will be well; otherwise the people would execrate the very name of Christ and religion."

"According to this then, religion is only meant to be believed, not to be lived. We are not to do good but to believe it best to do so under certain circumstances. You are getting tired of this, and so am I. They passed out into the still bright evening, and bidding each other good night, they separated—Fred to his home, and Hugh to his pallet,

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH OCCUR OTHER SCENES.

Since the trivial rupture of the pleasant relations at Mr. Pinchtight's, Hugh had not seen any of the family. True, it was not long, except to those immediately interested; to these, it was long enough. At such times, days are lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and months into years. The expected moment is anxiously looked for, which brings about the expected reconciliation; and each sign tending in that direction is eagerly caught up and dwelt upon with the most pleasant anticipations. She will relent and give up this peevish obstinacy. He will come to-morrow or next day. Perhaps an unforeseen emergency hindered. He was called off by business that he had not thought of; or he was taken sick; but he will come, he certainly will come as soon—as soon as possible. How rapidly the time flies when we give up looking and settle down to the sober conviction that he never will come—we mean after all hope is given up and we cease to think on the subject, as a possible, a probable, or even as a desirable event. We don't care, we will let the subject drop, now and forever. We know, however, by sad experience, that this is impossible. We never can forget wholly. We may travel other and divergent paths of life, still, when tired and foot-sore, we can but turn and cast a lingering, perhaps a loving glance backward to scenes wherein we enjoyed the companionship of friends who, now like us, are cheerless and in sorrow; or, who are, now unlike us, surrounded by every convenience and comfort which

luxurious affluence can procure, or a fastidious taste require. No ; we can never forget. The kind word, the loving smile, and the hearty laugh, are indelibly stamped upon the memory which time can never obliterate.

Hugh may have passed by the residence of Eva, with the lovely Viola picking flowers in the front yard, without ever deigning to look up. He dare not. He dare not provoke that laugh again ; nor did he wish to feel towards Viola, as he knew he should feel should she deal with him as her sister and everybody else of her sex had thus far done. He would never provoke her so much. He would never cease to regard her, but in that light of cold indifference, which would command respect and a continuance of her regard. Therefore, he would not notice her. She might be an accessory after the fact, and thus be equally in the wrong with her sister, for whom she often apologized, with the concluding admonition " that she ought not to have done so, and she would have done differently."

She may have a-hemed and coughed after he got by ; or the piano set up an unusual and spirited tune ; or the folding-doors shoved with such violence together as to be heard a square or two away ; or the Governor would be working in the garden, or raking up the yard ; or mulching the flowers ; or he would burn a heap of rubbish just in time to choke him with a dense cloud of smoke ; or she would meet him on his promenade ; or, as a last resort, she would drive by him with a fractious team alone, down hill, and over rugged roads, endangering her once precious life, and always lovely person ; but all to no purpose. Hugh raised his hat, made his obeisance, and passed by, while communing with that wounded place, which, time, nor piano, folding doors, nor green baiz furniture, shoved out on the piazza, could ever cure. She might borrow a baby of her neighbor, who, by some unaccountable means, she gets to visit her, which she

fondles and caresses with the maternal fondness of a mother, all to no purpose. How truly domestic and love-like is such a scene. All the previous incidents, pleasant and otherwise, are reflected serenely beautiful and happy. What man—what hard hearted misanthropy, but would melt at such scenes? Hugh did n't. He may have been touched with pity; but he never could think of her as he had done. He would forgive it and forget it, if he could; but she never could reoccupy that warm place in his affections wherein she was enshrined as a pure, sweet, loving angel but a short time before. Now she is of the earth, earthy, and what is worse, she has permitted her pure spirit to manifest some of the grossest elements of earth. She has dissembled and prevaricated. She has permitted herself to indulge in sentiments, which, if persisted in, will lead to earthly trouble, disease and death. She is paving the way to disaster and ruin. Should he permit her to do this? What can he do? She will do the same again. Can he hinder, or restrain her? Whoever did such a thing? Were he as strong as Samson, and as Almighty as God, he could not. God failed every time he tried it; then of what use for a frail creature to attempt an herculean task? It would be like removing the rocky mountains with a toothpick. He can indulge her. He can go with her. He can go to ruin with her. She can go alone just as well. She will find the road sufficiently populous. She will find company enough, and of that kind she has been cultivating. Everything will partake of the elements in which she has been educating herself. She will not have to turn back and unlearn things she acquired by her schooling discipline in the world, nor will she be compelled to learn the principles which she heard expounded so often at her father's table, and which she, as well as her father, sometimes turned, by introducing other and more agreeable topics. She cannot place herself back there and profit by the instruc-

tion she refused to receive. No; that time is passed. It was pleasant then. All was sunshine and joy. She could laugh and make fun of Hugh, play smart games and tricks, but they all amount to nothing now. The die is cast, and the doom of one more is sealed for eternity. An angel is fallen to that course which will lead to wretchedness, want and sorrow. Not by the transgression of a law, but by its too direct fulfillment. She, not alone, but like and with all others who tread in similar pathways. She is beyond the reach of Hugh, who cannot save her from the dangerous perils with which her own short sightedness and indiscreetness have surrounded her. He cannot, and should not go down to her, to raise her up to fellowship and the communion of the world, but she should have remained upward, when up, in the perfect enjoyment of the infinite faculties with which an All-Wise God had endowed her at her creation. Had she made a right use of the talents God gave her, she would not be compelled to pay usury to her friends.

If Hugh would not go of his own accord, he could be hired to work, and that would do as well almost. He would see her. Hear her laugh and talk. See her rosy cheeks, her shiny teeth all around when she laughed—and her sparkling eyes. He must melt at the sight of all these fascinations. He must forget the frown, the jeers, the contemptuous laugh which greeted his awkward behavior, under the influence of such radiant smiles. He came. Was there for breakfast; and so was she—sometimes before she had not shown herself till noon, and then she was all frowns—right opposite him, beaming in smiles. The sun, and moon, and stars, and all creation were reflected from her eyes. Hugh was sad, dejected, inconsolable, pitiful, indignant and sorry. A pitcher of sparkling cider is furnished on such occasions. Mr. Pinchtight takes a goblet, fills it to the brim, then fills another for Hugh, which he offers with: "Do

you want that?" "Well, I guess I do," is Hugh's response as he quaffs the delicious beverage, under the influence of which Hugh's spirits rise, and with them rise all the good nature of which his morose disposition is guilty of. He is more generous, more conciliating. His charity is awakened, and his pity—and—and—shall we say his love is revived? Not in the warmth and vigor he had declared for her; that can never be again. He may appear to act it, and to declare it, always, however, with doubt and fear; where there is fear, there cannot rightly be love. Mr. Pinch leads off with: "Will you partake of some swine's flesh and Irish Murphys?" Mrs. Pinch laughs, so does Eva, with her mouth wide open, so enthusiastically that Hugh saw a row of bright ivories all around, and natural. "O, certainly; I'm very fond of pork, and eat potatoes with a relish," he replied, not encouraged by the supply on the table. He stopped at the word relish, with a look that plainly inferred the remainder of the sentence; but nobody said anything. Viola may have exchanged a look with her mother. He was rough, out spoken, never taking into account the effect his words and looks would have on others. His was the worst side out.

Mr. Pinchtight had expatiated at length on his many good qualities, even before his installation as a suitor for his daughter's hand. He will make a model husband. He will love, cherish and protect her with a fondness and devotion never excelled, and seldom equaled. He is peculiar; but his peculiarities all incline to the brightest and most noble side of life.

Such commendations given on such occasions when the subject was casually brought up, tended to impress the minds of these young ladies with a tender regard for this enigma-sort of a man; and, as a consequence, they were inclined to view with indulgence some of his vagueries and whims.

Hugh, living alone as he did, and in such a solitary place, made him naturally the subject of conversation, even in his presence. More especially was this the case with this family, than any where else, because he had lived there, and about there so long, that he was regarded in the light of a relative, almost, or very dear friend; consequently that liberty was taken with him that would not have been thought of had he been merely a casual visitor at the house of Mr. Pinch. He had been known for fifteen or twenty years, just as we have represented him thus far. Before these girls were born, and before Mr. Pinch's marriage, Hugh was known as one of the oddities of nature; or rather, we should say an oddity in embryo. He was seen, observed, mentioned as a "I don't know what he will amount to. He is singular, strange, unaccountable, we'll see," then with a wink, a shrug of the shoulders, a turn upon the heel, then a contemptuous sneer, indicative of supreme contempt for him in any and every form, the parties separated.

He was watched with that careless indifference with which we watch a tree or plant in the garden, the exact nature of which we do not understand. It may amount to something—some good thing that we don't know anything of—or it may be a weed which we would quickly pull up and expel. As we throw it over the fence in the road to be crushed down by the passing vehicles, we wonder that we should have been so ignorant all this while. We are disgusted with ourselves for having had it cumber the ground so long. Other useful plants might have grown there, and we might have received some benefit from the substance that is now wasted in the development of so much nothingness. Between the two emotions of what we have grown and what we might have raised, there rises a third, that of chagrin and mortification, that we should have watched it and nursed it with so much care and solicitude. All this time has been wasted. Alas! how much time we all waste endeavoring to develop

useless plants into flowering shrubs, or fruit-bearing trees.

The meal is progressing, though we have delayed the patient reader thus long, in the unraveling of a skein, which it seems necessary should be done in order to understand more clearly some of the subsequent incidents which are now about to take place.

"I should think you would board, or get married, and live as other folks do," Mrs. Pinch said.

"That's just what I intend doing, as soon as possible," Hugh returned, casting a furtive glance in the direction of Viola, who, unobserving, was mincing, and plying her fork as if about to employ it in the conveyance of a morsel of food to her mouth, but which she deferred, for the instant, and went about preparing another kind, which was rejected the same as the other had been, then she cast a glance out the window over her shoulder. Eva observed nothing, she never looked in the direction of Hugh, when there was a possibility that he would observe it. She was busy with the duties of the occasion. Viola was thinking—was thinking such thoughts as usually pass through one's mind when such subjects are under discussion.

"To board with some family, in the village, would be far more preferable to such a life of solitary loneliness," the mother continued, pleased with the readiness with which he had taken her intimation. "There are a good many old maids who would, doubtless, be glad to have you spruce up a little and shine around."

"Doubtlessly they would. It would be natural to infer such a conclusion," he replied.

"There is Lucy Spilkins, and Sarah Bogardus, either of whom I think you might get," she said.

"Why, no he could n't, mother. They are—well, one of them is rich, and both have had good chances," Viola said.

"Yes ; and refused them," said Hugh, interruptingly.

"He is so old, mother. You did n't think of that; while these ladies are young yet, and are quite eligible," Viola continued. They were so eligible that they were past fifty years, and in all probability they would be celestial angels before being wives. They might "be quite eligible," but not in the sense in which she wished to be understood. The former used sometimes to work in the family of Mr. Pinch, on such occasions as cleaning house, killing hogs, threshing, and during haying and harvesting. She had not come yet; but in all probability she will be around before the summer is out, when we will again have the favor of her introduction.

"If I conclude to profit by your advice, I will make such demonstrations, as will convince one or both these fair ladies of the sincerity of my attentions," he said.

"You have too many strings to your fiddle now, without getting any more. You must stick to one, if you ever succeed in accomplishing such an object as that," she said without waiting for a reply to her first suggestion.

"Well, that is what I intend doing as soon as I am convinced who is the favored one. You will wait till such a time?"

"O, yes, if there will be any prospect of seeing so desirable a consummation as that brought about; we have looked and waited these many years, without any more likelihood at present than there has been at any time in the past, of the fulfillment of so-desirable an event," she said.

"There is always hope while there is life, and it is far more pleasant to indulge in bright anticipations as to the future, than to brood in silent melancholy on what possibly might have been, or what is. Let us always hope that happy days are before us."

"I don't think you are enjoying many such now," she

continued. "At any rate they would be the most wretched for me. Who makes the bed, sweeps the floor, and puts the house to order?" she asked.

"No body, that is, not mine. Such drudgery is not performed in the habitation I occupy," he said.

"It must be a good place to live in then."

"Quite pleasant for me, but doubtless it would be sufficiently tiresome to you. I have books that record the history of the past, and with these I live under the shadow of giant trees, and by the side of the perling brook. I find food for life and nourishment here, that is, to me, the most pleasant I have yet partaken of. I thrive on it. I enjoy it. This is enough. I am an entity, the same as you, and it can hardly be expected that I should live such a life as would be distasteful to me. You would n't. Of course I prefer to live for others; but I like to do that in a way most congenial to my tastes."

"It is hard accounting for tastes," she said.

"Yes, very hard. Some folks can live with the most tyrannical of husbands, and be satisfied, never desiring to be more happy," he said, casting a furtive glance around the circle. By this time, the meal, more lengthy than abundant, was finished, and after Mr. Pinch had swashed out his mouth with an additional cup of tea, and sucked his teeth, he arose hastily and proceeded to business. Hugh had shoved back and watched the operation. It was affected; nor was it calculated to inspire one with visions of the serenely beautiful."

"Mr. Pinch was, for him, remarkably kind and conciliating. The broom was new. But he gave Hugh plain hints of what he might expect did he not toe the mark. For little trifles, such as ordinary people would not notice, he talked to Hugh much in the style of a slave-driver, with a sprinkling of sarcasm, such as only a vindictive mind would conceive. These rebukes would be followed by a manner as conciliating as the other was offensive; more especially if Hugh received them angrily,

resenting them as ungentlemanly, unnecessary, and altogether out of place. It is prudent in dealing with such characters, to take more than is given, in which case the aggressor still maintains the dignity of his assumption, and he is at liberty to attack and punish on the next occasion as mercilessly as he did before.

At dinner, the table was furnished more abundantly, as Mr. Pinch was a great eater at noon. Hugh's plate was filled with the substantials of the season, which, with two or three glasses of cider, made it a very acceptable repast. Much the same conversation was indulged in as at the previous meal, the ladies, if there was any difference, taking a more active part. Viola was very much interested. She played for her sister, and played remarkably well for one so young and guileless. She may have hinted plainly at possibilities, for which she received a nudge and a reproving glance from her sister, while the father and mother exchanged knowing looks.

For supper the table was supplied with bread and butter, both sweet and good. Apple sauce, plum or cherry, with two kinds of cake and cheese. It was on rare occasions that cake was furnished, and this was one of them. It was kept up all summer, and the next; but not longer. It began to grow expensive. Hugh was better acquainted. It was not so necessary to impress him favorably. When speaking of extravagance and cake, she said: "There had been piles and piles of cake thrown away in her house." Hugh never saw any thrown away. It must have been done before he came around there. She never lied about such an unnecessary subject as that. Of course not. There was cake thrown away. All the question there was about it is the time when it occurred. We don't wish to deny the truth of any story, but we want to be certain before we admit one; and as this is only an assertion from one interested, we cannot accept it without a great degree of allowance, especially knowing as we do, its direct oppo-

sition to the character and habits of those interested. The man who borrows tools, that he needs, rather than buy them, is not very apt to buy sugar and flour, and nutmeg, and allspice, that he does not need. The man who puts up with inconvenience to save money is not going to spend money for things that he can get along without. Traits of character must be consistent to be true. Although we do not like to prove that she lied, still we wish to have it understood that such declarations ought to be received with caution.

The evening was passed quite pleasantly with a game of euchre, which the mother did not approve. She thought it was sinful, very sinful. She had forgotten about the cake—how much she had thrown away, and what she had said about it; neither could she imagine what connection it had with this game. Others had not forgotten it, and it was thought to bear a very close resemblance to this subject. She took no hand—no, she would not; but she would play backgammon, and did, for hours together. It is drawing the moral conceptions down to a fine point when no harm can be seen in the indulgence of one, and sin in the indulgence of the other. She, however, permitted the children to enjoy themselves at this game when it was urged so strenuously by the father for the purpose of familiarizing Hugh with the society of ladies; for he had been loafing round here a good while, and had not, as yet, evinced a very earnest preference. Indeed, it was extremely doubtful about ever getting him to look with admiration on one, whose father was so intractable. Mr. Pinch had discretion enough to view the subject in this light, though he may have thought it the easiest matter in the world to get along with him. The trouble, if there should be any, would be on the side of others. Those who could not get along with him, were to blame. It must be a perfect paradise to be always surrounded by his company, to be jeered and sauced, and insulted as his foibles

might suggest, should be most agreeable to others, because it was so agreeable to himself, and thus reward his industry in striving to secure the good will of Hugh for Eva. He wanted the pleasure of abusing a man as he desired, for he never had been able to quite satisfy himself on this point ; and at the same time he wanted it to be for the other's interest to receive it without replying. He wanted to compensate a man for such sacrifices as he might make in putting up with it, and he scrupled not to think that Eva would more than make it up. If he could get Hugh to look at the subject in that light and overcome his bashfulness, it would be a complete success. Two or three parties would be perfectly satisfied, and he, especially, would succeed in accomplishing the most ardent wish of his life.

Hugh played with Viola, and the father with Eva. This was not as Hugh had suggested, but it was most agreeable to him. The happiest part of his life was spent in thus crossing the purposes of these intriguers, thus throwing him into the company, and as a partner of this sweetest, and prettiest, and most loveable of all earth's creatures. To cross Hugh in thus preventing him from playing with her whom he designated was thought would feed the flames they were trying to kindle. It did not ; though he always appeared to follow whither they led, and did as he was plainly directed. Right there he stopped, nor would he go any farther. The evenings thus spent were among the happiest of Hugh's life. He was partaking of hidden sweets that would have been denied him, had he appeared as if he desired them. There were other considerations which dictated this course, which will appear during the recital of this history.

They were about evenly matched. Neither party had a decided advantage. The mother usually sat by watching with pleasurable interest the progress of the games, and listening to the profuse compliments which Hugh

continually indulged in. She was smiling and happy. The game was working well. All would be accomplished to the satisfaction of everybody. At other times they played a game called the author's. This may have been complimentary of Hugh, who was himself—not among the cards. The game consisted in getting the greatest number of cards, which were called from some of the others by accurately naming the one in his or her possession. When a failure to name the right one was made, the trial passed to the next left hand player, who continued calling from any one, so long as he made successful hits; when he failed the next one took it up. He who had called longest enabled those who had kept a close watch of the game to tell nearly all he had, as his cards were duplicates of all others playing. There was an author who had written a story entitled "Love me Little," and sometimes when this was called, the little, tormenting, vexing, Viola would manage to ask it of Hugh. Her eyes sparkled with peculiar self-satisfaction, which, had it been rightly interpreted, would not have been loving allegiance to her sister. Looks were exchanged, which meant everything and nothing; looks which nobody can define, nor anybody deny. Of course he answered: "Certainly he would." There was always a manner in his compliments and address to Viola, which were not thought consistent with his declarations to Eva. Still they managed to reconcile them quite harmoniously. This game was thought to be too simple to engage the attention of Mr. Pinch, who sat quietly by in the company of a newspaper. His place was filled by Mary Jane, who happened along accidentally, of course, and perhaps Fred, who was on the most friendly and intimate terms with Hugh, as we indicated in the last chapter by the lengthy discourse between them.

It was known at Passable's where Hugh was and it excited no little uneasiness to think he spent so much time there. It was right on his road from the village to

his hermitage, and as the croquet ground was near by, and the girls would be out playing, he often stopped on his way, either going or returning. He was favored generally with a partner that was not ostensibly his choice, but who was really the very one he most desired. During the settlement of this part of the game, Eva looked and acted language that was at variance with her wishes. They seemed to say : " You would like to play with me, I know you would ; but you won't ; I won't let you. I'll make you feel the effects of being so bashful." She looked hatred, and scorn, without a mixture of pity. Hugh took the subject home, and there wept over it. She succeeded in tormenting him to such a degree that, though he cared nothing for her, in view of Viola, still he let himself go along whither he was led, till he loved her in spite of himself. The many opportunities that were advantageously placed within his reach, some of which he made use of, but they always resulted in thwarting the ends which were designed, making him think well of her, whether he wished to or not. He could not do all that was required of him, because of his bashfulness ; but if she was pleased to take up and be satisfied with what he could do, he would forget Viola and take up with her.

We are anticipating. We have got further along than the story warrants. We must return and gather up some of the incidentals. Fred, spurred on by Mary Jane, visits there more and more often. At first he went for Viola, as she was thought to occupy the largest place in Hugh's regard. Then Hugh enjoyed such a companionship as a bashful man knows how to partake of. This seemed to gratify him too much to please Fred, who, leaving Viola to shift for herself, drifted around to Eva's side. Hugh would not long be alone. They would go out and play croquet, or chat on the piazza. It was perplexing to Fred. This enigma he could hardly make out.

Mary Jane was made acquainted with the condition of

things, by such agencies as are usually employed in the transmission of news. Perhaps Eva told her ; it would not be contrary to the nature of woman to suppose such a fact. Most women would. They seem to take especial delight in arousing feelings of jealousy. Hugh was watched. If he were late coming home—he could be seen on his way from the house of Passable—he must have stopped on his way. This was discovered somehow when it was exceedingly dark. A conference was had with Fred. He must stir himself. He must dig out. He must thwart him. Here were two jealous spirits aroused. One could play into the hand of the other to a pretty good advantage. Fred could cut him out, or try to, and this would be an advantage to Fred and Mary Jane. So go ahead. He went.

It was all right. Hugh just as lief he would as not. There was one left. Let him go on and rob the house of its plated ware ; there would be the gold and silver left. It was interesting to Hugh. It satisfied him, and Mary Jane. Mary was delighted. The plan worked admirably. It was fun. He was cut out—clean out.

While Fred was at work there, Hugh goes over to see Matilda. He stops there frequently. He plays croquet. They enjoy it very much. It seems to inspire him with an earnest desire for the society of ladies ; for it was no sooner noised about that such was the fact than everybody else—that is, those that wanted to—began to think of matrimony. Andrew White came around. He saw them playing croquet as he was riding by. It was all perfectly natural that he should happen to be riding along. It was all very natural that they should be playing. Two natural circumstances may happen together ; these did. He stopped. There were but three playing, and a fourth would make it just even. Of course. They toss up for partners—two wanted to play with Matilda—only one could ; that one was Andrew. He was delighted, and so was she. Two were well pleased, so was

Hugh. He didn't care. He enjoyed playing with George as much as he would with her. Andrew laughed and looked at Hugh. She laughed and looked that way. It was a strange circumstance, that they should both happen to feel exactly alike on that one subject ; but they did. Ten to one they would not have decided so evenly had they been married. His look seemed to say : "You would like to play with Matilda, but you did n't make it out. Luck did not happen to favor you." Her eyes seemed to say : "I'm glad I have got with Andrew ; he's rich. I won't have to work so hard. I can ride out." Hugh's eyes seemed to say to both : "I don't care ; I've got Viola left : she's prettier, sweeter, and better ; and as for money she will have as much as anybody desires ; so go a head." He joined in the laugh as much as a bashful man would be supposed to laugh at his own discomfiture. It relieved him from further exertion of a gallant kind. He was cut out, not by any act of his, but by theirs. If he did not accomplish much he was not to be blamed. They had blocked the game. He did not propose to roll it up hill. It was work he did n't much delight in. Others seemed to take pleasure in such business ; but he did n't. Andrew, and Fred and George grew fat at this uphill work. They laughed and flattered, and cooed around all the more for the embarrassments, which were designedly placed in their way.

When they had tired playing, Andrew retired to the piazza. There was a bench there, and they sat down thereon. It was such a scene to Hugh—very unlike a glorious sunset ; and he turned from the one to view the other. The sun had set a great many times before, and might many times in the future ; and it would set, doubtless, when his mind would be better prepared to comprehend all the beauties of the scene ; but he turned, as he saw her being led away, to the left with George, and he pointed at the gorgeous glory of the western sky. It

was exceedingly beautiful. We will not try to divine his thoughts as he contemplated them leaning over the rail fence on that summer evening. It will be safe, however, to say, that in view of the circumstances, they could not have been of the most pacific kind. It would not be creditable to his human nature did we ascribe a different state of feeling to him. But he survived it, and he continued to admire the beauties with which nature had so lavishly surrounded him. He pointed at the growing beauty of the corn, and the pumpkin vine in ecstatic admiration. It was a glorious sight. The corn fed the world. The pumpkins made good pies, and jack-lanterns. Tears may have started in his eyes at the mention of them. What good times they had together roasting corn when out cooning. How they had enjoyed themselves at husking bees. How they had kissed all the pretty girls when the red ear was found. Hugh was young then. He was older now. The same warm blood did not course through his veins. He had learned to look at things in a more philosophic light.

This was monotonous to George. He did not view things in that light. He was not all sentiment. These things were good in their place. There were other duties before us. We could live in the world, raise corn and pumpkins, eat them, feed them to our hogs and cows; eat the pork, drink the milk, go to husking bees, and kiss the girls, then go home with and kiss them at the gate, without making so much sentiment of it, and brooding over it, as if we were born to nothing else but to look and admire. "Come, there are other duties; go in, we will have supper pretty soon."

"No, I thank you. It's getting late. I must get over home. I have some chores to do," he replied, as they walked away.

"What is the use of living thus? I should think you would die; I would, I know I would. Only think of it; you're only living half a life. You are like the half of a

pair of shears—useless without the other half. What is the use of sentimentalizing; that don't make the world. Man must be up and doing. Build up the world in its structural form, and let the moral take care of itself. This can influence the world enough by being thought of occasionally without devoting the whole of a man's attention to its study." By this time they had reached the gate and were in sight of the company on the piazza. She coughed and hemmed, and Andrew laughed; but he held her so closely that it would have taken more than a Hugh to have cozened her away. Had Fred been there he would have liked this fun, and he would have entered into it with all the energy of his being. But Hugh—pshaw! It was not in his line. "Why don't you call him up? You may as well ask him," Andrew said.

"O, he will come; he is only playing off. That's his game." This was said in too low a tone to reach the ears of Hugh; but the import of it, together with the meaning looks they exchanged, signified pretty plainly what was the subject of conversation; and Hugh, with George, obeying the impulse, sauntered leisurely up that way, and sat down on the edge of the piazza. George did not remain there long. There was room enough between Andrew and the opposite end of the bench; he squeezed in there. "Plenty of room at the other end, Hugh," he said, as he took his seat.

"It is most to thick this warm evening; besides it is breezy here, and the fragrance of this balmy bush lends a sweetness that I would not forego," he said, turning his eyes in the direction of a rose-bush, all a-bloom with the sweetest flowers.

"There is a perfume here that you will not find around any rose-bush," Andrew said, as he laughingly looked in the smiling face of Matilda. She laughed. It was so cunning. It was witty. Hugh just perceptibly smiled. He may have thought that a few years would be sufficient

to change the perfume to one not so agreeable to partake of, but he said nothing for the instant.

"Perhaps the air will not be so balmy in the future," he said, at length.

"We need not borrow any trouble from that. There is always enough in the present. Let us take care of ourselves as far as we go, the future will come fast enough, and with it will come the energies sufficient to cope with the difficulties it presents. Eh? What do you think of that, Hugh?" Andrew exultingly asked, eyeing him meanwhile with feelings far removed from those which one friend would entertain for another.

"It is all right. You can think and act for yourself, without the least restraint or hindrance."

"Can I—I did n't know that. It's news to me."

"Everybody has so much control of his destiny that he can shape it so far as it affects himself—perhaps, also, so far as it affects those in his immediate neighborhood." Hugh rejoined, not in the least ruffled by the foppish airs of Andrew, who was a little flurried at the cool manner of his opponent.

"It's hard accounting for tastes," he said, and turning to Matilda, who was half pleased and half angry at Hugh's discomfiture, asked her if she did not think it was most interesting.

"What is?" she asked.

"The circumstance," he replied.

"Why, I can't see anything very interesting about it. On the contrary, I should think it somewhat monotonous," she said.

"What! Monotonous! You don't—I really—I flattered myself that —"

"Why did you flatter yourself? Surely it is a subject about which there may arise a difference of opinion," she said, repaying him with interest the coin he had given to Hugh. He looked at her in surprise for an instant, then crowding closer, he laughed it away, say-

ing: "It was no more than might have been expected. Woman was born to disagree. It is just like them. Hugh, you must n't pay any attention to what she says. It is all folly."

"What is? What she says? Or paying attention to it?" he asked.

"Yes, both. It is folly on the part of one, and folly on the part of the other."

"Get along as well as you can. It will be all right. Eternity is before us, and we are to solve it. Every man reaps the reward of his own industry."

"If he lives. Suppose I sow a field of grain, and die before it's ripe, can I be said to reap it?"

"Yes; you did your part of it, all that nature or others could ask of you. What you do not reap here, you will reap hereafter. It is not in the material sense in which this subject should be exclusively viewed. There are other considerations to be taken into account, that are of as much value, in shaping the ends of our destiny, as the purely material."

"O, you are a hair-brained theorist—well, I expect it's all right." He was going to say something else, but the thought of Matilda and her reproof, recurred to him.

"Enjoy yourselves. I'm going to," Hugh said, as he bowed himself away. "So good night to all, and may the happiest dreams refresh your slumbers. Again, good night; good night." They all said good night. Matilda hemmed, and George took out his pocket-handkerchief.

"He is the most singular man I ever came across," Andrew said. "He touches me somewhere in my throat; I can't tell how. Something raises up. He makes me feel so singularly that in spite of myself, I almost—pshaw! I don't know what it is. I try to make myself feel as if I wanted to fight him, and still I can't. When I move myself on purpose for him, I'm all unarmed in a twinkling."

"You cannot fight a man who will not oppose you. You cannot fight one who willingly gives you the victory. That's his principle, and he proposes to live it out," George said.

"He will have a good time at it. He won't get married—and that will be his first failure. They will recur at every succeeding step of his career. At any rate, it's interesting to watch him and see how he comes out."

"It may be to us, but I should not think it would be to him, still, may be he likes it; and if he does we ought not to find fault."

"I certainly will not, I assure you. I'm too anxious to partake of the good he denies himself; and every body else, I guess, feels just the same. It is the most natural way to feel."

While they were talking, Mary Jane and Fred drove up. They all arose to welcome them. Matilda screamed out: "Why, how do you do. I'm so glad to see you—Mary. Why did n't you come before? I've looked for you all summer. I thought you would never come again." She was almost in hysterics. Whereas, if the truth had been told, she would rather see any body else come than them. She hated Mary Jane with a jealousy such as only woman can feel. She had almost succeeded in her nice little game, and now it was all about to be spoilt by this abrupt and unexpected visit. She was just congratulating herself upon the successful manner in which she was conducting the campaign, when all at once it must be broken, and her forces dispersed. She gathered up her faculties as best she could, resolved to fight it out to the bitter end, come what would. She was driving a fractious team, which, in spite of her, persisted in being frightened at every dangerous place. She gathered up the lines, and prepared to watch every favorable opportunity. She succeeded in concealing her feelings by her enthusiastic reception of her rival, whom

she would that moment have wished a thousand miles away.

"We thought we would ride over and see how you was getting along—no ; we can't stay. We only stopped for a minute. No, need n't put the horse in. Let him stand here," Fred said to George, who was about to unhitch and put the horse in the stable, while he proceeded to hitch him to a post.

"You might as well stay here awhile, seeing you so rarely get over," George replied.

"We come, I guess, as often as you come over to our house," Fred replied.

"You must n't wait for us to come."

"No ; we don't. We come right along."

"That's right ; I'm glad you do." During all this time, Andrew was busily engaged performing those numerous acts of gallantry, for which he was so well fitted. He assisted Mary in taking off the palm leaf and veil which was tied around her head, in a fashion most bewildering to admirers. He was long about it, and awkward ; but he lulled suspicion by his laughing and jovial manner. She did not experience any tediousness during the operation. By this time, George and Fred were in and the only one who seemed to take exception to the lingering style of Andrew, was George. Fred did n't seem to care anything about it. To see Andrew's arms around her neck unfastening the clasp that held the veil, was extremely tantalizing to him. Strange such opposite feelings will be experienced by different, yet friendly individuals. George came up and asked if he did n't want some help to get that off."

"O, no ; I've just got it now ; there it is. If it had not been for a degree of patience which I find not necessary in breaking steers or colts, I would have failed in this job," he replied, as he handed her the little diminutive, with its feather, from which were exhaled the perfume of a thousand flowers. They sat down. Andrew

on one side and George the other side of Mary. It was a condition not calculated to inspire Matilda with the most friendly feelings; although Fred tried his best to engage her attention, in which he was but partly successful.

Soon, supper was announced, and the company repaired to the dining room where a frugal repast was spread on an old fashioned table, which groaned and cracked whenever its rickety legs were disturbed by the feet of any of the company coming accidentally in contact with them. It was annoying to the young folks to introduce the company to this old-fashioned room and table. The ceiling overhead was cracked in many curious patterns, like the wrinkles on the brow of the host. He smiled as he seated himself at the head of the table, with such a happy family around him. Except the jealous feelings which were harrassing the minds of some of them, it was truly happy. Matilda, as hostess, was debarred taking that active part with the guests which she would have done had she been relieved from the duties which the occasion imposed; nevertheless, she could not fail to perceive the advantage which a change of position might have; and so hastily setting herself at work she ushered her company into the room, seating Mary here, at her right hand, with Fred on her left. George took a seat next to Mary—a place he would most have desired of all others. He exchanged a glance with Fred, who was demurely undoing his napkin. There was a meaning in their looks, which we will not attempt to transcribe. We might not fail to give a correct impression; but we certainly could not make it more plain than it is already to the most casual reader.

The father, after duly asking the Divine blessing on the food spread before them, passed the bread, cut in such thin slices, and then halved, that you might count the stars through them, first to Mary, then to Fred, then back to his wife, who was pouring the tea, thence to George

and Matilda, neither of whom appeared to notice the unnecessary pains he had taken. Matilda was dishing out the apple-sauce, and the young folks were talking and laughing. She had succeeded in her stratagem, and she didn't care for the little contingencies which might arise; and if she had, it would have made no difference. He would have to be gratified in his little whims. He had been so long, and it would be useless to think of changing his habits now. The ginger-bread was cut in rather thin slices, and the cheese was cut in pieces just one-half inch square—they having been measured on purpose for this record. The tea was weak, and not half sweetened, and that was of the cheapest sugar; the old woman tasted of each cup to see if it were of the right degree of sweetness. The pickles were good; such folks always have the best vinegar. Indeed, vinegar seems to make better in such houses than in some others. We have known morning's milk to sour before noon, and which the good woman attributed to a passing thunder shower. This was of frequent occurrence. It had to be placed down cellar in the coldest corner, in order to get it in that mood from which it would be easiest converted into butter, which, some had the malice to think, tasted vinegarish; but it may have been more the fault of the critic than the butter.

When no company was there, or at least such as they cared not to please, much more matter for criticism was observed. The pie was cut in small pieces. The bread was left in such a way that the crusts would naturally fall to the lot of those they didn't care anything about pleasing. There was always a contest to see who should eat the last of the old bread. It sometimes hung on with persistency that was truly provoking, and as a last resort, the remaining crusts had to be hashed up into pudding. Until it was consigned to the waste-pudding-dish, it was conveniently placed on top of the new, in which position it could not be rejected without great im-

politeness; but the children managed always to take from under, and let the old folks soak up the old in their tea. The new was so much better. It was more sweet and tender. Sometimes the old folks had a piece of new by the side of their plates, behind the sugar bowl, and tea cups unobserved by the rest of the family; and while the rest were munching the dried up crusts they were enjoying a luxurious repast. Had the children known of this we doubt whether the meal would have been so heartily relished. At other times they were cheated of their cake, which the mother said would not taste good after eating pickles. One loaf of ginger bread has been known to last them a week, and not until it began to taste mouldy would the family think it prudent to partake of it. It was always set on the table, and each one refused on the plea that the supper had now been sufficiently hearty. They were not allowed to eat butter with meat; and if, when a casual visitor was present, they presumed to partake of more than was thought enough, they were lectured on that subject at the first opportunity. They had, doubtless, been denied indulgence in this now very necessary luxury, that, when an occasion did offer—and it would reflect somewhat on their name had they ate no butter in the presence of company, without giving some kind of an excuse—they may have eaten more than was prudent; but long abstinence creates a desire, together with the known scarcity, that an occasional indulgence can hardly satisfy. We seem to like things the most of which we are permitted to partake of, but sparingly. The children often wished when they saw others eating, that they might be allowed to partake as unrestrainedly in their own home. When visiting in after years, they were urged to take more and more of dishes, of which they had never before, at home, partaken so much, they thought how much more happily others had lived than they had. They had acquired such a habit of fear to take what was offered, that

they appeared unduly awkward ; but no one fathomed the conflicting emotions of their minds. The inexpressible look they cast at their parents, when, as sometimes happened, a dish was passed to them by a guest, was enough to convince outsiders what had been said before. They seem to ask : " May I take a piece ? I want some badly. I dare not ; may be I shall be scolded as soon as the company is gone. They won't say anything now, and I'll venture. It will look awkward in the presence of company not to take some." They took it ; but it was left to be placed on the table for the next company.

The children thought theirs was a hard lot, and as soon as they could get out of it, they could enjoy the luxury of butter on their pancakes, with some good syrup. They had got sick of molasses and gravy. They would have no more of it. The parents, however, seemed to like it very much, especially if the gravy was pretty weak. They would have coffee, too, with sugar in it—good sugar—none of your saffron-colored sugar for them. They would have cake and pie—they would excuse ginger bread—no, I thank you—had enough of it. And codfish—O, gracious—how sick they were of it. They had never tasted of a good juicy beef stake, and roast—never once. They did n't know what it was. They may have had a vague idea of how other folks lived, by the little they had observed. The fumes from other kitchens were much more agreeable than those from their own. We may form some idea of the atmosphere of the south from the breezes which blow thence ; it may be vague and incorrect ; but it will be an approximation to the truth, coupled as it already would be by a certain knowledge acquired by observation in our immediate vicinity. The parents had lived on such spare diet all their lives, never allowing themselves to indulge in expensive meats and drinks of any kind. This may account for their long life, to which we will have occasion

to refer. From this digression we will now return to the company, who, by this time had finished their meal, and entered the parlor, where, after the dishes had been put away in the dining room, the mother joined them. The father spent this hour at his devotions. It is fortunate that we can spare him. He seldom graced any company. That of the church was the most agreeable to him.

The topic of conversation turned upon the subject most near to the minds of those interested. The prospects of Mary Jane were discussed, who declared she would never marry. She was going to be a school-teacher. She was preparing for that vocation now."

Fred said, "he never heard of a lady who was ready to marry yet, and he guessed he never would." He presumed "if he should ask Matilda for her companionship through life, she would decidedly answer no."

"Yes, indeed, I would. I never shall marry. I prefer to be an old maid, with my own liberty and happiness. This being tied up a slave to a man forever—she wouldn't—no, indeed, she would n't. What time is it?" she asked, looking towards the mantle piece. There was no clock there, but Fred, taking out his gold watch with great gravity, told her. It relieved her anxiety. Fred gravitated to her side. Andrew was already there, making himself very agreeable. Mary Jane drew near, with George, and said "that was her intention also. Somehow, we always think alike, don't we Matilda?" she asked.

"On that subject, we could not very well differ, though I must say the present symptoms seem to contradict us," she answered.

"Pshaw, this is nothing. This is fun. Who could expect us to house up like nuns, forsaking and forsaken by the world? Of the two lives, however, that of a nun is more preferable than the drag-along, weary, never-rested, and never-satisfied life of matrimony. As soon

as you enter upon it, you must begin to plan in order to make money; and if you happen to be rich—which contingency, I fear, never will be the trouble with us—we must plan to save it," she rejoined.

"It is more than that. Sometimes, when I look upon the subject, I see all of its objectionable features, without one redeeming quality. You live right over and over again the history that has been once recorded. There is nothing new, nothing novel. The first thing that claims our attention, is the means of life; secure these, then you begin to trouble about something else."

"O, dear, yes. I declare to goodness that I would not live as some folks do—why—I should go crazy—perfectly crazy. Now, there is Viola, for instance, who never had but two dresses at a time—one a calico for morning wear, and a cashmere for afternoon slick-up. She could just as well as not have had a dozen good delaine and alpaca dresses as not. Her father was well able to provide them, but he would not."

"He was for saving the money to live on. He wanted something for a wet day," Andrew said.

"O, dear, don't for pity sake say anything about wet days. I have heard nothing else all my life, and no such days seem to come which require the reserved means. They are stowed away in bank or closet where rust and moth devour them. Some deny comforts which are never partaken of," Matilda said, as she looked towards George, then her mother, who was knitting by the table, and could ill brook such a taunt.

"You know nothing, you fault-finding nunny—and I'll send yer off to bed if I hear another such a speech out of yer mouth to-night," she said, glancing a cutting look over her spectacles. George looked at Andrew, and Andrew looked at Matilda, while shame and anger chased each other across her face. The company wished they were home.

"I suppose we have something to learn yet —"

"Larn yet! Larn yet! Goodness, ye hain't commenced to larn yet. Yer hain't got yer a, b, c's yet; an unless yer makes a better use of yer time than I've seen, it will be some time before yer get into the primer," she replied, with bitter irony.

"If we had Hugh here, he could ventilate this subject to the satisfaction of everybody. He can play on two fiddles better than any body else. It is seldom a man can make a subject please opposite parties; but he will. I suppose, though, if the truth is known, the great problem of life is," Andrew continued, "how to make the best of it; and any way by which this can be accomplished is right and proper." The old lady, seeing she had such a good apologist, and the effect which her hasty reproof had upon the guests, arose and left the room. She did not wish to block a game which promised so well the good fortune of her daughter. The company left alone were at liberty to indulge their criticisms.

"You had better take care how you speak in mother's presence," George said, as she closed the door.

"I should think as much. My mother never spoke to me like that," Mary said.

"She is getting old, and cannot bear to be corrected by her children, and I don't know as I blame her," said George.

"O, now simmer down, or I'll send you out in the kitchen where you'll be made to read three or four chapters in the bible," she pettishly interrupted.

"I guess she has not forgotten some of the hours she has spent in that school," Mary said.

"No, I have not; but it's one consolation I never knew what I was reading about. I had my spite."

"You would have been a better girl now, had you taken more pains to profit by the correction which maternal love inflicted," George said, assuming an air of gravity not consistent with his usual levity.

"O, fiddle-sticks. How long since you thought so?

He has spent more time reading that bible than I have. When other boys were playing ball in the streets, he was sitting on a stool by the stove reading the bible, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks. The boys outside would hello for George, who could not so much as look up for fear of a cuff from father's paw ; while such jeers as, " come, George, ain't you up yet ? Why don't you come out here ? Has your mother got you washing dishes ? Golly, I like that job, don't you Bill ? " There was more truth in these remarks than George cared to deny, and so contenting himself with a frown, and " I guess you had your part of it," turned the subject to the previous question by saying :

" You may yet have a chance to solve the riddle that mother has already so satisfactorily performed ; but whether it will be done as well, remains to be seen. I have some doubts about it."

" Well, you take care of yourself, and I'll look after my riddle. I'll see that it don't get solved in a way reflecting discredit upon me. One thing is certain, I shall not mend so many old rags as she has. And I won't have all the drawers and closets full of blankets and sheets too short for the beds."

" You can't tell what you will do. You may be glad to come and sleep in the old bed again ; and you may think of it often when you come to tuck the rags around your little darlings, while the wind is whistling through the crevices," he replied, deprecatingly.

" O, don't, for pity sake, don't. Who ever heard of any body coming to such a deplorable pass ? I never did. The worst cases of suffering don't begin to compare with that," she said.

" We don't very seldom hear of the worst cases," Andrew said. It is those of the middle classes, of whom we hear the most ; while those in the worst circumstances are invisible to our observation. We don't stop to inquire. They move along through life without attracting attention."

"What is the use of living in this world if it is to be a continual struggle between life and death?" Matilda asked, as she contemplated the probable truth of remarks, which nearly everybody maintained. It could not be she was mistaken. She felt as one feels when called upon to acknowledge a fault. To correct an erroneous impression, which has never been advanced, is an operation of the mind only, and is as easily done as a voluntary act of any other kind; but to turn about and say you have not only thought wrongly but acted wrongly, then adopt in the future a directly opposite course involves more heroism than is in keeping with the asserted dignity of most people.

"Well, I don't care, anyway. I'll first try to live a life that is pleasant, whether it is as profitable or not. If it don't pay, it will be time to stop and live differently when I have found it out. I shall enjoy a few years of life any way. If I must patch and wear old clothes, it will be time enough to come down to it in old age. This living always the old folks' style is what I utterly detest," Matilda said.

"Nobody can hinder you living as you please; but it would be much easier to commence where you would leave off and live an increasing life, than to stop in the midst of that and live an economical one," said Mary Jane.

"I'll tell you how to manage it," George said, "you live your way and let us live ours, and see which comes out the best."

"I'll do it," hastily interrupted Matilda. "I should just like to test that matter and see if folks have got to be mean, and tight, and niggardly in order to live in this world or not. For my part, I'm sick of such a life. Why, it is just worse than no life at all. A person might as well be—I don't know where, as to think of going through a life career in such a way. Just think of it—get up in the morning, and "don't use those large potatoes—get

the small ones—they won't keep so well; and that codfish—"—a sigh—and, "well, the stove smokes—the wood is wet—the codfish smells, and baked apples—two kinds—sour and sweet. Graham bread, corn bread, and pudding—O, pudding, how could they eat it? It makes me sick to see a breakfast topped off with it," she sighed, and would have continued, had not Mary interrupted.

"Your experience has been varied."

"Not very. One uniform course has been the rule. Then dinner—how much can be saved, that's the question? First, potatoes—small ones—with the skins on, and corn bread, and baked apples, sweet and sour, two kinds. For dessert, pie, sweetened with molasses, with the crust so tough as to answer very well for sole-leather. You must not use much shortening—it is expensive, and lard will sell—sell for money. Rob our stomachs and put the money in the bank. After dinner what? Patch, patch, patch. If nothing else can be found patch sheets; patch pillow cases; patch bed quilts. O, gracious. Not a single new sheet or pillow-case has been brought into the house since I was born. The drawers are full of them—enough to last another generation with the same treatment. If there is no patching to be done—a fact that rarely occurs—we can sew carpet rags—rags made of the patches which have been worn as patches over and over again, until there is not strength enough to hold them together. Even the very garment loses its identity with patches. It is difficult to tell which was the original piece."

"Why, you don't say. One would think you was poor—very poor—brought up in straightened circumstances," Andrew said.

"Straightened circumstances," it is worse than that. I really believe the poorest day-laborer indulges his family with more luxuries than we have ever enjoyed. To think of spending every day throughout the year in

this way, cannot be very fascinating. At any rate, it is not to me.

"Do let us have a truce. Let us play a more important game. Let us sigh out our loves," and they each breathed out a long sigh. "Thus lovers feel, I suppose," Andrew said, and they laughed. George looked at Mary; with Andrew's look was mingled a pitying element, which seemed to say, "you may be gratified in your wishes." Possibly, her most sanguine anticipations may be realized. She did not stop to think that the inauguration of the course which she proposed would lead, in the end, to the opposite result from that towards which most people find it pleasant to direct the energies of their being. The commencement would be but the beginning. Each day would bring forth new wants, which, as fast as they were gratified, would produce others. The fact of simple indulgence would not quench the desire. The desire for greater indulgence would grow out of all proportion to the means. It would not make any difference how great these were, they could not keep pace with the growing desire, fed, as it would be, by vanity and the approbation of the vulgar—two stimulants which no means can fully supply.

"Matilda will have to marry rich, for all I see," Andrew said, "for no moderate man will ever be able to supply the means which will be required to make life pleasant and desirable."

"Of course she will," said Mary Jane, "and I don't know of a better chance than Andrew—"

"O, pshaw," he interrupted, "we are not marriageable. We are young yet—don't want to think about it for years."

"I never shall marry; I declare to goodness I never will," she replied, emphatically. "The idea! I would not be obliged to put up with so many inconveniencies and sacrifices. That is just what is the matter, and the root of the evil is marriage. I would rather stay here as

I am and endure the evils that exist, that I know already, than to change and put up with those I know nothing of. It would be fostering that which should be crushed out, and it can be done in no other way so well as by celibacy. So here I go for a warfare against niggardliness and wet days—the former, of which is unnecessary, and the latter never comes. Is not the means equal to existence? Or does being go ahead of subsistence? Is not God just? Would he create beings without giving the means by which that being could be maintained? Or must the being dishonor the Maker by resorting to means which the Maker cannot justify? Which is the most dishonorable, to steal right out and out, or to live a course of life that is but one step removed from stealing? Can a man be benevolent and miserly? Can he be charitable and selfish? Can he glorify God and himself at the same time? If he does not live in the elements of truth and righteousness, he dishonors the Cause, and if he dishonors the Cause, he dishonors himself; therefore, he who lives to himself, lives a corrupt and evil life.”

“Matilda, you are crazy. There is but the semblance of truth in all you have said. I wish mother were here. She would not put up with this a minute. It is useless. Live as you are pleased, and let others do the same. People do not wish to be bored to death with these sophistries,” George said.

“O, you shut up. I guess I can talk if I’m a mind to for all you,” she replied.

“That’s right. I would say as much if I felt disposed to. This having the power to talk and make no use of it, is certainly no advantage. Might as well be dumb, eh?” Andrew asked.

“I don’t care, I think these disquisitions entirely out of place in such a company as this, and I for one will not endure it,” said George, more angrily than ever.

“Well you see, George,” said Andrew, “it is with us

and us alone. We are about entering upon a career, of which these are the infant steps. Life has been solving previously ; but let us solve it, as our tastes and judgment shall prescribe. It is well enough to differ. We don't expect to agree. Life is made up of opposing elements—conflicting and destructive. If you pick out the right kind of a wife, she will neutralize your conceptions of life and duty, and you will hers ; thus the two together will sail along over smooth seas, whereas if you both thought alike, ten to one you didn't destroy each other. 'Such is life.' We couldn't make it different, if we would. It must be allowed to flow in its even tenor," Andrew said, coming to the rescue of his inamorato.

"I admit all that ; but what is the use of making it a hobby to the perpetual annoyance of ourselves, and well-meaning people—people who live the best they can ? They sometimes err—it is human to err ; it is natural. It would not be life without error. Nothing grows and is matured without conflicting with opposing elements ; we all expect them, but not in such a place as this. There is a time and place ; please let them be observed. If we must be dissected let it be done in such way most pleasant to be endured. Report it by casual remark, not by a long lecture. We can take quite palatably in small draughts what would be nauseating in large quantities. Besides, what is taken thus is digested and assimilated, and becomes incorporated in our growth, whereas administered, as this has been to night, clogs the stomach, stops prudential life, and death ensues. This, a misanthropist would not desire ; and a benefactor of mankind would certainly have more wisdom than to nullify his own efforts in such a stupid way.

"Well, come, sweet lady, I must dig out of this. See the evening has glided so swiftly that we have not realized the fleeting moments," Andrew said, taking out his watch, and examining with curious nonchalance the dial plate.

"O, never mind, there are other days and nights coming," Matilda said, glancing at the watch he held up for her inspection. "We cannot live this life over again, even if we wish; we may as well make the best of it as we go along," he said, looking with curious indifference at the watch, as he spoke. They kissed each other all around, then separated to their several homes.

We must now return and give a short history of Andrew's proceedings previous to this time. We have had so much to say, and will have in the future, that we shall be unable to give this in detail, so we run it up in one short paragraph. He had been terribly in love with Mary Jane. He had waited on her considerably, and had carried the subject so far, to think, if not to mention the final proposition; but Matilda, viewing the subject as most ladies do, had managed the case so admirably as to estrange him from the idol of his affections forever. It may be that Mary was not so desirous of this alliance as he was, which fact may have had a tendency to inspire his passion rather than to allay it. During the course of such proceedings between intimate and constantly associated friends words and messages are often exchanged, which in the heat of passion or resentment friends would take but little notice, especially if the attendant circumstances are taken into consideration. If in love, an allowance is made, for accidental circumstances such as occur always nothing will be said against an absence or neglect of duty; and if in anger, we say or do something not in accord with our good impulses, the love of the other will overlook it. One having a selfish object in view can take the most trivial fact, and distorting it by jealousy and love, make it assume a shape and color which it would not have, were it examined by a friendly critic. A letter undated, which Matilda had received from Andrew, on a previous occasion, when the warm blood of youth fired his life with energetic hope, and before his more warm attachment for Mary Jane had

developed into its after strength, she showed to Mary Jane. It was enough. She would have nothing to do with him. A man who played on two fiddles could not play second to her—no indeed. She would show him, and she did when he came again. She arose to the majesty of the occasion. "Don't you ever come here again. Don't you ever speak to me. I won't have anything to do with you, false, hypocritical knave. You are a dissembler; you are a double-faced Janus. Its a kind I'll never have around me. I want the whole of a man or none. Go, I won't have a word from you," and she slammed the door in his face, and left him to take care of himself. Now this all could have been explained to everybody's entire satisfaction, had she been a little patient, and stopped a moment to listen to him. They met often after this, but the subject was never renewed, as she failed to give him that encouragement which he thought due. He, as we observed on the evening just referred to, seemed willing to forget the severe language she had so unmercifully inflicted upon him, explain, if such were necessary, and be, as before, on good terms. There may have been influences at work which would account for her coldness; but these we leave out of debate, and leave all to judge by the conduct, which we know, whether it were prudent or not. Of motives we can know but little, and this is superficial.

Thus we find people every day saying and doing things which result in misfortune, and even death, without stopping to think whether all could not have been avoided by the exercise of prudence and common sense. They all seem to take pleasure in barring the course to prosperity—at least nearly all—and those who are favored by fortune, it is by the succession of events which, in the main, are wholly without the reach of control. Of course, man makes his own fortune, but it is in such a manner, the peculiar and devious ways of which, are unknown and uncomprehended by him before he com-

mences. He, and so does women too, casts himself on a sea where rough and angry waters are continually surging around him. Disaster and death stare him in the face on every side. If he gets over this billow, another threatens him. He steers with eager, watching eye through storms and sunshine, through darkness and gloom, between rocks and over sand-bars, where the least deviation from a correct line would precipitate him to unrecoverable ruin. His pathway is one beset with continual peril, which he does not realize at the time, but after it is over, and he looks back over the course he has just come, wondering how he got through so well. He cannot tell how, nor does he know. Every emergency of life requires the exercise of knowledge not before brought into use. No two circumstances are exactly alike, nor will like means answer for the solution of similar difficulties. He must discover new energies for overcoming new and unexpected contingencies. Herein is the cause of failure. New exigencies arise out of all proportion to the energies to grapple with them. Natural productions grow faster than those of a purely artificial character. The mind cannot keep pace with the exuberant growth of nature, fostered, as it is, by the many surrounding elements which nature lends to her offspring. It would naturally be thought that the mind, being the twin-sister of nature, would develop her incipient energies as rapidly as the growing incarnations by which it is surrounded; but the demoralizing influence of self-gratification, tend to neutralize the virtue that is imparted by the increase of natural growth. Men and women rather do those things that are the most easy to be performed, without stopping to burden the mind by considerations of prudence. They would rather obey the natural impulse, than be influenced by considerations involving time for the discovery, and sacrifice of present pleasures of the moment, which is supposed to be certain, than to wait for a far sweeter pleasure, in the future, which may possibly

be uncertain, but which is no less sure, as we have the very best authority, that of Christ himself, "that bread cast upon the waters will be gathered after many days."

So with Mary Jane. She never for a moment stopped to think of the ulterior consequences which would be sure to follow from the present gratification of her resentment. She didn't care. No; she would have her say if the heavens and earth fell into chaos. If she had known as certainly as the pleasures she enjoyed, of the sighs, and tears, and sorrow, and death, which would ensue, would she not have stopped? Would she not consider? It is extremely doubtful. Such a course would be opposed to all history, and the natural order of events. It is yet to be recorded that women ever sacrifice present pleasure for fear of future pain—that is in example—so of this kind. With isolated instances we have nothing to do. We deal with the world as it flies. Woman has, sometimes, influenced by the excessive development of one energy of being, sacrificed herself for her duty. She has suffered and endured ten thousand times more than was her lot, all of which was imposed by her lack of discretion. The causes wherein she appeared to suffer more, she really endured less, because her heart and soul were engaged in the work, and she prepared herself for the burdens which the position naturally required of her. The energies of her being were all concentrated towards the accomplishment of the work she had taken in hand. The trials she expected, and she nerved herself for them, and as a consequence they were completely shorn of their bitterness. For the work, she grew in the strength to perform, so that the last labor which was more exacting and difficult to be performed than the first, was really the easiest. But in the case we are discussing, women wish for all pleasures, never for a moment considering they can be enjoyed only with pain, and when disappointment or misfortune comes, they are wholly unprepared to endure what the exigencies of the

moment inflict. They have not been schooled in the elements of misfortune. They expect all the time gentle breezes and the pleasures which arise from their selfish indulgence ; when storms come up, the occasion of most of which they were the direct cause—they also are the result of nature's laws—they are wholly unprepared to endure the shipwreck. Those who have lived in the midst of shipwrecks all their lives, fish and hunt, enjoying all pleasures within the reach of such pursuits ; the thought never for a moment occurs to them that they are ever unhappy ; nor can others be so whom fate has thus casually thrown into their midst. The one looks forward to the pleasures that are lost ; while the other cannot look towards pleasures of which nothing is known. The present position is contrasted with the one which is just perceived, and the prospect is one that does not in the least encourage a hope that a change as sudden and unexpected will ever place them again in their former happy circumstances. Those, on the contrary, who have lived all their lives battling with the adverse elements which seem to oppose them, look forward with confidence and hope of soon entering a harbor, where, if storms do come, their experience which has been acquired on more dangerous seas, will here enable them to weather successfully the little squalls which would naturally intrude into such an isolated place. In all upward progress the skies are always growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and those who follow an aggressive career are better and better prepared for enjoying the pleasures which the position affords, and for battling against the elements which afford such moderate indulgence ; whereas, on the other hand, those who go the downward course are constantly growing weaker and weaker, unable to enjoy the bright sunshine, when it comes out ; and when it is clouded both by natural causes and those within, a dark and oppressive gloom settles all around, overshadowing all the faculties which the God of nature has so kindly bestowed for the enjoyment of the

blessings which his munificence has conferred. The power to partake of the blessings of God is equal, and if we make a right use of it we shall be abundantly rewarded by the increase of happiness, which will as surely be enjoyed.

This is the excuse and reason for the development of the knowledge whereby the most good may be partaken of, and the most evil avoided; and from whatever source that knowledge may be conveyed to us that will add to the one, and alleviate the other, we should hail with rapturous enthusiasm.

Develop, therefore, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual attributes of our being. Enlarge the former by constant training and observation; the second by judiciously measuring the justice of opposing things; the latter by the study of the life and principles of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. The intellect must be first in order, without which fanaticism and bigotry result; without the second anarchy and confusion; and without the last degradation, loss of influence, self-respect and power. We care not how intellectually wise and great a man may be, if he have not the love of Christ glowing in his heart, he will have narrow views of life and things, besides living in a narrow sphere, shedding no radiance on surrounding life more bright and joyous than his own. He will grow in the elements of wit and sarcasm, taking more pleasure in sneering upon faults and follies, which his own life more fosters than corrects. He will live in regions above the common people, never deigning for once to come down to them, partaking of their griefs and sorrows, thus lessening them and ministering to their joys, thus increasing them, both to his own and their enjoyment. And the influence of witty skepticism upon society and the surrounding world is one to be deplored by every benefactor of his race. It will lead to still worse results; for the course once begun tends down and down to civil anarchy and social wretchedness. By all means then, throw all encouragement in the way of

spiritual development, but do not for a moment let it lead ; better keep it back, for more injury will result from fanaticism than from any other cause. Its effects will be more lasting and more difficult to grow out of. For an illustration of these truths look at Spain, and then at France. Both have arrived at nearly equally conditions of life by following almost directly opposite courses. The conflict between intellectualism and fanaticism was hard and bitter ; but the former, through its own inherent strength and the force infused by Voltaire and others of his school, obtained the mastery ; but it was such a mastery as left a large and powerful minority—a minority which is, at this late day, felt in the councils of the nation, as well as in its social life. It was too near Spain and Italy, wherein bigotry had obtained such a firm footing as not to be easily eradicated. Spain, O, Spain ! We fear for thee, there is but little hope. Commence again and build upward, but do not build exclusively on the rock of faith. It will not stand, though Christ may be the corner stone. Religion, without the other two attributes of being, is more hurtful than no religion whatever ; for we claim to-day that France is better off under the teaching of wit and skepticism, than Spain under that of religious intolerance.

Commence, therefore, O, woman, darling angel of hope, of life, and heaven, at the root of the trouble, and infuse into your own mind and practice the principles of Christ, without which there is nothing on earth worth living for. Love. Love one another, and all those who love you. By instinct and the intelligence which are our natural inheritance, you can tell whether others love you, or are influenced by grosser motives. It is the object to be secured, not so much the means. Do you aim at selfish pleasure or the good that may redound to the well-being of the world ? This is the question. Consider which you will serve, the body that perisheth, or principle which endureth forever. The former will end in the grave, the latter will be as enduring as time.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE RICH, THE GAY, AND THE BEAUTIFUL ARE
REPRESENTED.

It was about the middle of September. The sun was shining through a hazy atmosphere, all clear besides, reflecting from the quiet bosom of the lake, the houses and trees and shrubbery, orchards and meadows, which everywhere lined the shores. The flocks and herds, the shocked corn and buckwheat, with laborers on the adjacent hills, were sweetly reflected from the pearly depths.

No frost had yet come ; but a few of the leaves, on the older trees, were loosening their hold on the mother stem, and, as the tie became each moment weaker, and weaker they came fluttering to the ground. A gentle breeze agitated the otherwise calm serenity of the scene. It was a day which, when we once see, we never afterwards forget ; especially if some event of serious import to our present happiness or sorrow causes us to take particular notice of the surrounding things. The peculiar emotions, too, of love, of joy, of revenge—if we are ever guilty of such feelings—or of sorrow, all lend their influence to deepen the impression made by material things. Afterwards, as we look over the past, when all these feelings are tamed by the graver reflections of age, we are led anew to recall some of the incidents by which our early life was made sweet and enjoyable, or sad and sorrowful, when some of those most dearly associated with us are laid away in the tomb, thus mingling the grave with the gay, and grief with joy.

The morning had passed in such desultory duties as ladies would naturally find in a household in which all the comforts and luxuries were abundantly supplied. It was first breakfast, in a morning wrapper and slippers; after which with arctic's slipped on, to prevent chilliness from the gentle dew which glistened in sparkling gems on leaf and stem of the closely shorne lawn, they had sauntered out picking flowers, watering beds, parched by the long continued drouth, and training vines that require the fostering care of the nursery, even till late in the season. Tired of this, the ladies repaired to the piazza that overlooks the scene we have imperfectly described, and sigh for some new diversion. Croquet is played out. It is too cold to sail on the lake, even if the breeze were stiff enough to make such amusement enlivening and pleasant; besides, it would seem almost sacriligious to mar the serene aspect by propelling the keel, even though slowly, through the rippling wavelets. It is more beautiful to contemplate; in fact, nearly all the pleasures of sense are enjoyed by the contemplation of those in the past. These brought forward in connection with the present, enables those of an imaginative turn of mind to fully partake again of those amusements, which, at the time, engaged our whole attention, and permit the indulgence again, a joyful occasion of almost every faculty of the being.

"I declare, Orlu, I don't know what to do. I'm tired doing nothing," Minnie said, as she kicked the broughans off, and seated herself in a rocking chair.

"Let's run down to the post-office. It will relieve us for the time being of anxiety, besides be a benefit to us," Orlu replied.

"Well, let us wait awhile and see if something new won't turn up in the shape of an unexpected entertainment, which will beguile the slowly dragging hours to their final destiny. It seems as if we were tied by the conventionalities of life to a course of listless ennui.

Men can meet in their club rooms, on the corners, in the street, talk politics and horse, in the intervals of business; while we must sit in the house, step in the carriage and off, a little way, step back on our return into the dungeon of our greatness; or, when we sicken of this, we can step into the boat and sail around and around in the hot sun."

"I would n't complain if I were in your place, for there are many who would be glad to exchange places with you and enjoy, as you now do, some of the superfluous pleasures you think so lightly of," Orlu replied.

"I do not doubt it. They would, in a year or two, be as sick of it as I am. I think sometimes I would willingly trade with the poor girl who washes our dishes, if I could be as happy as she is. It makes me envy her to see her enjoying herself so much—singing the live-long day, as if not a thought of gloom ever darkened the sunshine of her soul," Minnie said.

"I don't think she would ask anything to boot. Try her sometime and see how willing she will be to exchange. I should not wonder if she would be glad to give you her earnings for a few weeks, as a further inducement," Orlu said, as an arch smile lit up her happy face, made thrice beautiful by mentally contrasting her pleasant circumstances with those of others less fortunately blessed.

"O, of course she would; but that does not contradict the truthfulness of my assertion, that she would soon get sick of it, and wish herself back to her work again," Minnie mechanically replied.

"Then, if her's were the most onerous, you would stick to the trade, and hold her to her's."

"I think I would. Well, come let us go down. It will take some little time, during which we may possibly enjoy ourselves."

"Let us ride, it is so hot, and—and I don't know; it is pleasant," she returned reflectively.

"No, O, no; let us walk, we will enjoy it fully as much. I declare to goodness, I hate riding this dusty weather. I wish it would rain. Everything is all dried up—and dust—there is nothing but dust. See how it looks across there. I wonder if that is dust. It must be flies. I'll bet it is the Colorado locusts. The lake is provoking. I wonder paw don't fix this awning; see, there is a rent there, and the sun comes blazing through. It is horrid—perfectly horrid. I wish I were a servant girl, then none of these torments would trouble me," said Minnie as she scowlingly glanced up and around, noticing every little accident, without once observing the thousand beauties everywhere spread before her.

"Don't for pity sake find fault with our position. I think it is the most desirable of any to be had in the world. You have forgotten what a fine time we had this summer sailing on the lake, and romping in the woods, and camping on the beach with Richard, and that horrid Charles Peck. It was really enjoyable. You know we ran and jumped over that pole stretched across the lane to keep the cows from coming too near the house. You know you fell over it and rolled half way down to the shore. Wasn't that good milk we got there? That was a happy home to which we went, besides being nice and clean. What a bevy of happy children were playing in the yard. You've forgotten all this?" she asked, trying to awaken the recollection of the most happy events. In this, however, she was but partly successful. The conclusion of her remarks brought up memories of scenes in which they both imagined themselves much happier than they had ever been since. She once had played in happy abandon around her father's door; but now new scenes and strange events were coming up before her, with which she felt herself unable to contend. The allusion, however, to the joyous scenes on the shore and elsewhere touched the right cord, and while she tried to persuade herself they were among the most common-

place events, there was a ray of joy at the mere mention of ludicrous scenes which she could not conceal. Rousing herself from the momentary reverie in which the recital of the past had thrown her, she said :

"Yes, I know, those were happy times. But somehow they do not seem to fill up the void—they do not satisfy. There is something more. Follow up this life day in and day out, and how vague it seems—how meaningless—how full of nothing—how utterly inadequate to satisfy the longing desire of—of, I don't know what you call it. There is more, and what it is I'm at a loss to tell. Only think, we have followed this kind of life now these ten years, each no happier, nor more sorrowful than the last, without the addition of a single new phase to relieve the uniformity of succeeding events. I almost regret that my lot was not cast in a sphere in which I might see more of the vicissitudes, and less of this continued monotonous happiness. I tire of Richard, and of Dan, and of that other, the worst of the three, Charles. They are alike in one respect, yet they differ in every other, and none of them is what I like, what I admire, and what I wish to see in a man."

"For heaven's sake, what is it, Min., that troubles you. You are not in love, are you?"

"Fish, no. Can't I say anything without being in love? I was thinking what constituted a man."

"Better think what constitutes a woman. Divine your own nature before you pass out to the study of a nature, not radically different from your own. For my part I can see nothing so reprehensible in either of the first named gentlemen; to the latter I might object, but it is pleasant to while away an hour with him, when you tire of the tame homage of less enthusiastic spirits. They are all pleasant and sociable, and make agreeable companions for the time. How they will wear I know not, nor do I wish to learn."

"May be you will, however, before you get through."

"I guess not. As for that, may be you will. Who can tell? It is not for us to anticipate the future by trying to tell what it will bring forth, for the demands of to-day will require all the energies of our being to unravel the complicated mysteries with which each day comes laden," Orlu said.

"There can be no harm in thinking what may possibly chance, and in trying to prepare ourselves for the reception of events, for which we have the most affinity."

"To what are you drifting, girl? Really, I begin to have some apprehensions for you. I'll tell you if I hear much more of this wild scheming. Something has taken possession of you of late, for I never heard you talk so much at random before. Affinity. Is it necessary to prepare for affinities? I thought nature did all that. Well, come, its noon, and we have n't taken that walk. How swiftly the hours have glided by this forenoon. I wish we could interest ourselves with such conversations every day."

"Well, I don't. It is perfect nonsense. If there is nothing of more importance to talk about, then I think we had better engage our services to some farmer to make butter and do general housework. In this diversion we could not only while away the time, but we would be actually useful in contributing something to the bettering of the world. There's dinner; let us go and partake of food, we have done nothing to produce or prepare." Saying which they both arose and proceeded to the dining room where a sumptuous repast was spread.

They took their seats. Their father was not at home. The care of the house devolved entirely upon the mother and this, with the numerous guests who visited there during the summer season, made it a somewhat onerous duty; but she liked it. On this, as on all other similar occasions, she superintended the affairs of the

table. Cousins and gentlemen friends were there, but they would not be expected to take any part in waiting on the table, as this duty devolved entirely upon the waiter even when the father was present, an event which was but occasional, as his business in New York would not permit a long absence. He whipped up though like a meteor whenever a lull permitted, and staid a day or two, then returned to his counter, check-book, receipts and bonds. Such was his life in the summer.

Orlu took some soup, but Minnie refused, "saying she was not hungry and needed but little." Her cousin, Samuel French, who sat opposite, observing her languid and indifferent appearance, said: "You don't look well to-day, Min., what's the matter?"

"O, nothing, whatever. I don't like soup, and I thought a piece of lamb would be all I require. What makes you look so incredulous?" she asked, noting the half serious, half comical smile that played upon his face.

"I was thinking how hard you was laboring to persuade yourself of the truth of your own suggestions."

"We have had a lengthy argument to-day on matters and things, and I believe she is affected by hypochondria," Orlu said.

"No, I may have a touch of the blues, but I think nothing serious will result. With quiet and care, I shall be able to attend to the multifarious duties which devolve upon one in my position," she said.

"Yes, your cares are arduous, I must confess; I wonder you are not all broken down; but come, cheer up, look on the bright side, we don't wish to see you droop for lack of encouraging sympathy. We will ride this afternoon and this will drive oppressive thoughts away. It is too nice weather to be down hearted," Sammy said.

The dishes being removed, the dessert was served with Madeira, pine-apple, and fruit cake. There was honey, maple syrup, and fritters for those who liked them—and most everybody did. They were delicious. Their ap-

petites were not equal to the occasion. If such a dinner could have been furnished wood-choppers and lumbermen, we think they would have done ample justice to the viands so temptingly and lavishly spread. As it was, each tasted and nibbled of dishes as if they had been unfit to eat, whereas they were the very best that could have been provided. Minnie grumbled; nothing suited her. The lamb was cooked too much; the potatoes were soggy; the corn was too ripe and the beans too hard; the beef looked good, but she could not eat it; her's was a hard life—she could n't find anything to eat. The wine was sour; the Madeira was strong; the honey was rancid; the half of a fritter which she ate with some syrup had already caused a heart-burn. There was nothing she did not find fault with. Orlu was as happy as a bee, and she tried to infuse her joyous spirit into the mind of her dyspeptic sister.

The dinner concluded, the company repaired to the parlor and there awaited the arrival of the horses and carriages which would convey them down to the village, and thence over some of the best roads and through the most lovely scenery to be found in the Empire State. One of the ridge roads would be selected to-day, and the other to-morrow, so if anything was lost through inattention, it would be more than compensated on the following day by the greatly increased beauty of things, which, by being unanticipated, lent a gorgeousness which at other times would not have been observed. The mind does much to heighten or lessen our conception of things. When we are expecting some grand and imposing spectacle, we revel in the anticipation of glorious beauties, which, when we arrive there, we find wholly below the magnificent ideas we had entertained. Go over the same ground on a subsequent occasion, and we are enraptured at beauties we had never before observed. On looking for the grand and beautiful, we overlook the little things that constitute the great whole. The beauties in minia-

ture are everywhere and consist in the sights and sounds of little things. If we fail to observe these, as we certainly will do if we look for anything great, we fail to observe the gorgeous splendors which are as thickly scattered around as the glistening dew drops, the chirping crickets and katy-dids, which in every shady nook and corner sound forth the glories of creation. The sweetly scented herbs, and grass, and flowers, all lend their fragrance to enhance the beauties we observe through the medium of our visionary conceptions.

While waiting for the horses the company prepared such wraps as were deemed essential to their comfort. A light neck-shawl would be of service on their homeward return in the evening. The morning slippers were replaced by heavier shoes buttoned tightly up the ankle, and with the fig leaf on the head secured by a gossamer veil, they soon thought themselves ready for the journey. Minnie was the first to whine at the delay of the carriages, which she thought were uncommonly slow in putting in an appearance. At this unexpected moment who should light down upon the scene but Dan, Mary Douglas, and the lively, the gay, the artless, and the more than all the rest, the pretty Arlo Brown. It was a genuine and welcome surprise. Minnie was rejoiced. She ran to the carriage with the joyousness of one just liberated from prison and received the trusting Arlo in her arms, and she kissed her with provoking frequency. They were reciprocated with equal warmth and sincerity. Orлу was equally demonstrative in the friendliness of her reception.

Samuel seemed to take special pleasure in viewing the osculatory greeting which he may have thought unnecessarily profuse. He did not receive Dan in the same friendly manner, though they were as much attached to each other as two ladies' men can be consistently.

After the horses had been cared for, they repaired

to the parlor where a gay company was already assembled, the wraps having been removed, and no signs of a contemplated journey were anywhere to be seen. The horses were standing impatiently attached to the carriage in the barn, but, as the newly arrived were seen to drive up, Samson, the driver, thought it best to wait further orders before presenting them at the door. He acted wisely; for it would have disconcerted the plans of the hostess to have it thought by the guests, they intended to drive out. She wished to be ready and glad to see them. It was a happy company, though they were governed by those formal rules, and affected manners then, as now, in vogue in this class of society. Otherwise, they were gentlemanly and lady like in their deportment. There was, however, rather more affectation on the part of Samuel and his relatives than with Dan and his company. These last dwelt more with the rough side of the world; while the latter were thrown continually in the class of which their own was the counterpart, thus presenting them to only one side of life. It is that life, too, which if one take no other view of it will lead further and further from what may be termed a correct ideal—the ideal that is equally distant from either of the extremes of vulgarity, and the stilled conventionalism of the aristocracy. This extreme had been sedulously guarded against in the family of Mr. French; but it had tintured them all with its influence to the extent we have heretofore intimated by mis-calling some names by the addition of a broader letter. The evil had not grown to that extent as to make it a subject of ridicule; on the whole, it was a subject over which any one might well be proud for having succeeded so admirably as Mr. French, in guarding himself and family against one of the most glaring evils which can beset a person in this circle of society.

As Dan and Samuel entered the parlor they found the ladies in those agreeable exchanges of delight which are

so characteristic of lady friends. They were mutually surprised and delighted at the pleasure thus afforded in meeting with their friends. The French's had not expected them, though they had hoped soon to enjoy the pleasure of again entertaining their fair guests at their home. On the other side, they had contemplated this visit a long time, but unforeseen contingencies had thus far prevented.

"You know," Arlo said, "when you make up your mind to call on some particular friends something will happen to prevent it, just at the time you least expect."

"We were coming last week, on—let me see—Thursday, was n't it? yes, when Arlo received a call from that horrid old what-do-ye-call-him, Peck or Pick, or some such name, and she could n't get away from him. He sticks like a burr," Mary said.

"I don't see how you can tolerate him," said Minnie; "for my part, I know I should grow crazy to be pestered to death, as you must be, by his importunity."

"Impudence, rather," said Arlo.

"As you like. You must know which it is," said Min.

"If he sticks, you must succumb, Arlo," Dan said, for no lady ever yet held out against persistent, incessant, never-ending solicitation.

"I won't. I've told him so a dozen times, and father has kicked him out of the house; but he has such a fund of assurance and cheek that it is impossible not to feel a little sympathy for him. For my part, though, I detest him, I cannot deny he is entertaining," Arlo said, miserably.

"It is the first step to love," said Sam. "When once you feel like that, you may be sure the next move you make it will be one towards the reception and granting of still more confidence and esteem."

"As a man, he is wholly devoid of the first essentials;

as a being, he challenges our respect for the illustration of certain faculties which are remarkably absent in other representatives of his sex," said Arlo.

"What are they? Do tell us, so that if they are desirable we may cultivate them, if, indeed, there is the germs of them in us, in order that we may worthily ingratiate ourselves into your good graces," said Dan.

"O, it is not necessary or desirable. I have enough of effrontery now. But if you will allow me to enlarge the vision of your understanding, I will say it is audacious mendacity, in connection with perseverance under difficulties of the most formidable character, and bland temper on occasions, and an entire absence of all resentment—qualities which are generally in the near neighborhood of those we deem objectionable," Arlo continued.

"I would not advise you to cultivate them even for so desirable an object as the good will of one most worthy to receive the flattering demonstrations of the most gallant knight," said Minnie.

"Pshaw, Min., this is another freak of your misanthropy," said Orlu, while her face assumed a look of pity and displeasure.

"She is right. By jove she is. You are jealous, Orlu, while she is studying to develop some of the best feelings of the human heart," said Sammy, coming to the rescue of his persecuted cousin, who, he thought, was giving over to the selfish motives which were animating the passions of Orlu.

"I believe in justice—in the right balancing of opposing elements. We can stay here but a short time. We can have the command of our being but a little while, and as long as we have it, it is but honorable to make our life an honor to ourselves. We can do this only by so conforming to the laws of the Divine ideal that their reflection will be a source of continual pleasure to all those who may come within the radius of our influence,"

said Minnie, defending her position with a spirit and eloquence far beyond her years.

"You can do this, in the best way then, by putting the lie upon the being you are about to honor. Is the first step to the ideal Divine paved with falsehood?" asked Orlo, exultantly. She asked these questions in the spirit of one who thought it impossible that they could be correctly answered in the maintenance of the principle which Minnie had advanced.

"Is it necessarily false to honor the principles of God? Is it a lie to do unto others as you would that they should do unto us?" Minnie asked.

"No; but I fail to see the connection that these questions have to the subject."

"You do; if so, I fail to perceive the wisdom which was indicated by your first questions," Minnie exultantly replied.

"Well, do explain yourself more fully. Do let us hear it. We will have a polemical discussion, which, I fear, will not be so entertaining to our callers," said Samuel, in the hopes of putting a stop to the further consideration of a subject which he thought was not likely soon to end. Arlo's moral reflections were somewhat agitated by the few questions she had heard propounded, and, wishing to see her friend justified in the position she had assumed, said:

"O, yes, it is. Do proceed. Indeed, I'm more interested in this subject than in any other you might propose. I would willingly hear you argue all the afternoon. I shall come up often if you regale me with such intellectual food every time."

"Come, Minnie, you have the floor. Enlighten us on this abstruse point," said Dan, encouraging her to proceed with the somewhat difficult argument she had taken upon herself to maintain.

"Well, then, in the first place if she fails to perceive the fitness of the illustration, how can I hope to be un-

derstood, even though I illuminate it so clearly that the most obtuse cannot fail to recognize the truth which is presented?"

"Make it intelligible, and we will warrant you we will see the force of the illustration as plainly as you see it yourself. A person who sees not a subject clearly, cannot make others see it; and we shall judge you by this standard; if we do not comprehend the matter fully, it must follow, that you have but a vague conception of it yourself, and, therefore, you must be wholly unequal to the task of enlightening others on a subject of which you have no correct idea," said Orlu.

"You will acknowledge, in the first place, that the principles of God are honorable?" Minnie asked.

"Yes, if they can be illustrated without positive detriment to ourselves," Orlu answered.

"Nay, but I must have no conditions to this proposition. If the principles of God are not honorable, it follows they must be dishonorable—a position which no rational being will force upon another. He must be honorable else my argument, and all Christianity, falls to the ground. Admitting, then, what you must deny, the truth of my first proposition, and all the rest readily follows. It is right and honorable that I concede to Arlo merits which will abundantly reward the enterprise of the most worthy man. In saying this, I say as I would feel if I were in her place, and as I hope she is able to say in regard of me —"

"But which she will not in this presence," said Dan, interruptingly.

"I will, too. She is deserving of all our loves," said Arlo, flushed with the most pleasing emotions, which she endeavored to conceal.

"And especially yours," Sammy chimed in.

"Yes, and thine also," said Arlo, the color changing to a shade of indignation, which was instantly succeeded by one of careless satire. She did n't care when loving

principle was at issue. No one could make fun of her for loving so good a being a Minnie, even though it might savor of selfishness.

"Well, go on. You have not yet concluded the argument? You would not have said what you have did you know to a certainty that by so doing you would have lost one of the best chances in the world, would you?" Dan asked.

"Certainly I would. What is a chance in this world to be compared to all those which are sure to follow in the world to come?" asked Minnie.

"Of these, we know nothing. Our business is with the present. If we make a right use of the present, the happiness of the future will follow as a consequence. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"Not necessarily. With savages that will answer. They will enjoy as much as their moderate capacity will allow. You would not be content to accept of their position in the world to come?" asked Minnie.

"No. I don't know as I would," Orlu replied.

"Such would be the just reward of savage conduct; and if God is just, he certainly will mete out to every one his just deserts. If we live as savages here we can but expect a savage's reward; and if we live as savages we consider only the first impulse, and base our conduct on considerations affecting our personal interest. This is as far as savages look, and if we look no further, then we are no better than they are, though blessed with greater facilities for a better and juster comprehension of the great truths which are the basis of human life. If we are to illustrate the Golden rule we are to consider other interests as paramount to our own, and endeavor to foster them. I trust I have made this as intelligible as the subject will admit," Minnie said, looking in triumph upon her friends, who regarded her with feelings of equal wonder and admiration.

"It seems to me as if I had heard something very sim-

ilar to this doctrine before," said Arlo, smiling at the singular complication and conflict of things which the ideas presented seemed to arouse. She liked the principle when it was carried out with reference to herself; but there seemed to be a difficulty when the idea came, as naturally it would, that something devolved upon her, requiring an equal sacrifice as a—if not reward—then certainly, as an offset for that which she had received. On the whole, she did not like it; for there was something that would go along with these principles that was very distasteful to her. And this man who attempted to play such a part must, as a matter of course, think as much of others as of herself. She wished to be first in the affections of the man whom she should choose for life. If she had to wait on a man, sew his buttons on, and do all the drudgery incident to a domestic career, she wanted his entire and undivided affection. She felt as if she would be unwilling to sacrifice these even for the commendable object which was shadowed forth in the argument by which Minnie had so successfully maintained the unique position she had assumed.

"Carry the self-sacrifice further. Suppose there was a young man about here who possessed those qualities most dear to the feminine mind, and for whom you entertained a romantic passion, would you be willing to let Mary or Orлу have him—supposing it to be in your power to prevent it?" Arlo asked.

"If he preferred either of them to me, I would. The practical illustration of such a subject is not likely soon to come up for our consideration, I am happy to think; for the natural requirements of society forbid such a freak of nature," Minnie replied.

"It may come up sooner than you comprehend," Dan said. "I should like for one," he continued, "to see the whole system of moral law and Christian duty carried out to the very letter. We would see what a muddle somebody would make of it. I doubt not it would

be found to be wholly impracticable. People cannot do as they would be done by. Necessities frustrate it. When we are hungry we will feed ourselves first. And when we are cold we will crowd ourselves nearer the fire, even though somebody else is crowded back who may require the warmth more than we."

"Well, say, you have gone far enough. All these propositions can be answered. They are all of the nature of positivism, and will not bear the scrutiny which a non-selfish being would direct against them—one wholly alive to the importance of engrafting a nobler thought on the decaying branch of secular christianity would direct his thoughts to the accomplishment of higher purposes than the mere gratification of those selfish passions which have these many years held the world in bondage. The principle has had its day. It was useful, and it served its purpose; but now we are opening into a more grand and glorious vista. Broader and more generous views will obtain," said Minnie.

"These are mere assertions, and for the present require proof; for the future we have nothing to do. As fast as it unfolds itself, new energies will arise, new capacities of perception, and new conditions of life. Everything goes hand in hand with its necessary concomitants," Samuel said.

"Such thoughts do not spring up suddenly and grow into vigorous developments. They require time. Somebody must first avouch them. Somebody must go ahead and pilot the way through the dangers and obscurities that beset all progresses. It is not to be expected that a person in his parlor can pioneer a forest, nor can he partake of the sweet consciousness of having done a noble duty, without the toils and sufferings of a backwoodsman's life. It is the same in fields of thought, as in the natural world. There is something to be done and suffered. There are sacrifices to be endured. We must put up with those inconveniences that are incident to

such a life. We cannot expect warm and comfortable houses with the luxuries of life in the wilderness ; nor can we expect many other selfish gratifications when pioneering for the advance of moral conceptions. We cannot enjoy and preserve the means whereby that enjoyment can be preserved. If we consume the means we cannot expect they will minister a second time to our pleasure ; therefore, those pleasures of sense, to which you allude in your passional deductions, must be denied."

"Yes ; but suppose we deny ourselves for the time being in consequence of the unsettled condition of the country, will the time ever come in which those who succeed us will be enabled to partake of the fruits of our industry, in the same manner as we partake of the fruits of the industry of our forefathers who pioneered in the natural world that we might enjoy the pleasures that they denied themselves ?" Dan asked.

"Undoubtedly greater and more beneficent results would follow. We argue from the analogy of similar cases. From the foundation of the world, all moral and intellectual progresses have been followed by an increase of happiness, greatly in excess of any sacrifices which have heretofore been made. That is to say, more was enjoyed by reason of the progress than would have been had the people continued in their original barbaric condition. You will admit that the facilities for enjoyment to-day are greater than they were a thousand years ago—when wives were the slaves of their husbands, both morally, civilly, and socially ?" Minnie asked.

"Yes. But does it follow that this wild fancy of yours partakes of the nature of those reforms which have heretofore been made ?" Samuel asked.

"Most certainly. See what Christianity did by the acceptance of barely the Spirit of its teachings ; then, as now, the greater weight of all suffering fell upon women. She was expected to do all the work of provid-

ing for the household, in the earliest ages. In the one succeeding, her social condition was improved, but her civil status was worse, not because it was exacting, but because there was such a status for men as enabled them to protect and enforce their rights. Women had none. They had servants to work who could hire them. She could not sue. Her husband had the liberty of dismissal for the most trivial cause. She could claim nothing, not even her children, which were, by right and nature, her's as much as her husband's. She was but a chattle—a thing which a man might use or abuse as his caprice suggested. How much more everybody now enjoys by giving to woman her inalienable rights. We thought they were sacrificing a good deal when they gave these up one by one; but it redounded with greater happiness to them, as all such and every other similar sacrifice must. There is nothing else to do. There is no other advance to make, and we surely ought to go onward and upward so long as there is room and a need."

"I must say there is reason in her conclusions. I cannot say that I am satisfied. There is something about it that looks repulsive and wild. It is more than romantic. That don't begin to express it. As soon as you inaugurate such a thing you are there. You are not in a growing condition, but you have created a growth. You have stepped from a low position to the highest," Samuel said.

"No, I contend we are growing there, and this step is but the natural formation of previously accreted atoms. These have been all along maturing in the secret recesses of our being. We are, and have been, nourishing them by pondering long and seriously these questions. First, we rejoiced because of the added happiness which it was our lot to receive; then, to return our gratitude for these, we turned ourselves to thinking how we might contribute to the happiness of those who are to follow us —"

"Yes, and this is the result you have arrived at?" Orлу asked, interrupting her.

"They denied themselves, that we might enjoy a greater degree of happiness, and it is no more than our duty to make a like sacrifice that others may partake of still greater privileges."

"I see not justice in this. Because we enjoy a state of society to which we have grown by the natural condition of things, I cannot comprehend why we should adopt a means that are unnatural in order to attain a purely imaginary Eldorado, the functional characteristics of which no one has, as yet, a correct understanding. By the natural operations of laws we have arrived at our present state, and we enjoy a degree of happiness such as has never yet been vouchsafed to suffering humanity —"

"You don't understand me," she interrupted. This is not, nor can it be such a sudden growth as you intimate. A nation never rises in this way. People are never wholly possessed to move in an undertaking of this kind. They wish to think upon it. It must be digested to assimilate properly with growth. But few could be induced to adopt a practice, involving as it does, such personal sacrifice. While these few are feeling their way along the—to your mind—obscure path, they would be in, the enjoyment of a happiness of which we, as yet, have no adequate conception. This is slow. It is not a creation. Even the few who enter upon it have not, and will not, during their lives, arrive at a perfect state. They are only growing in the direction. They would not, if they kept on perpetually in the course, ever know, to a certainty, the exact moment and place, when they should arrive at a perfect state. It would be with such a society as it is with society now. No one can tell the time when growth ceases, and retrogression commences; because there are elements all the while at work that favor both these conditions of being. It is the same

in the vegetable kingdom. You cannot put your fingers on a tree or plant that is alive and growing, and say "death commences here." It might have begun years before, and it may not culminate years to come.

"By jove, she is right. You have made a proselyte of me. I will be baptized and join your church. I believe it is the most rational and progressive idea of any I have yet heard of," said Dan.

"There is no church or baptism necessary. Simply believe and act. Act up to the convictions of your sense of duty, that's all. No one expects you to do other wise. By this process the world grows in thought, and the material whereby happiness and prosperity are assured."

"Well, come, do let us talk about something else. I declare, I'm sick of such abstractions. They have nothing to do with life. They are not even the airy bubbles that float over it," said Orlu, impatient at the tiresome length to which the discussion had been extended.

"Let us talk of horse-racing, yachting, ball-playing, gun-shooting, or electioneering—subjects which at present divide the attention of the thinking public," said Samuel, glad of a respite from the annoying contemplation of a subject which, to him, had no interest whatever. Nor could he think any one sincere in the maintenance of a position so remote from reason, and the natural promptings of the human heart. The idea that he should give up Orlu, or Mary, for anybody else, was so preposterous and absurd that he could not see how anybody could rationally entertain the idea for a single moment. "Greeley is the man for me. I go for reform, for honesty and efficiency. They held a rousing meeting at the wigwam (Cooper Institute,) in New York, Tuesday evening of last week. I attended. It was glorious. Greeley and Schurz were there and addressed the as-

sembly. At every telling point hats were thrown up, and 'good,' and 'that's so,' resounded from every part of the hall."

"I'm a Greeley man, too," said Arlo, and I am rejoiced to see such demonstrations of popular enthusiasm for the principles which Mr. Greeley represents. I hope he will be elected."

"Well, I hope he won't. He belongs to the non-progressive party, to the go-in-for-the-spoils party, to the whisky-tipping party, to the ignoramus party, to the no-free-schools-in-the-Southern-States party, to that party in which there is a large element professedly attached to a religious faith in opposition to the principles of free thought and the dissemination of scientific intelligence. This, I oppose; and I heartily give my sympathy and encouragement to all those who manfully stand up in opposition to them," said Minnie, her pretty face all aglow with the fiery enthusiasm, imparted by the zeal which the mere mention of the thoughts aroused.

"You may uphold your candidate, and I'll uphold mine. Though I cannot vote, I'll encourage others to vote aright. You will vote for him, won't you Dan?" Arlo asked, with a look of such sweet submission, that to have opposed her would have been the grossest, and the most inexcusable ungallantry.

"Of course I will, and we will carry the State with such an overwhelming majority that it will drive the Radicals in dismay from the field. All depends on this State, and if we give him its electoral vote he is elected without a doubt. One word in defense of him, though I hate to argue against a lady, especially one who professes to love truth and justice as much as Miss Minnie here does," Dan said, as he looked at her with emotions of mingled love, admiration and pity. "I am sorry she should entertain such erroneous ideas of the hero and party who had done so much for the purification of the civil service as Horace Greeley had. Rings and cliques are broken up

through his indefatigable exertions. It makes no difference who he is that is ferreted out, they all suffer alike for their misdoings. Democrats and Republicans feel the effects of his chastisement. Those who have long fattened on the life-blood of the State, are to disgorge their ill-gotten gains —"

"While he, himself, keeps his own," said Minnie.

"Not a bit of it. He was not implicated in any of their nefarious transactions. He kept aloof from all factions having for their object the removal of the treasury to their pockets. As for schools and universal education, do not impute to a party what only a branch of it is guilty of. A tree may be sound while a branch of it may be withered —"

"Not much. That doctrine will do for marines."

"Don't interrupt me —"

"But it will hardly not do for those who have attended a few years the brown old weather-beaten school house on the corner where our fathers, lovers and friends went ; where all those go who now, as well as in the future, will uphold the *Greatest Commonwealth*, the *Greatest Brotherhood* of *States* that the world has yet produced. O, how delightful to recall the scenes of the past ! It is here beneath these giant trees—and that big butternut under which we played and cracked nuts, and the boys stained the rosy cheeks of the girls with the juicy rind—where are inculcated a knowledge of those principles which are the basis of this glorious superstructure," said Orлу, coming to the rescue of her sister, whom she thought would get worsted in the argument.

"Do let me say something. You keep talking and interrupting me so much that I have no chance to defend or maintain the Democratic faith —"

"It don't need defense. It stands upon its own merits. Its record is one full of glory. It carried the Nation through one hundred years of its life. It was a glorious beginning. There was not one flaw in its record —no, not one—" said Samuel, enthusiastically.

"Not one?" asked Minnie, interrupting him, coming to the assistance of Arlo. "Not one? Not one? How about Dred Scott? Not one? How about the Missouri compromise,—the Lecompton constitution, 'with or without slavery?' Pshaw! Dan, Samuel, I'm ashamed of you. Not one? What fools the people were. Did you suppose they could not see through that gossamer veil? It was too thin. That school-house was in the way. They had spent too many days on its hard seats. 'With or without slavery.'"

"It was simply a trick to beguile the people with. The Democratic party did not do it; it did not sanction it. It was that branch of hot headed fanatics bent on subserving their ends, and sustaining themselves in power. It is one of the first principles of social, civil and political life, for those in power to seek to keep themselves there; take it away and the whole fabric of free-government falls to the ground. I was going to say something in defense of some of the propositions you denied when these interruptions put me out, and disconcerted my plan of argument—"

"They cannot be good and sufficient if they can be disconcerted so easily. You would not make a very good parliamentarian if you could not remember what you wished to say three or four minutes," again interrupted, the coquettish Minnie, her looks and actions indicating the supreme delight she experienced in Dan's and Samuel's complete failure.

"Men may be indifferent parliamentarians, who are, nevertheless, first rate electors. With these latter, the power is lodged, not with the former. The electors are the masters, and the former are the servants. So long as the power is lodged in virtuous, patriotic hands, the servants can do but little harm; therefore, it is more important to be virtuous and wise, than smart and quick at repartee."

Good for you, Dan. That's the best argument yet,

"said Samuel, slapping his hands, and laughing heartily at the discomfiture of the young ladies, who appeared chagrined at the unexpected turn which the argument had taken. The champions of Democracy had not yet removed the aspersions thrown upon them for their lack of interest in forwarding the free school system, which many supposed, and correctly, to be the foundation of our independent institutions. Although we find it extremely difficult to ride two horses, especially when they go in opposite directions, we will endeavor to give as correct a history of the argument as our memory and bias will permit. That such scenes are very common at such times and in all companies, no one will deny; and a correct history of the manners of the times would be grossly incomplete, if it failed to record what is conceded to be the most engaging, as well as the most important subject which can elicit the attention of a cultivated people. The partial reader will, it is hoped, bear with us, in whatever imperfections may attend an essay of this kind, knowing, as he must, that we are desirous of giving a history, which will, to the future, convey an accurate idea of the times in which we live. Both parties are necessary to themselves, and the well-being of our common heritage. What one fails, through interest or prejudice to see, the other can maintain, and receive that reward which correct living and good intentions are sure to be blessed with. Let us love each other, and find out those faults in each other, that, when corrected, will tend to strengthen and deepen the attachment which we all feel in the perpetual continuance of our glorious liberties.

Dan was aching to re-commence the argument which the coquettish raillery of the young ladies had so frequently interrupted, and he seized the first opportunity which a lull in their laughter and fun presented, to seriously engage their attention for the consideration of the points, which he was sure, would utterly unhorse and disperse them. He therefore hastened to say :

"In regard to those points in the argument advanced by my pretty opponents on the other side of the house, I wish to say a few words."

"Do you correctly remember the points in dispute?" again the tantalizing Minnie asked, laughing so heartily that all the rest caught the contagion and laughed too. Even Arlo was affected by the ludicrousness of the scene, though she was indignant at the unexpected snub which her anxious expectations had received. She was looking forward to the complete vindication of the principles in which she was born and reared.

"Let him go ahead. It is provoking to be bothered in this way. You have had the floor all the afternoon and it is no more than fair that you should hear him for a moment," she said intercedingly.

"Go ahead, Dan, and I will lend you such attention that you will be surprised at the submission of our patience to the requirements of your slow and illogical perceptions," said Minnie, laughing as usual.

"I declare to goodness, now, I will not listen to such ungentle expressions. You exasperate me beyond endurance. We will be compelled to tie and muffle your mouth in such a manner that you cannot think if you do not permit this discussion to proceed. These proceedings are wholly out of order," Arlo said, with a show of anger, which, however, she did not really feel.

"So would be the course you recommend. In all deliberative assemblies opponents have the right of defense by the rules of courtesy which govern gentlemen in those arguments which naturally arise on such occasions, and surely these privileges will not be denied by the gentler sex—who are renowned the world over, for the correctness of their judgment,—which obtain among men. About schools and ignoramuses, I would say a word. Whoever did more to foster them than the father of the great Democratic party—Thomas Jefferson? Can the Republicans boast of more learning, sagacity and states-

manship, than the leaders of the Democratic party have presented to the Republic? Guess not. Then do not flatter yourselves with the idea that everybody is ignorant who does not belong to the Republican party. The Democratic party did more than all the rest of the people taken together, to give form and substance to those very principles which you have been extolling. Liberty, independence, free schools, free pulpit, and the dissemination of universal intelligence, first originated with the Democratic party. They were first fostered and nourished by it. They grew into greatness under their fostering care until they were developed to such monstrous dimensions they overspread the whole of North America. Then do not say the Republican party is the only representative of progressive principles. No one has yet attained a higher pinnacle of intellectual greatness than has been achieved by adherents to Democratic faith. In fact they, and they only, should have the credit of molding this great commonwealth of States; of course aided by such opposing suggestions as hostile critics would be sure to make for their embarrassment and confusion. Give them credit for what has been done. I say nothing of the present. If new elements have crept in that were unlooked for before, it is no fault of theirs. They do not create principle; they simply mold it after it is presented. If there are disintegrating elements, they are sorry, and they deplore them as bitterly as any one who has the well being of his country at heart. They cannot eliminate these without destroying the body. They are forced to carry them along, and purge itself by those processes of reform which are accessible to all persons of intelligence."

"This can be done by education and the refining influences of Christian civilization," Minnie said.

"Yes, and we propose to make such use of them that the Democratic will be the party of the future, and the one that will eventually lead the destinies of the country," said Dan, triumphantly.

"It must first purge itself of some of the elements of which you spoke, before it will be worthy of that confidence and support which its great ultimate success would lead us to suppose it would receive."

"Leave that with us—leave that with us," Dan repeated. "As we have had the formation of the party and the country, we should be left to conclude a work which was so well and so satisfactorily, to all men, begun. Even you, and all other Republicans, cannot but rejoice at the glorious results which have been achieved through the instrumentality of Democratic politicians. I propose now we dismiss this subject and introduce those of a more pacific character for our amusement and edification," said Dan, relapsing into a state of apathy, from which he was determined no amount of opposition to his cherished faith should again arouse him.

"Is it by intelligence that you hope to purge the party of its ignorance and superstition which now hangs like a pall over one quarter of its supporters?" No response from Dan. He simply returned a look of meaningless indulgence to Minnie who regarded him with feelings of a victor for a prostrate party, who can do nothing further, offensive or defensive. He is completely vanquished and killed. The victor is sorry he carried his opposition so far as to extinguish completely his opponent, for whom he may have entertained as much respect as was consistent with strong political predilections. The recollection of good old times are recalled with the most pleasing satisfaction, dampened by the present unfortunate result, which closes forever the association of parties, who were in the main, uniformly courteous and conciliating towards each other. Bating the political opposition, which must obtain in a country where politics is the most engrossing thought of the public, as well as the most necessary to be carefully studied and weighed, the parties have been, and are still, friendly and obliging towards each other. The little resentful feelings that may be

entertained, evaporate through the gradually lessening processes of social intercourse and self-interest, until election day, when each elector walks up to the polls with a firmness of countenance and steadiness of mein which challenges all conflicting negations. He looks as if "I will show you. You will find out how this will go. You will have to submit and knuckle under. You have ruled the roost long enough ; now come down and let me get up." Thus each one of the opposing parties feel until the counting of the ballots, when the defeated party chucks his bleeding head under his wing and walks away to mingle, on the following day, in the pursuits of life the same as he did on the day preceding the election. His pride may be somewhat humbled, and he may nourish a secret resolution of vengeance which will be more than gratified on next election. So moves the world through the political elements. We will now return from our digression, to the patient company in Mr. French's parlor.

Samuel had gravitated around to Arlo as being most in sympathy with his views, and consequently more pleasant to encourage her in the conflict in which she was engaged and from which he thought she had emerged with credit, aided of course, by such suggestions as he had from time to time interposed during the continuance of the discussion. He may have been attracted thither by considerations of a more selfish nature. However this may be he was there with Minnie directly opposite him, and Dan to his left on the sofa, with Mary next to him. When the idea of a truce was suggested, the clouds which were beginning to rise, were immediately dispelled, and the party assumed a more respectful bearing than they had maintained during the afternoon. The mother, Mrs. French, had taken no part in this discussion but had entertained herself and sister in an adjoining room which opened across the hall into the parlor in which our heroic company was seated ; but she could distinctly hear whenever

she allowed her attention to be directed that way, the arguments of the contending parties. She took no interest in them and therefore said nothing either pro or con. Her husband could attend to that business. She was a good wife and mother because she let that alone which she did not care to understand.

The young folks were busily engaged talking of such matters most agreeable to them. First it was the horse races at Buffalo, and Rochester, and Saratoga ; then the boat races of the Cornell's and Yale's. The yachting and the scrub race which had recently taken place on the lake under the auspices of one Mr. B——d ; then ball playing was discussed in all its phases. Soon afterwards the party separated to their respective homes.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH WILLIAM AND HUGH AND OTHER FRIENDS APPEAR.

IT was on the evening on which the company at the French's was assembled that a smaller one was gathered at the residence of William Brown. He was the most sociable, the most free-hearted and generous of all the characters of this history. He was seated on the piazza smoking a cigar. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills and forests, casting a long shadow over the intervening flats, and just tinting the eastern hill-tops with the golden hues of an autumn sunset. The men were returning from the fields wherein they had

toiled from the morning's sunrise with their jaded teams, each attesting by slow and measured pace the severity of their industry ; but they would be more than repaid by the bounteous food and the sweet refreshing slumber which awaited both. The men were hurrying up their concluding jobs, spurred by the united motives of hunger and the pleasure of satisfying it at the neatly and amply spread table of our luxurious hero. The boys, too, were hurrying up the cows to be milked, which the urgency of seeding had delayed to a later hour than usual. These plodded their way slowly along, each apparently as conscious of having done her duty as the tired laborer. The milk was coming in in rich yellow streams, to the basement cellar, as was plainly attested by the rattling of the pans and the clatter of pails, as they were being returned to the yard to be refilled again by the anxiously waiting milkers there. All were busy. The girls were singing ; the water was boiling which was to wash and rinse the milking utensils. In an hour or so all was done. The milk was set away on the racks in the clean, cool cellar. The pails were turned bottom side up on the benches outside, where they could be conveniently snatched up by the hurrying milkers in the morning. The horses were chewing their feed of cut hay and meal in their stalls with a satisfaction not excelled by their drivers, while the men were washing their calloused hands, and hastening into the glowing table covered with the substantial of life. The room was long, the furniture plain, the light bright and cheerful. In the center of the table was a huge loaf, by the side of which a pile of slices leaned in caressing fondness against the abler bulk that was yet unsevered. By the side stood a plate of potatoes just ready to burst by the confined steam, and mealy pith within. Two plates of golden butter with a silver knife each, a castor of salt and pepper, of vinegar and mustard, stood conveniently near. Two plates of baked apples, all wrinkled and juicy, and a dish of applesauce with gingerbread or doughnuts waited the conven-

iences of those hearty men. All were speedily and jocularly dispatched. With laughter and jokes the evening meal was prolonged, rousing the ire of the waiting girls, who oft saw the hours glide up to nine before their work was done.

This, the most agreeable part of the day's work finished, the men repaired to the office, filled their pipes, and sat down to a second repast, not less agreeable than the last. Here they talk and laugh the pleasant hours away as happy as he who sits on the piazza with his fragrant Havana, surrounded by his stocks, and cows and acres. Here are two pictures at each end of the line. Each is filling his sphere as well as he knows, and the world progresses through their energies. Let them smoke and tell stories for their toil has been hard, and it helps to fill the granaries of the world. You and I, dear reader, live by the sweat of their brows, if we do not toil as they do in the fields of agriculture. Hugh was there, and after supper joined the venerable master on the piazza, where a cigar and chair awaited him. Others soon gathered around. Pinchtight soon after came; with Jones, Smith, and Spilkins, the group was complete. They courted, and laughed and joked. It was pleasant. The moon shone in glorious splendor upon the scene, throwing a fluttering, subdued light through the leaves of the giant maples and evergreens which surrounded the house. The crickets were chirping in the shady recesses, and all nature smiled. Every one of the visitors wanted something either now or in the future. Some were culminating their plans—others were paving the way. It was not talked of boldly—but hinted at—powerful persuasives. When the critical time arrived, William was but-tholed in secret. One wished to borrow five dollars until next week; would pay it sure; got to have it; nothing to do, nothing to eat. One must have a note signed or lose a horse or a wagon. A mortgage must be taken up, or a place is lost, together with the little that has been paid—the savings of years of industry. It was

too bad that friends should be thus driven by the force of circumstances to the verge of ruin. Would William lend his aid? Of course he would. The weather was too fine, the occasion too joyous to leave a single heart unsatisfied. He would dispel the tears of sorrow with the sunshine of his munificence. He would make all happy, if a simple accommodation would suffice.

The evening wears away. The moon is peeping around the corner. It was seven; it was eight; it was nine. "Come in, gentlemen, the night is cool and damp, perhaps we will take cold. We have a fire inside on the hearth, and we will put a fire within that will keep out the chilly dampness." He leads the way, and they follow with protestations of the urgency of early departure to their anxious wives.

"Time enough, time enough, come in." Chairs are placed around the table on which the lamp is burning. A cheerful fire sends a glowing warmth to the remotest corner of the room. A pitcher of water, a bottle of whisky, a bowl of sugar and goblets are added, while Hugh is dispatched to the cellar for a plate of pickles, and cheese and crackers.

"Here, gentlemen, is my evening luncheon. Draw up and help yourselves," said William, pouring out a glassful which he first sweetened by the addition of sugar and soured with the half of a lemon. They all drew up smiling, and with many complimentary expressions, poured out a light portion for themselves, each with the lemon and sugar previously supplied.

"Here's health, gentlemen," said William, quaffing the half of his glass.

"Here's long life and happiness to you, Will, for this generous hospitality," returned one or two of the most jovial of the company. Pinch took his with a simple smile and bow.

"Thank you; drink heartily. You will sleep like a pig from the nourishing influence of this cheering draught.

Take a cracker ; here's a piece of cheese," said he, passing them around, and then helping himself to both, chewed awhile on them, then washed them down with a swallow from the glass he kept stirring with the spoon when not otherwise engaged.

" This is a glorious evening, gentlemen. Pinch you're not happy ; by gaddy, this is not right ; come, cheer up man, such times and places men should laugh and drive dull care away. Wherefore is life but to enjoy it ? Come, boys, fill up again. Here Hugh, go down and fill this," said William, taking up the decanter and viewing its contents towards the light.

Hugh went down and filled the bottle from the barrel through the gimlet hole just as he had done on a former memorable occasion, which, doubtless, some of our readers will recall to mind. Since which happy times we have all passed through some of the most trying scenes, a few of which we are now recording. He returned, but at the suggestion of one with the approving assent of the rest, the bottle was placed on the table for the present, while the company engaged in a desultory conversation on questions most interesting to them. William not being satisfied with this state of things—as he was anxious to be pouring out his hospitality all the time—rose and proceeding to the cubby-hole, brought forth a box of cigars, and passing them around, helped himself to one, and tearing a strip from the edge of a newspaper lit it and handed it to the nearest guest. He served them all in like manner and then lit his own. Clouds of smoke arose to the ceiling ; they were happy. William's feet were elevated upon the table, just near enough to the fire-place to expectorate on the now glowing embers. Hugh's were upon the back of a chair, the most sedate and reserved of the group. The clock ticked away the hours much faster than the slowly burning cigars would indicate. We will leave them for the present and gather up some important threads.

It is in the banking parlor of Hardfist. Smoothness comes in. They meet sometimes to compare notes, make suggestions and enquiries. They are jealous of each other and rivals in wealth, but they hide these feelings by mutual consent and from selfish motives. What one sees and hears the other knows. Thus their mutual interests are subserved. Mr. Lookout comes in and the three talk over the situation.

"How much is Pinchtight worth?" asks Hardfist.

"Don't know; guess not much."

"I hear he is lending Brown money and taking mortgages on his stuff. He had better look out," said Hardfist.

"Why look out, is Brown not safe?" asks Lookout.

"Safe enough. Pinchtight can't manage such business; it is out of his line. He may get swamped there himself. William came to me and wished to borrow ten thousand," said Sweetness.

"You don't say. What's he going to do with it? I thought he had money," said Hardfist.

"He's building some and must have money to carry it on; he expects great harvests in the future."

"Did you let him have it?" asks Hardfist.

"Of course I did."

"On what security?" he asked again.

"The best to be had in the land—a mortgage on his farm," replied Smoothness.

"You'll cross swords with Pinchtight."

"I've crossed with abler men."

"But not tighter men; he has stock in this bank and is here at every meeting whether anything of importance is to be done or not. He thinks much of the dollars. He will leave the hay out doors to get wet if there is a prospect of making a dollar by lounging around here."

"He goes not further for a dollar than you often have and call it honorable," said Lookout.

"I said nothing about that; I was talking of Pinchtight," Hardfist replied.

"Yes ; and I was talking of you."

"You had a perfect right to talk of both. I often think your words but seldom make utterance of them," said Sweetness, smiling more sweetly.

"You would carry your spleen in your heart instead of spitting it out against whom it is felt," said Hardfist. Mr. Lookout came in.

"I don't nourish such feelings. I try to feel charity towards all men, however imperfectly I may succeed in my endeavors," he said.

"If you succeed not better than I do, you have made great botches of your resentments. A man who tries to be otherwise than himself does not succeed successfully. How is Wilson? He gets along but poorly. I hear his family wants. Poor man ; I sent him over a barrel of flour the other day. I suppose it will last them a week."

"What is it to you how long it lasts them so long as you gave it. You parted with control when you parted with the barrel. Let them give it to the chickens, if they like, it is their's," said Lookout.

"You are the most uncharitable cuss I ever saw. If I thought they met my kindness in one half the spirit you have shown, I would revoke my gift.

"You cannot now ; it is beyond your version.

"He is careless ; he does not save ; he earns enough and works faithfully. Such men should get along. I don't see how it is."

"Perhaps he don't split pennies and hold on the larger half," said Lookout.

"And if he did he shall do well. I see nothing discourteous in such conduct. It is honorable to get rich."

"You may not see what others do. Eyes do not look inward."

"And if they did they would behold a most unsightly view in thyself."

"Not more so than could others when taking such a self-inspection."

"You renegade! do you refer to me?"

"I often have referred to not worse men."

"What mean you, in my office? By Saint Mary, I'll appeal to the law."

"Hush men, this is indecorous. Do not wrangle about trifles. The world is open; there is room enough," said Sweetness.

"I hate to see a man whose hospitality is of the most meagre sort, use the weak energy to hoist himself into public favor," said Lookout, eyeing Mr. Hardfist with looks he could not return.

"You have often yourself done the same. It is hard for a man to do a good deed without blazing it forth for the admiration of the people," said Sweetness.

"I care not. Such language comes with poor grace from such a man as he. I will not brook it."

"What will you do about it, Mr. Hardfist?"

"I'll rise up and smash your fiz, if you do not have a care on your blasted tongue."

"You'll do well to put a rein on yours, I think. About smashing, you might find it a more difficult job than it appears."

"I'm equal to such difficulties. What of Spreadeagle; I hear he is running wild."

"Such scenes, gentlemen, are not gentlemanly, and I'll no more have them in my presence. If you must wrangle, why, do it out of the reach of civilization. Go to the woods—it becomes not such presence. As for Spreadeagle, I'll warrant you, he never indulged in such contentions," said Sweetness.

"What if he has not—he is not a model of a man; he is not stable; he is the froth of life," said Hardfist.

"Who is substance? By Jove, there are more virtues in such a man than can be found in a whole generation of Hardfists and Meetenhouses," said Lookout.

"There it is again, you see. If I can get you, or the like of you, in a level place, you'll feel the screw pinch, now mark me."

"Hush! This presence becomes not such talk."

"Spreadeagle, Brown—they are the oases upon which the weary traveler delights to rest. Spare them, for God's sake, spare them for our comfort in hours of weariness. Some place there ought to be to rest on," said Lookout.

"Of course they are, and you shall rest on such men. I would not give three per cent. for a regiment of them."

"No, no, we know you wouldn't. You would give more for a regiment of Pinchtights whom you just now denounced, in vituperative terms, because he, forsooth, is doing just as you would do. Strange you cannot like yourself when you see him so plainly in such men."

"By the holy rood thou liest; from the bottom of thine ungodly throat thou liest like a pirate."

"Did I not know from whom these words emanate, I'd shove them down your mouth, and make you swallow every syllable, and digest them too. They partake of thy constitution. They are already part and parcel of thyself, and I waste useful time in trying, ineffectually, to denounce both them and thee. I cannot sufficiently. My nature is not frailty enough. It does not partake of that base original, of which thine own is so abundantly formed."

"Base original! Let us talk of something more congenial to our temperaments."

"Thou canst not, man; thou canst not. It is ingrafted in thy bone and marrow. Thou took it in with thy mother's milk."

"Say, you are too far. Bring not saintly lives into such unbecoming controversies. Look out, thy mother was a woman," said Sweetness,

"Sweetness, if thou art not very careful, I shall be compelled, by the untruthfulness of thy remarks, to apply to thee the epithet I did to that base original yonder," said Lookout, pointing in the direction of Mr. Hardfist, who regarded his sardonic smile with feelings of indignation and contempt.

"Sweetness, you know of Spreadeagle; is he drawing heavily on his reservation?" asked Hardfist.

"Heavier than can long be kept up."

"How does he replenish his exchequer?"

"I know not. Thou hadst best ask him."

"You have his business in hand, and thou canst impart to me; for he wished, the other day, to try my confidence to the extent of a thousand or more. I told him I would see, and let him know soon. I don't think he is as safe as the bank of England.

"I have seen some men I would sooner trust than him. Howbeit, he is not bad off. Other ships have, sailed to safe harbors worse scuttled than he. He may gain a port."

"It will be a port that he is more capable of judging of, than of us here present," chimed in the caustic Hardfist.

"You mean port wine?"

"Or Madeira, either. There is a good port there."

"But not such a man may harbor in."

"Not with safety," said Sweetness.

"I'd rather see a man harbor there than in those grosser elements in which thyself art surrounded. I will tell thee, such men as he, and Brown, keep this world going. If it were not for them, whom you affect to deride with so much vituperacy, you could not make money," Lookout said.

"I suppose not. This world would stop revolving. The sun would not shine. The grass would not grow. The leaves would not bud forth."

"This is redundant slang, man. If the sun shone not, these last, of course, would not follow. Therefore, spare your talk. It is a waste of energy which had better be directed towards more worthy ends, even that of picking up the crumbs which Spreadeagle scatters around," said Lookout.

"Me pick up crumbs! You—you—I'm above that, I am," said Hardfist, indignantly.

"I often see you in the gutter at it then. You look with undisguised contempt upon the rag-picker and the cigar-stumper ; but thou art thyself in no better calling. The filthy rags you pick so carefully have been conned over with dirty fingers, that earned them in thy drudgery."

"An' what of that? Is that not honorable?"

"If that is, anything may be. It depends much upon the spirit with which thou regardest the worker and his master."

"I regard them both as I please, whether thou art satisfied or not. Now take that down thy gullet, will thou. I wish I could say something that would sound distasteful to thine ears ; but I cannot. Sweetness, can't you think of some epithet that I may bestow upon his unworthiness?"

"Thou might as well ask the flower to exhale noxious vapors. I cannot think spiteful words, no, not if I profited by it. I have not schooled my tongue with such reflections. Will you take that mortgage I hold against Brown's farm?" addressing Hardfist.

"I do not like it. He is our townsman, and I would not proceed against him to execution. He is a good fellow ; I do not like to sell out such men."

"You need not fear that ; he will pay up."

"It looks dubious. He had it free, and now he has cumbered it already. If he lacked means when he borrowed, he will lack them when pay day comes."

"That does not follow. He is young, and rising. He is building up his fortune. The money he is now borrowing is sowed in business."

"For somebody else to reap."

"Ah' if you like it that way. An' if so, the security is secured. The land will not run away."

"Are you sure Pinchtight is not ahead of you. His name belies him if he takes second slices of diminutive dimensions. His must be full remuneration, else there is trouble."

"I have fought abler men than he is, or can ever hope to be," said Sweetness, rubbing together his hands, as if willing to engage in a scuffle which promised no less certain overthrow to an antagonist. "I hear William comes up this afternoon, for the purpose of transacting business with our worthy friend, Spreadeagle, and if so, we shall both have opportunity of addressing him," he continued.

"I would like much to see him," said Lookout.

"There are many of your persuasion—"

"Yes, and of thine. I have seen men more admired, than of thy stripe."

"Come, come, now, let us have peace. There has been enough of this, for one day," Sweetness said.

The afternoon came, and with it William, Hugh, and Spreadeagle. They found a good place in the sitting-room of the —, a cozy place, wherein such business as they had in view could be very well disposed of.

"I hear," said Spreadeagle, "you had a meeting at your house last night. How do you feel this afternoon? A little weary, eh?"

"First rate; never felt better. Such is our only salvation. Come, hadn't we better take something," said Brown.

"Such invitations I seldom decline," returned Spreadeagle, who looked at Hugh, then at William; "but I suppose Hugh cares nothing of such indulgences."

"Not much. I always take mine in homeopathic doses—frequently, but little at a time."

"I thought last night was an exception to the rule, the way the bumpers went around," said William.

"It was contagious. Never, but on occasions like this or that, do I permit myself to be led away from the paths of temperance and sobriety," he replied.

"Here's hoping that good luck will always follow earnest industry," said William, sipping the delicious beverage.

"We may be sure of that—"

"Hello, here. Why how are you Peekskill?" Gaddy, we've just pledged our love in a bowl of Madeira. Come, what will you take?"

"Didn't expect to find you here. Yes, I'll take one with you."

Certainly; come, fill again. History repeats itself. The sun will rise to-morrow, and the next day, and we, to prolong our several pleasures, should repeat those pleasant habits most agreeable to us. What say you, eh?

"Of course. Here's hoping, William, for ultimate success—"

"I'll bet on that horse every time," said Peekskill, sipping the glass he had poured out. He continued:—"He can beat Smuggler. I lost forty dollars by such a man,"—meaning one of the men they were talking of—"good then, but he signed over—to Sweetness; he is always getting the first chance, and I lost the whole." This was opening into a conversation that had no reference to him, and but little to that they were talking of; but he followed it up with such a servile manner that but few could resist it. He slapped his hands, laughed and joked at the ludicrousness of a scene in which he was having decidedly the worst of it. He never bought anything for others to drink or eat, nor did he ever refuse when asked by others. He never smoked; and when surfeited with drink took a cigar, saying, "he would not smoke now; he'd wait till after supper." When he arrived home he laid it up in a box, and when full, he sold them at half the price they originally cost somebody else. When dealt out, they were called hash cigars. Some were good, and some not over fragrant. Each tasted of the circumstance which had brought it thither. If good, why a good company was being entertained; if bad, it was what those get in the second or third stage of intoxication—when the tastes are so benumbed that

but little care is exercised. In such stages of debauch, but half, and often not a quarter of the cigar is smoked when it is extinguished through the urgency of maudlin conversation. It may be essayed to relight it, which its mutilated condition forbids, when it is thrown into the nearest spittoon. A poor cigar may be used thus as well as a good one. Thus two sources of profit accrue to the landlord. Get a man drunk, then cheat him in the quality of his wares.

On the occasion last referred to, Mr. Peekskill succeeded in being asked again to drink, and, as he could drink only once, he took the rest in cigars. Spreadeagle never allowed any one to treat more times than he did. His purse was equal to William's, but not his capacity for whisky. His draughts grew beautifully less at each recurring treat, until he sometimes was compelled, though from more worthy motives, to imitate the example of Peekskill, and take cigars, which instead of keeping to sell again, he distributed among his friends. They may have partaken of the last character, for oftentimes he was totally unable to discern whether he selected a cigar, or a substance having the shape of one. We will have an occasion in the future to illustrate this phase of his life at a time when it would have been for his credit to have had all his faculties in good working order. This last remark, applies with equal truth, to William, who, on some occasions, has required the help of friends or domestics, to get home. We will draw a veil over these traits of character, and look with charity upon their representatives, in the persons of William and Dan, for the sake of other good and commendable traits which we look for in vain in many others.

They had treated around five or six times apiece—except Peekskill, who was never known to treat, or to part with a cent for which he was not sure of getting its equivalent or a premium—when they adjourned to the sitting-room, where such a nice enjoyable time was had,

as persons in their condition would be supposed capable of partaking. For them, we will say for the sake of consistency, it was fun; but for others, we doubt not, it would have been the furthest removed from fun, even when interpreted in its most liberal sense.

"To-morry, William, we be goin' chestnuttin', an we propose to have more fun than you ever see collected in one group. What's say, be you goin'?" asked Dan,

"I think not. I can't afford it. My time will not permit so great a tax upon it; besides, I've engagements, which I think, will materially interfere with so desirable a project," he returned, in his slow drolling kind of way, accompanying his language with such gestures indicative of the high purposes he had in view. A man of his business cannot be chestnutting; though he to avoid the appearance of pride, as well as of superior qualifications for the pursuit he was engaged in, courted and laughed and gestured so friendly that he appeared perfectly willing to engage in any enterprise which promised fun to the participants. In this, as well as in all other emergencies of a similar kind, wherein a man tries to ride two hobbies, he makes a bad failure and does not ride either. He wished the fun and enjoyment of social intercourse, as far as these were compatible with the dignity of his position. From this he must not descend to gratify the former. We are aware of the indelicacy of recording these traits, as well as of the influence they will have upon the young minds growing up to manhood; but as they were not ashamed to pursue such a course of life, when it would exercise all, or nearly all, by its pernicious influence, they nor others can think it unjust to direct erring youth to avoid a course so fraught with danger, and to adopt that one which will be sure to lead to happiness and prosperity. People must live correct lives while they live, if they expect honorable mention when dead. We are noted for our frailties; we are also remarkable for a reasoning capacity and judgment, which in nature and essentials are equal to Divinity

We are recording the history of frailties for the implied purpose of doing that good which a correct knowledge of evil will be sure to impart. It is because of the lack of truthful history that error is adhered to so closely. People think their case is different from all preceding ones, and therefore will bear no comparison. It will not work in their case as it did in former cases. They are more wise and prudent, or they have other characteristics which were wanting before, which will enable them to sail through triumphantly. We wish to dispel such illusions. Every course that is not strictly right will be sure to lead to greater evil sometime, if not in the immediate present. We do not wish to qualify it with a milder word. It will result in evil to anybody, we care not who pursues it. No one is proof against the enervating influence of seductive pleasures. Avoid them; avoid them from first to last, and never allow yourself to be seduced into the belief that you can resist the wily temptations of a dangerous pursuit. No one is smarter, no one is better able to see and perceive the true ends of life than these our heroes; and let no one suppose we have selected them as being unique examples, for we see them every day. Life is full of them in spite of the earnest protestations of friends, who see the end can be only disastrous and unfortunate. They know their business. It is a free country. Such excuses do not palliate the fault, nor is it an excuse; nor will it relieve the anxieties of friends, nor make the downfall less sure and precipitate. Truth never hurt anybody, but, on the contrary, much good will result by plainly telling a plain story and leaving those who run the option of jumping off the bank into deep waters, and continuing on in the smooth tenor of righteousness. By the pernicious influences of fictitious narrative, which has, and is now, spreading over the land to the great detriment of correct living, the youthful mind is tintured by the gloss of rhetoric, leaving them to believe that life is all joy and

sunshine and a veil is thrown over the consequences which are sure to result from a course of conduct that cannot be fully justified. The good deeds of life and their consequences are made up from the abundant resources of the narrator's mind, and do not result from the natural order of events. These shine out in glowing colors, while the social evils and their consequences are glossed over or shunned entirely; thus the unwary youth, seeing only the bright side, without any of the intervening clouds which should and must always be expected—for no life is exempt from them, we care not in what station it is thrown—that are sure to darken, if not wholly to eclipse, the bright prospects of the ambitious hero. These clouds are darkest where the brightest prospects are most assured. In more humble life they are shorn of their sombre hue by the frequency of their transit. Life that is most in shadow looks forward with greater hope to the glimpses of sunshine that occasionally pierce the surrounding gloom.

CHAPTER XV.

CHESTNUTTING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the debauch of the evening previous, the morning found the expected chestnutters rising earlier than common, and on the part of Spread eagle and Peekskill, not in the most pleasant mood. Other scenes had arisen which to them looked much more beautiful, though perhaps a brighter October sun never before rose upon a sorrow-stricken world.

They each took a half a pint of yeast to get them up by the appointed time, which had been designated on a previous occasion. To remove all traces of the evening's debauch, they had resource to expedients wholly unknown to the uninitiated. The town clock solemnly tolled the hour of five. The young roosters sent up their clarion notes of praise at the glorious opening of morning as made the surrounding welkin ring with joyousness. Everybody had a few, and each tried to outscreech his neighbor. What was lacking in loudness, was more than made up by the frequency of repetition. It was the more pleasant, or exasperating, whichever emotions may happen to be the predominating ones with which you are at times oppressed, because of the persistent attempts with which the younger ones keep up their noise. If you are up and stirring around, there is a sort of pleasure, selfish though it be, which we can't but feel at the twofold symptoms of the coming day. The morning is abroad. Those who are not up, should be. At any rate no more rest or sleep at present. "Get up; get up, all you sleeping slumberers, with your folded arms to sleep," the roosters seem to say. You feel that it is exasperating to those who would gladly turn over for another short nap, and it is pleasant to know from experience that they will succeed but imperfectly. The song of morning, especially at a time when the young roosters are attuning their voices to the louder key of age and dignity, is most pleasant and refreshing. Its recurrence revives the sweetest memories of the past, when we, in our childhood, first heard and comprehended the glorious song which the young and old of the feathered tribe, sent up on each recurring morning.

At the residence of Mr. Brown the sight and sounds were indeed most agreeable. Below lay the village gracefully and serene, except the song of the roosters, and beyond the smooth and tranquil lake just visible through the opening twilight. The busy bustling of the morning

is hardly commenced. Some sounds of activity here and there indicate where early preparations are most necessary. The butcher's carts are first to stir, and soon these will be heard rattling along the roads to their rendezvous. Soon columns of smoke will begin to ascend from those houses wherein the occupants are noted for early rising, and the energy of their industrial pursuits.

Such was the scene which presented itself to Arlo as she stepped out upon the piazza in her morning hood and shawl preparatory for the morning ride. She was early. The yeast had not yet risen, but she stood awhile contemplating the beautiful scene outspread before her. What thoughts will range through a person's mind at such a moment as this? Here is the present. What will the future be? She was emerging into the world with that uncertainty which ought surely to attend the initiatory steps of so frail and dependent a being. Here was situated the house of personal friends; there was one wherein lived Minnie and Orlu; and there Mary lived, and she nodded her head in response to the thoughts within, as they surveyed respectively the localities. When she looked in the direction of Dan's, and Peekskill's, and Peck's, she shook her head, as much as to say: "It will not do." Thoughts befitting such occasions, rarely partake of those more wakeful reflections which rise during the heat and turmoil of business activity. The mind seems to sympathize with the surrounding elements. She stepped back into the house and prepared such refreshments as she thought would be most acceptable on such an occasion.

She would eat no breakfast for the present. A ride of a few miles would sharpen her appetite; besides the company of her friends would lend a zest which she would not experience, mincing her cold chicken and biscuit alone in the pantry. Her father heard her "prowling around" as he called it, and asked why "she was up so early?" She told him "she intended going to chestnut-

ting as soon as the party arrived." You had better go back to bed again and not be prowling around in the middle of the night waking up folks who may desire to sleep till morning."

"Morning!" she exclaimed, "Why, pa, you can hardly believe it could be so pleasant. It is perfectly delightful. The morning is just breaking. How much I've lost by not getting up earlier. You ought to get up and see," she said, in ecstatic joyfulness.

"Well, I guess I've seen some nice mornings before you was born. Come, clear out, and don't be bothering me," and she turned her attention towards the completing of her arrangements with as little noise as her arctics and the kitchen floor would admit, while her father replaced himself to finish the short slumber she had disturbed.

The same preparations were being made in other homes. The beautiful residence of Mr. French was situated on an eminence which overlooked the lake and village. It was one of the most desirable locations to be found in the place. The grounds were laid out in drives, walks, flower-beds, and clumps of trees between the winding paths, which, circling here and there by shady bowers where the sun seldom intruded, and in whose recesses inviting rustic seats tempted the weary pedestrian to repose. While here the fragrance of flowers, of every hue and shade, and the slow solemn lullaby of the lake, soothed the senses to sleep. Minnie and Orlu were up with the first peep of the morning. They stepped out to view the scene, which was such as we have faintly described; for who can paint in one view a scene, which, to be fully comprehended, is looked upon with nearly all the senses. The eyes, ears, and olfactories, are brought into use, when natural objects are contemplated; when we transform all these by the pen or pencil, the eye and imagination are the only mediums by which we can take cognizance of them. We listen in vain for the sounds

of birds and crickets, and insects, and the awakening activities of the day. We smell, and perceive none of the fragrance of the balmy morning, but if we go one step beyond we smell instead, the smoke of lamps, or turpentine. This is enough. It turns all the pleasure we were just beginning to experience into nausea.

"What is the promise of the day, Orлу?" asked Minnie, as she reached the piazza arm in arm with her sister.

"O, it is most delightful. See, isn't it splendid? Not a cloud to be seen. What time will he come?"

"About six. We have time to get breakfast and prepare luncheon. He said you know he would come by the crowing of the—what do you call it?—chanticleer—no, chandelier—no, that is not it. Well, never mind, it is the crowing of something," said Orлу.

"Say, gentleman hen, and don't mince the matter."

"Hush, you'll break the spell."

"The spell of what? Don't be solemn now."

"The spell of this enchanting scene."

"O, pshaw, girl. Such a scene as this was not intended to be whispered of. We must be up like the bird, letting every faculty of our being sound forth its joyousness. You never used to be thus. Something of late has come over you. I believe you are affected with the miasma of a lover. Come, you shall not desecrate so holy a sanctuary by such morbid reflections," said Orлу, drawing the not reluctant girl into the house.

Orлу was engaged on a *tete-a-tete* with her cousin, when the subject of the morrow's expedition was being discussed, and as a consequence, did not remember the details of the arrangements, which were conducted almost by Minnie, who, notwithstanding the sombreness of her temperament, was all alive for a jaunt to the woods. She delighted most in such rambles. It was here the exuberance of her spirit broke the bounds prescribed by the conventionalism of an aristocratic law, and sprang forth in shouts of joy and hymns of praise. She skipped about,

leaped over logs, sang and shouted, listening after each line of melody, for the returning echoes, sweetened by the melancholy pathos she infused in every word. The freedom and gayety of her life here was as much in excess of others as it was less in the society of the fashionable world. She loved nature and its accompanying moods more than any one, who had enough of it, could love the ease and elegance of the home in which she was bred. Rarely is one satisfied with the position in which nature or fortune chooses to place us. We want something else—something we cannot get. That which we have is nothing—that which we have not, is the all important ; and this, after a short time, sinks to the level of that which we had before. Things are prized only, by the necessity or the treacherousness of their possession. Continued happiness never flows from one source, that is to beings of our varied susceptibilities. There must be variations, both of time and place, and persons and things, to make us relish that which we are capable of receiving. True, some are content to live day after day surrounded by the same scenes and incidents. They take pleasure in finding the tools of yesterday in the corner, by the grindstone, where they were placed at night ; but this holds only with persons bred in the primitive pursuits of life. The line of vision is bounded by the necessities of every-day toil. They care not to look beyond because they have not gratified the yearnings of nature, when, on former occasions, she urged the will to yield to so innocent and commendable an aspiration. The body sickens of indulgences for which the spirit has cultivated no tastes. Life is a habit ; if it learns to love one pursuit, it can take no pleasure in any other. It may feign contempt for that which it has no comprehension ; but it cannot, at the same time, fail to perceive the need of professions and styles of life, that are in opposition to itself.

The girls busied themselves packing a basket with

dried beef, cold chicken, biscuit and butter, pie, cake, and cheese, not forgetting to throw in a silver knife and fork for a half-dozen. Three napkins, with silver rings around them, were not forgotten. Two goblets—not of glass—were added, when it was thought the preparations were complete. They could drink the water of a spring or send to the nearest farm-house for a jug of milk—cool and fresh from the spring-house. They forgot honey and preserves—on purpose. Not a word was said of them; and—and if they loved nature so much, perhaps they might have omitted the knives and forks, and goblets; but then it would not be so pleasant to stoop down and drink from a deep spring. It would be unlady like, and in the presence of gentlemen, unbecoming; so they took them.

Soon the sound of horses' feet, and the whir of wheels were heard dashing around the house. It was Dan, with a splendid barouche and team of blacks. He reined up gallantly with a flourish, and loud "Whoa, there, take care, Billy; lookout Dick; be careful." He raised his hat, and saluted the charming ladies in their morning habits, with a bow as condescending and courteous as a Chesterfield.

"Glorious morning, sweet ladies. Just in time. Punctual to the moment. As good a day for this jaunt as could have been selected by studying the calendar," he said.

"Good morning. How did you come to get up so early?" Orlu asked.

"I ordered the team the night before to be in readiness at five this morning, and it was on hand. The first I knew of it, was a loud rap at my door, with a summons to rise quickly—the morning is come, with the team and wagon at the door," he said. In the meantime Minnie was at the side of the vehicle talking with Mary, who was all aglow and beauty, from the balmy air, and short ride of the morning.

"Come, do hurry, it is so splendid riding in the morning air," said Mary, hastening the movements of the young ladies, who were busy exchanging the congratulations of the morning.

"Goodness, we are all ready, and been up this hour waiting for you. Come, Orlu, help me bring this basket. No, Dan, you stay by the team. Let us have no accidents," said Minnie. Dan, in the teeth of the prohibition, sprang up the steps and with the aid of Samuel, lifted the package into the wagon, then handing the ladies in, closed the door, mounted his seat, cracked the whip, and off they dashed. They could not have found a more pleasant road in the tangled forests, than the one which surrounds this home of comfort and wealth.

They rode ten miles through a scenery as picturesque as any to be found in Central New York. The time and the occasion, and the hopes of the company, added an interest, which on other, and in some respects, perhaps, equally important exigencies could not confer. They laughed, and talked, all the way. Now they commented on the singular tastes of an eccentric farmer, who, instead of removing his pigs, and stables to a distance from the house, insists on having them near the kitchen door. It saves time in the feeding and care of the stock. Mud-holes at the gate are permitted to remain, to the great inconvenience of everybody, and every animal tries to shun them in passing to and from the yard. Cows are seen crowding the opposite post in order to avoid mudding their feet and legs in the pool. They evince in this more taste than their shiftless owner, who is compelled to clean their teats before he proceeds to milking. He takes more pleasure in transferring the mud to his milk-pail than in filling up the hole with stones and gravel, to the much greater convenience and nicety of all future transactions.

The boys are milking, while their fathers are building fires in the stove, which for the summer is placed in the

wood-house, as is attested by the smoke issuing from a pipe thrust through the roof, or the side of the building. The man wades through the tall grass in quest of the horses, which are usually at the furthest end of the lot, if the dew is heavy, and if light, they are near the gate. The hired girls are slicing potatoes, and frying pork, and grinding coffee, as the various stages of the progress of the meal are early or late. These could be readily discerned by the passing company who may have often sighed for the greater freedom, and absence of care of the rural population. The first few miles, all was still. Then signs of working began to show themselves. Then the smoke began to issue. Then the coffee-mill sent forth its grating sound. Then the fumes of fragrance came gratefully to their sense. Here was a place where tea instead—without sugar, was discerned, without any other evidence of limited means. Houses looking as well in every other respect, sent forth tea of a cheap kind. Bets were made, and money lost, as well as disappointments incurred, as the truth, by a nearer inspection was made known. The next house looking neat and trim, was thought would send forth a fragrance of coffee, with perhaps the best of all, a steak of mutton-chops frying over the coals. Dan bets a dollar, and it is taken by Minnie, who when nearer arrived, detects the usual odor of pork and tea. She claims the dollar, and gets it, before the day is spent, not so much for the love of it, as the fun. The house, indicating that of a tenant, by its neglected condition, and the shabby state of all the surroundings, sends forth an aroma of coffee and good living, which those more able, but more indifferent do not enjoy.

They arrive, at last, exhilarated at a farmer's house, where, after putting their tired horses in comfortable stalls, and with a jug of milk, and their basket, they take the nearest path to the woods, which are but a short distance. We will now turn our atten-

tion to the adventures of Arlo, whom we left, a short time ago, making preparations for the jaunt.

Since the remarkable evening on which Mr. Peekskill had been booted off the piazza by Arlo's irritated father, he had not thought it advisable to put in an appearance, while there was a probability of his presence there. He had, however, called, when he knew to a certainty that he was not at home, and had been received with that reserved courtesy which distinguishes the deportment of a lady when she knows she is doing that which is opposed to the wishes of her august parent. Her mother, like Arlo, was half inclined to favor the attention which he so persistently tendered. There was that about Mr. Peekskill, that was irresistably fascinating, when he directed all the powers of his fertile mind to the subjection of his imperious will; and this, together with his servility and meanness, made him distasteful to Mr. Brown. He could not bear him, nor would he tolerate him. He had received a vague hint of what was going on, or he had gathered it from that intuitive perception which is often as certain as knowledge, but which no man can make the basis of an argument.

Arlo had managed this with the adroitness which never fails to present itself on occasions like this. She had calculated on her father not being at home. He sometimes was absent on business connected with the establishment of which he was the principal manager. It was on one of these jaunts that she decided to have her trip chestnutting. She was to open one of the blinds of the second story window if the coast were clear. Her father had returned the night before after she had gone to bed, and she knew not that he was present. She had opened the blind before coming down, and she had told her father she was going chestnutting before she was aware of it. She hastened back, closed the blind, and prepared herself for such gloomy reflections as the present state of things would naturally suggest. It

could not be that he had seen the open blind during the short interval in which it had remained. He would not come. He would not have the pleasure of an encounter with her father. It was all broken up. She would not have any fun. The plan of a week was thus frustrated by lack of strategy. She might have calculated that he would be home just in time. She might have made some arrangement in view of such an event, and then, even if it had been unnecessary to resort to it, she might, on such an emergency, resort to an expedient, which would facilitate an enterprise so desirable. But here she was balked. What a good time the rest of the party would have. They would get a pillow-case full of chestnuts, besides the frolicking fun of the gathering. She would miss the dinner on the leaves, and moss. The chat, the laughter, the fun was—it was denied. Somebody else would enjoy the happy day. While she was penned up within the gloomy walls of her prison home. She sighed, and the tears almost forced themselves against her will. She would not cry, yet in spite of her resolution, she was in the mood of it.

She had miscalculated the enthusiasm of Peekskill if she thought he had not seen the opened blind. He had been peering at it long before the blind could be distinguished in the darkness. Nothing could be seen but the dark front of the house, shaded below by the growing shrubbery, which as yet, did not reach to the second story. He would saunter along on the sidewalk in the direction of the fair enchantress, and thus be able to see the desired beacon the very moment her lily hand was put forth to unfasten the oriel. He must take care and avoid the shade trees that intervened, along the road-side. Now and then one crossed his path, and cut off his vision. He hastened on and soon stood within a few rods of the mansion. Not a blind was opened, as he could now plainly see, for the morning light had penetrated much deeper into the gloom than when he first

started. He stood in the shade, and waited, and listened, straining every faculty to catch the first sounds of the awakening angel, whom he now fairly adored. He saw her, in his imagination, dreaming the long hours away, while he was waiting anxiously for that indication of the successful working of the plot they had labored so long to devise. Hark! What's that flickering through the lattice; now it grows brighter as the flame ignites the wick and finds more life for its fire. She is up. Her fragile form passed between the light and window, casting only a shadow there. He embraces her in his ecstatic fancy and longs for the opening of that blind which now cruelly obtrudes itself across his vision, preventing him from seeing the sweetest object which ever mortal eyes beheld. He sees her preparing her toilet with that care and delicacy which are the characteristics of a captivating belle. He imagines she is longer than necessary; her work is not equal to his impatience. She does not dream he is watching her. He now thinks the conclusion of her toilet is reached by the quick slender shadows which pass across the window. She comes; the window is raised; the fastening is moved; he hears the grating sound, and the blind is opened; he throws a kiss to the loved hand which he can just discern as it moves rapidly across the light. He hastens away, yet turns ere he is out of sight, and the light is gone. It is now down stairs, and in a moment more, if he had waited, he could have seen her on the piazza. He hurried away. Thus are we prevented from knowing the half our lovers feel by that false perception, as natural as life, and as frail, which, if made known, would turn it into gall and hatred. Love is no less deep and sincere because it is shrouded by the veil which selfishness throws around her own cherished possessions. Women have loved, and died rather than reveal it—and so have men. Those sometimes love deepest who show the least signs of it.

Before Peekskill had taken his departure on the short jaunt we have just described, he had given directions for the harnessing of his team and the preparation of such edibles, which were abundant and good, as the refrigerator afforded. By the time he returned they were already at the door and impatient for a start. He jumps in, and directing his driver where to go, was soon rattling away in the direction of Brown's.

The idea had flashed across the mind of Mr. Brown that probably she was going with that detestable renegade, and he arose immediately. He had time to just secure his pants by the suspenders, when Peek drove up. He heard the vehicle stop, and Arlo scream at the top of the stairs. It was too late. Peek did not observe the closed blind as he hastened up the walk, and if he had, he would have thought nothing of it, supposing she had again closed it for the purpose of keeping out the morning sun which would be soon streaming in silvery rays over half the world. They met at the door, though the voice of Arlo had partly prepared the intrepid Peekskill for a reception he had not calculated upon. Conflicting thoughts passed through his mind in the instant ; but it was too late to recede. True or false, or tricky, he must meet the consequences now. He would repay her for it whichever it might be, in the sequel.

"I told you once before if you ever came around here again, I'd shoot you. What in thunder do you want here? I'll show you," and so suiting the action to the word, he handled him in a manner that was far from agreeable. He threw him headlong from the steps. Arlo had arrived there by this time and she saw him rolling down to the walk. It was not the most edifying sight for any of the participants, especially for Arlo and Peekskill ; for these it was in the highest degree unpleasant. Her mother hearing the noise of the scuffle, arrived at the window, and, peering through between the shutters, saw the events outside with feelings of re-

gret ; yet she could not help smiling at the singular ludicrous aspect which they had assumed. Mr. Peekskill picked himself up and made such feeble defense as his demoralized condition would allow. He tried to explain that the excursion had been mutually agreed upon by the most interested parties.

"I'm one of the most interested parties in this transaction, and I want you to understand that too, and it will save you, in the future, much hard treatment," he exclaimed, administering, as opportunity presented, kicks, and jerks, between such defenses as the extremely agitated condition of Mr. Peekskill permitted him to interpose. Between the jawings on one hand and expostulations on the other, and such kicks as slipped feet permitted, they both reached the carriage. The noise of the conflict kept the team in a fractious dance, as if they feared to receive a portion of the castigation which was heard to descend upon the person of their master. They turned their heads in the direction of the contestants and pranced and jumped much more furiously than they had ever done before. It was with difficulty that Jim succeeded in keeping them in that subjection which the dignity of the owner and occasion required. Both were arrant cowards. Peekskill being of light build, made no pretensions to strength ; but Brown being large and muscular, experienced no difficulty in handling the lymphatic Peekskill, who by this time got into the vehicle amid the ejaculations of Mr. Brown, and a warning never again to obtrude his presence there. Peekskill went home, while the most doleful reflections agitated his mind.

Mr. Brown went into the house where he rove and tore around like a raging lion. They would drive him crazy : they would send him to the poor-house—it was outrageous—he would n't endure it ; he'd turn them out of doors—he'd sell out—he'd move out of the country—he'd go to Europe—he'd do this and that, and a hundred other things which he never after seriously contemplated. All the

time he was dressing, which an unexpected occasion had interrupted, he blew like a hurricane, without intermission or rest. Not a word could any one speak by way of excuse or explanation. They could only suffer the reproaches he heaped with an unsparing tongue, upon his defenceless family—accusing them of ingratitude, of perfidy, and treason, in thus trying to thwart his often expressed wishes in regard to the company of his daughter, whom he was desirous should wed one in every way worthy the precious trust he had so long guarded; expecting to see her surrounded by those appurtenances of wealth and refinement which had so long been the heritage of the family; and especially was he desirous that she should succeed in getting one who would sustain, if not to advance, the prestige for wealth and culture which had now been so well sustained. But no; they were going to ruin and beggary as fast as decline was possible, just because a sickly sentimentality pervaded the love of his romantic daughter. She must be pleased. She must listen to the insinuating devices which interested laziness always borrows, rather than rely upon those sterner virtues of common sense and prudence, to which right-minded men always resort in the furtherance of good results. Thus the care and anxiety of his life were about to be sacrificed through the prevailing influence of love-sick twaddle. Preposterous. He would rather see her confined for the grave than linked to a destiny which should each day grow worse and worse. First, the property he had spent his life in accumulating, would be squandered in mismanagement and extravagant living, then poverty and want would follow on in swift succeeding footsteps. First the palatial residence with its gorgeous furniture, he had taken so much pains to build up and adorn, would go the way of all the world, and be succeeded by a squalid hut reeking with the fumes of dissipation and slothfulness; then the pallet on which reclines beneath filthy rags, the cherished darling of his life. "O!

O! O! it is too much! Great God, forgive me!" he exclaimed, sinking back into a chair, pressing his throbbing temples with both his hands.

He sat sometime bent over, his head in his hands, while the passions of fear, love and hate, surged through his mind with dangerous intensity. He had half crazed himself by permitting his passion to get the better of his judgment. It led him along step by step, each succeeding being more fierce and angry than the last, until, encouraged by the effect of his vituperation in the subjection of minds to his all-conquering will, he found himself at last on the brink of despair and ready, and willing, to plunge himself down into the irretrievable ruins below. At such times he seemed to fear nothing; he even courted the dangers he saw threatening the permanency of his house. He would have been glad to take upon himself the trouble of warding off the blows which adverse fortune seemed ever willing to inflict upon the unfortunate victims of its caprice. But he could not; he could not always live; his loved children would soon be cast upon the troubled sea of life with no other pilot than their youthful inexperience—poor resources in trials of danger. His wife said after some little time:

"You make the case worse than it is; they will learn as we have done; you was young once, but you got along well enough, notwithstanding the fears of your father."

"He never had any fears; he managed all the business himself till I was forty years old, at which time I was abundantly able to take care of myself; now these children are young, they have had no experience in life, they know nothing of it and before they get learned they will lose all I have acquired; I see it; I know it; I feel it, and yet am impotent to lend one hand to retard the declining prestige of a now glorious house. Look around you and see the same thing taking place every day. Not a week occurs but some young man having arrived at his

majority, claims his patrimony, goes forth in the world to make an ass of himself, squandering the precious inheritance left him by an industrious father, in the company of courtézans, blacklegs, and renégades. I can see the end of all this as well as if it were already present, by the light of unfortunate examples that have gone before. Smart ; O, yes, they are smart and cunning as a fox, as gallant as a cavalier, willing to jump and pick up a lady's handkerchief, reeking with the perfumes of musk and balm, and incense, and hand it back with compliments of praise ; and these love-sick darlings receive the adulation as if it were their just due. They neither know that these have nothing to do with the sterner realities of life, nor care whether they have or not. But they revel in them, and think because they are pleased, outrageous fortunes must smile on them. It will be quite otherwise. There is something else to be done in this world than ogling, coquetting, and smirking. It costs too much to find this out. A half million is too much to lose in learning such a self-evident truth—that life and success mean hard work and economy."

"O, do let us have a truce. The whole sum total of life is not worth the trouble and expense you are giving it. It is costing your energies, your life-blood already. It is the way of true life to squander and gather. Neither can succeed by itself, while both can go well together," she said, apologetically, and at the same time so logically that he could not deny it.

"Of course, and that is what I'm talking about. I want my children to be the gleaners, picking up what others scatter."

"It is the more selfish pursuit," she said interruptingly.

"I don't care if it is. It is one more in accord with my ideas of the duties of life, and one reflecting far more credit upon the actors," he said decidedly.

"I doubt it," she said, encouraged at the signs of returning consciousness, and good humor.

"I don't care what you doubt. I'm going to have my way about this, if it costs all the life and energy I have left."

"O, well, I wouldn't get beside myself talking of things that can't be helped. You could not make things any better if you had the power. It's all right."

"I have no right to talk of them, I suppose, and endeavor to get things to go in their right groove. O, no. They must go hap-hazard, just as the whim of caprice may dictate. Who ever saw a woman yet that knew anything? You seem to have no more idea of what it is to get along in the world than that girl has, for all you have lived twice her number of years. You have not experienced life in those phases which foster success. You have lived, as does the tree or plant, drawing sustenance out of the surrounding elements, warped and influenced according to their nature. That's all. Whatever of the useful there has been in it, that you have in-bibed. But go-ahead; we will see what will come of this," he said, and rising, left the room.

Soon after, breakfast was announced, and the family sat down, Arlo as glum as a corrected daughter could be; her mother, hurt, yet forgiving; her father talkative, and more gentle. He wondered how Mr. Peekskill felt. He guessed he would not care to go a chestnutting again. He might experience some difficulty in climbing, and perhaps in sitting down. It would have been more unpleasant if he had happened to have had on his heavy boots. He saw him lop over on his side as the carriage drove off. As the ludicrousness of the scene was thus portrayed afresh, Arlo, and her mother, affected to smile; but it were so constrained and forced that the animus of their feelings was plainly revealed. He had said enough for the present, besides it was his part now to be pleasant, and to neutralize the painful effects which his passionate declamation had inflicted.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOMETHING ABOUT HENRY WILSON.

WE must now say something of our rejected hero, and his father, to whom Mr. Hardfist has just been boasting of having given a barrel of flour. He seldom performed such charity; and when he did he never failed to tell of it. He was more loud in his praise than he would seem to merit; but he was the measure of it.

The father of Henry Wilson was poor, dependent, and often in absolute need of the necessities of life. The times were unpropitious. Work was difficult to be had, and then at unremunerative wages. He was industrious, and prudent, so far as honesty and industry could go. He stopped right here. He had not the faculty of saving. He must have coffee, and tea, and sugar, and cake, and all the good things of life, when he had the means of getting them, and when he had not, a piece of bread, with molasses on it, would be all that could be had at his table. At such times—and they were frequent—codfish and potatoes for dinner, with perhaps, the bread and molasses, for dessert, while this alone served for breakfast and supper.

Henry was not at home. He was working out his salvation in an adjacent town. He might have guessed that his father's family was sometimes in want, as he had often experienced what it was to go supperless to bed.

Not being there, he would of course, not feel that same anxiety about them as he would if he were still a member of the family ; and, as he was of age, his father was too proud to call on him for assistance, which he knew he would readily grant. In fact, the father never knew when he was hard up, even when he was masticating the crust of bread, which perhaps, was the last of the loaf. Often the mother had stinted her supply, that her children might have enough ; and indeed, for this matter, the father had himself often risen from the table, when the appetite was only half appeased, and had gone to his work—if indeed any was to be had—with the buoyant feelings of one who had nothing to complain of, and who thought the little world that surrounded him more bright and joyful than that which surrounded any other people. No one could be happier. He was not conscious of want, unless it were those cravings of hunger, which we have all experienced ; this desire, an apple or pear will partly assuage. He works away, knowing that the night will bring him his reward, while the fond society of his family will amply repay him for all his personal sacrifices. He will stop at the grocery and contract the earnings of the day, for such little things as he knows he needs ; each in a package, he stows away in his dinner pail, to be consumed in the morrow's meal. He will have one good meal, and then perhaps go hungry all the rest of the week, or with such light repast as amounts to a starvation diet.

It was in the year 18—, when work being scarce, that Mr. Wilson found himself most sorely pressed for the necessities of life. It was autumn. The garden had been consumed during the summer, when there was plenty of work, and enough to eat ; but now there was neither. The flour was gone. The potatoes were all dug. The green corn all picked. Tomatoes, and cucumbers had been all consumed, in their time, along with the other good things, of coffee and cake—we have

ourselves seen him buy the best Java, and loaf sugar, taking the last half dollar he had in his pocket, and with these packages under his arm, he walked homeward with the proud consciousness of a king. His lofty and independent bearing indicated a much better filled purse than he was known ever to be troubled with. A stranger would think—his clothes aside—that he was a well-to-do farmer, who often assume an air of poverty, just to gratify a morbid self-gratulation.

"This is the last of the flour, and if you want any dinner, you will have to get something to make it with," said Mrs. Wilson, when about half of the allowance, which was then on the table, had been consumed.

"Well, there is some potatoes, and codfish," he replied, reassuringly.

"No, there ain't; they were all cooked yesterday. There is nothing to eat, and, unless you can get work to-day, we shall starve," she said, in a husky voice.

"O no. We have got along heretofore, and I guess, at this late day, and generation, there will be no danger of starvation."

"I'd rather starve than receive aid of charity," she said, his reply indicating a resort thereto.

"Well, you can have your choice; but for me, the longer I live, the more fortunate I shall be, let the means come from whatever source they may. I'll get work to-day, I know I will. Mr. Smoothness said yesterday that he didn't know but he would set out some trees, along by the bridge there. We had a good job laying that wall up, only it didn't last long," he replied.

He went out that day, but Mr. Smoothness wasn't ready yet, but would be in a few days. In the meanwhile Mr. Wilson could get work of Mr. Hardfist—an unpromising name to go to in an hour of distress. Mr. Wilson went. Could he give him a job grading the walks in the garden, or shearing the borders? "No, got more applications now than I could employ or pay for if

I had a thousand acres of land, and millions of money," he replied gruffly, and walked away. Perhaps one of the Browns would give him a job, cutting corn or picking apples, or digging potatoes. (He had often eaten a raw potato when digging in the field to still the gnawing of hunger which had been but imperfectly satisfied in the morning.) No, they had nothing to do. Though the unwelcome intelligence was conveyed with a sorrowful manner, as if it was deeply to be regretted. He was rather out of William's jurisdiction, and he felt not that interest in his well-being that he would have done, had he been even occasionally in his employ ; as it was, if he had made known the actual condition of his cupboard at home, he would not only have given him work, but he would instantly have shelled out the means whereby relief could have been purchased. We know not but Mr. Hardfist would have done as much ; but he was not noted for his liberality, nor kindness of disposition.

He returned to a dinnerless table. A few apples—sour as vinegar, edging the teeth so much that scarcely one could be eaten, and that not sufficiently chewed to make it pleasant swallowing—were all that could be provided for that day's dinner. The table was not set, but each went out and helped himself at his leisure. Thus four or five children cried that day for food. They cried at night, and the mother cried, but it brought no relief. The few apples were scarce and sour. Those he gathered from a farmer's orchard in the country, though sweeter, did not appease the raging hunger. Credit at the groceries was exhausted. Nothing more could be had there, without the money. They had lost much before. What was to be done ! That night dreams of tables filled with the choicest edibles disturbed the rest of the hungry sleepers. They reveled in the feasts wherein the body could take no refreshment. They all arose on the morrow, hungry and more feverish, than on the night before, and recounted to each other the delicious feasts they had

in fancy enjoyed. Roast beef, potatoes, Hubbard squash, and turnip, with the whitest of bread, the yellowest of butter, with tarts, ice-cream and pudding. Some had quail, partridge and turkey. Some had chicken-pie, with other thanksgiving necessities. It was most delicious—the remembrance of the midnight visions was almost as refreshing as actual participation in them. The celery sprouting up from glass goblets, lent an attraction which waking realization was loth to proclaim an illusion.

The children playing with haggard faces in a neighbor's yard, were seen to pick up and eat raw potatoes which were scattered there when some were being conveyed to the cellar. When asked if they were so hungry, they answered, "yes ; we've had nothing these two days but such crusts and apples as could be found." This was enough. They were taken into the house and supplied with all that was required. Thus it was discovered that they were suffering, and hence the barrel of flour was sent, as we before recorded. Afterwards he had plenty of work ; but it is no knowing how much others suffered. 'Tis is only a portraiture of one family. It is probable it could be duplicated ten or fifteen times within the radius of the town. Doubtless, Henry Wilson had often, when home, experienced the pangs of hunger ; and he would, if he had known it, relieved the immediate wants of his parents. As it was, they found the relief that was the result of accident. All went along smoothly as before, till they were brought to suffering again through lack of work, and the negligence of neighbors. We do not inquire how our neighbors live, because it is none of our business ; but we often wonder how some of them manage to make both ends meet.

Henry occasionally visited his home—perhaps a dozen times during the year, but while there not a breath of the condition of the family was ever whispered to him. At the time of their greatest need he was away, and when he came again, the need was supplied, and the

family was as prosperous as in their palmy days. He liked to come home both to visit his parents, and be in the vicinity of her, who had, through interested motives, perhaps, rejected him. He tried the influence of distance and separation for the purpose of seeing if she would not reconsider and receive him instead of the other fellow. But she wouldn't. Time nor distance seemed to have any effect upon her, while receiving the adulating attentions of George Meetin-house. It made but little difference to her where he was. She ate and slept, and flirted, and sighed, the same as when he was present. But the air, the surroundings, the scenery, the associations, the sound of the sabbath-church bell, had such peculiar fascinations for him that he could not resist the temptation of often presenting himself in the midst of scenes wherein he had so recently delighted to dwell, but which had so suddenly become the place wherein he experienced the deepest sorrow he had ever felt. There was a pleasure which he could not define in looking at the house, the trees, the flowers, the shrubbery, and which, perhaps, had received her minute attention. He delighted to walk by the place and look at the parlor windows, and the one up stairs. Was she there? Was she looking between the shutters? The air was sweeter with the perfumes of flowers and grass, and trees. The sun shone more brightly there; the birds sang more sweetly there; all nature seemed to be full of joyousness. In that parlor, in that sitting room, in that dining room, beneath that arbor, along the walk, with the moon shedding a silvery radiance through the fluttering leaves, we sat, and laughed the fleeting hours away. Alas, how changed! not the scenes, but the incidents attending them. Then all was happy and joyous; now it is as happy without, but how dreary and desolate and forsaken within. Will there ever come a change! Will the light of hope ever again radiate the dark and gloomy interior?"

He would go to church on Sunday ; he would see her, but she would n't see him. She would give him no sign of encouragement. She would make him feel as if she had no thought of his existence. He would go in the evening and see them together—that most detestable of all—he would not name him, not even in thought. He wondered why he should hate him so ; they used to be on good terms and went to school together where he had often threshed him ; now the tables were turning against him. He had rather the first of the game had been the other way, if he could have won the latter part of it. To thresh a boy in boyish days and be threshed by the man in manhood's prime, was an achievement not the most flattering. He could lick him now, as he licked him before, if it would only pave the way to her affections. About this there was a doubt. It would look like persecution. It would make her think more of him than ever ; it would not do ; he must wait and carve out his fortune the best he might ; he might succeed better than his rival, and obtain a more happy home, be more respected in society, as well as a more influential member of it, in the opposite paths which fate had decreed he should follow. Who could tell ? He would cheer up and press onward in the fight, waiting for such developments as the future had in store for him.

He took his departure on the morning train for the scenes of his labors. It was early ; the sun had not yet risen, and but few had come to take the first train, and these were sauntering in and around the depot waiting the arrival of the cars which should bear one, at least, from scenes the most dearly cherished of any others in the world. Those there wore cheerful looks, as if the anticipations of the future were more bright than those in the past. Some were sitting with friends who had come to see them off, while Henry was walking outside brooding over his melancholy reflections. Every now and then he turned in his promenade, and looked long

and anxiously in the direction of an old and crumbling residence, wherein were enclosed his—no—neither—nothing. She was nothing to him, nor could she be. Why think of her? Why waste thoughts on a subject that never can be otherwise than the most painful? Hurrah! train come along and bear me away from scenes so unpropitious. Here she comes—toot—toot. All aboard! He turned and looked again, and away she goes down the grade to the Junction. He sat so as to watch the fast receding home. The distance grew wider; trees and houses and hills intervened to cut off momentarily the gaze he fixed upon the house; the sun was just rising with his golden beams. "Farewell! Farewell! Thou home of beauty and worth that earth never before excelled, he exclaimed," with reproachful thoughts not un-mixed with anger. His eyes were misty, and, as he leaned back in the cushioned seat, with a sigh of regret, wiped his eyes with a handkerchief she had hemmed, he hummed a tune to keep his emotions from getting the best of him.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ARE REPRESENTED A VARIETY OF INCIDENTS.

LIFE is various. Though it may in general flow in one direction, there are many streams, varying in character, in incidents, and hope, and happiness, continually flowing into it. The current is controlled by the influences of life which make it up. If these are wayward and torturous, the whole course is unsteady and de-

vious. If they are calm, moral, intelligent, and religious, the whole partake of these characteristics. If they are wild and frenzied—we care not if but few streams of this kind flow in—the whole assumes a precipitateness, and turbidness that it did not before possess. So now we find an element of extravagance, profuseness, and a love of display pervading a few, if not all classes of society. Those who can afford it live high and gorgeous. The war had recently closed; the currency was inflated, prices were high, money was plenty—except in the hands of the poor and improvident. Those who had it spent freely without a thought of the future. This would take care of itself, as the past had done. The present was to be enjoyed with the means at hand; the morrow would furnish means the same as those of to-day are supplied. It came easily, and more will come in the same way. Why not? What is now in hand required no present exertion to possess; it was inherited and would last forever.

Such reasoning is of a looker on. It would appear to be the reflection of the actors of the drama, because of the thoughtless manner in which they conduct themselves. A year has hardly completed its course since the commencement of our story, and yet the demands which an extravagant life has made upon the resources of many, are frightful to contemplate. Fortunes, which at the beginning were thought amply sufficient for a lifetime of well-spent industry, are melting away with a rapidity that would alarm any one but those engaged in dispelling. These have no apprehensions. Others may look on with fear and trembling, but are powerless to avert the impending result.

This is caused, not by unwise investment; not by the failure of undertakings; not because of the fall of stocks or real estates, or fluctuations in the market, but through the natural processes of an inactive life, together with extravagance in dress and equipage. One must dress, and go, and flirt, and gass. No one can deny the right to

live thus, but it is expensive ; it is demoralizing and ruinous. We must go to the pic-nics, the ball-plays, the horse races, the yacht races, and of course it costs something besides the time. No one could expect us to go there and loaf around afoot, and alone. It would look so awkward and ungenteel ; we would be talked about. Folks would comment on our tastes and habits, and it would not be complimentary of either. We are the child and the champion of opinion ; we are the object and motive of criticism ; it would not do ; it looks so—so outlandish and vulgar ; we must go and take a part in the exercises either as spectator or actor ; in either capacity the expense would be the same. Not much can be made out of such a proceeding ; we must take our ladies and sit gossiping in the carriage, or lolling under shade trees, sipping lemonade and lager beer, or claret, and Burgundy, as the case may be. If you are of the tip-top style it would not be becoming to drink any but the most costly wines. You would be talked about ; you would lose prestige ; she wouldn't go again if you treated her on crackers and cheese and lemonade. No ; your good name requires it ; you would fail absolutely in maintaining the position you have assumed did you neglect one of the least formulaes. It does not cost much—only a dollar. You would be mean and penurious did you consider a dollar for a bouquet of flowers. It is not much to give a lady, and she would, of course, expect one every time you rode out. She would want some candy, and peanuts, and oranges ; you would be a hog if you could not think enough of her to buy these.

It makes no difference whether you own a horse or hire one ; it will be expensive in either case ; it will be one, which, if you do nothing else, and are young, with no experience in monetary affairs, will eventually melt away the largest fortune. No fortune could withstand the pressure which an idle and extravagant life would bear against it. It is a continual outpouring, with no

replenishing. The water that always runs thus, must sometimes run dry. We care not how heavy may be the current or how full, or how inexhaustible—it will run dry.

The fortune of Daniel Spreadeagle grew less and less every day. The twenty thousand he had inherited at his majority, was ten thousand less than when he commenced with it, only one short year ago. It had dwindled away by friction and constant drain. If he simply transferred a small portion from one bank to another, some would linger in his pocket, reluctant to go out to good security because a pic-nic, or sociable was on the tapis. A little will be needed to-morrow or next day for treating purposes. Sunday a ride is proposed—five dollars for that, it is not much—and with Arlo, or Mary, it would be well spent; it would be sowed on the waters; it would be gained in their good will, either of whom has magnificent fortunes, which, if success attends worthy endeavor, will amply compensate for the loss incurred. What is the use of counting the cost when so great a stake is to be gained or thrown away through negligence or inaction. It is coming winter. Another suit of clothes is needed. The last is only partly worn, but no matter—it's old—out of fashion, and rusty. It does not become gallantry. Fine ladies expect their beaux to be dressed in fine clothes. They must smell of newness, be crisp and free from wrinkles. A new hat must also be had—it is not much—only four dollars. That spoils another 'V,' and the balance of it will buy ten drinks, or ten cigars for ten friends, and these ten friends will say more good things about me than ten enemies would. Gosh! how much money is made by making such good friends. These will stand by a man, too, when trouble comes, so there will be no danger of want or the wolf, gaunt and hungry, standing at the door. He will be driven away by liberality. We will scatter greenbacks so profusely that their smell shall not attract him. He

will go hence. He will flee from that he most longs for. Yes ; certainly. It is in his nature. Crows do not hang around carcasses. They hover elsewhere, over bleak and barren deserts, where not a sign of luncheon is visible. So with foxes.

This picture is true, in part, in regard to William. He spent a good deal of money, and lost some time in the operation—the latter part being the most valuable of his losses, as it enervated him, and made him less able to see objects in their correct light, or rather, in that light in which a self interest would have seen it. He worked hard at times, rising early and laboring late ; but at other times, he indulged freely in such luxuries as could be procured at the hotel at either end of his route. Here a dollar or two would usually be spent per day—no very great drain ; surely, for such an income as he possessed. Had there been no other, it would have been safe to continue on in this way. Two dollars per diem would be only about seven hundred per year, whereas, his fortune, if rightly managed, would produce an income of ten thousand. Surely a small per centage of this can be devoted towards procuring the luxuries of life—those, without which life would be a mere routine of privations. It would be simmered down to such mechanical pursuits as would distinguish a mere animal—to follow which, would make a man the most detestable of his kind. He would be hated by all his fellows. Not even his friends or relations would condescend to apologize for him.

Such was not William's ambition. He wished to be respected and loved. Whenever he could gratify the wish of another, he did not hesitate to do it. He was a leak, and a great one ; for it would be mean to make inquiries about a tool, that had been worn out before being lent. He could not stoop to such insignificance. It would be base, and inconsistent with the exalted ideas he had formed of a gentleman. He must be liberal, kind-

hearted, and generous. He must make up the losses which friends occasion, by industry, and perseverance. He must make it out of his business. This must pay the expense of living, else of what use is it? Might as well be poor. Might as well have to work for a living.

Another source of leakage was the waste in the house. The extravagances out doors, engendered those in the house. If he could afford to spend two or three dollars a day at the bar, he could afford to buy something to eat, and when it was bought, it need not be taken such scrupulous care of, as if it were the property of a poor man who was in debt, and who had to get all he came by with hard work. There was a great many around, and who, if not pilfering, were busy wasting. They could waste many ways. They need not be over diligent. They need not be careful and save, where it would be no damage, and where just as much good would result. Some work hard, and do little; others do not work so hard, and accomplish more. And yet, it would seem they would work harder and more willingly for him, than for a more exacting master. They would; but the good results would be lost before the end was arrived at; and they, with him, would contribute towards this result. They would do the same as he did unconsciously, and thinking to make it up some other time, if it were not what it should exactly have been. There may be something lost now, but by working a little longer, or a little harder, some other time, it will be more than made up. People who deal in little things to save, get rich; those who neglect little things, get poor.

He was always looking forward to do great things. To get a large crop of corn, or wheat, or hops—one which would surpass in magnitude, and worth, every other farmer in the town. To this end he put forward every endeavor. To the little minute things which contribute to great results, he paid no attention. He saw only worlds in the distant prospect, overlooking the

grains of sand which made up his own. Thus, while he was building castles in the future, which should house his greatness, little crumbs went into the swill-pail which a saving farmer's wife would have put into a pudding for the next day's dinner. Or a leg of mutton ; or a chicken ; or a dozen eggs are sent to a poor sick neighbor who may be laboring under no very dangerous illness, but who was represented to be dying of consumption. He might soon be seen out, and William concluded his recovery was brought about by the refreshing influence of a good square meal. There was self-love in this. William liked to be thought well of. The same argument addressed to Pinchtight, or Hardfist, would not have caused his heart to open in charity. Not a bit of it. They, somehow, did not live in such elements. They were not used to it. They looked on the other side of the subject, and finding good reasons to deny such requests, persuaded the mind that it was the correct solution of the problem. Each saw the object through optics grown from elements which were peculiar to each other ; and the decision partook of the very nature of those elements. If the blood of each had been conveyed to the veins of the other by some mechanical process, whereby its quality would not be impaired by the transfer, we do not hesitate to say that neither would jump so unhesitatingly at the conclusion. They would both doubt, for an instant, the expediency, though ultimately they would do as they did in the former case ; because the transition from one kind of being to another is too sudden. All the functions of being are not adapted to the change. They—the faculties of the mind—will not jibe with the conclusions which the mind would naturally arrive at. Time is necessary to prepare all the functions of mind and body for their harmonious action. They cannot work out of tune. The mind cannot make decisions that are not in harmony with its structure and tissue. This is going further still, and it is enough to excuse the course

which each of our characters is taking. They can't help it. They grow like plants from the soil that gives them being. Of course they may be warped and turned as science and culture may impart; but this is the state in which we find them. Science and culture have performed their work, and this is the net result. They form beings who perform diverse and even opposite functions, succeeding so well in life that one makes an absolute failure of it, and the other is so hated and detested by all other men and women, that life itself is frustrated and barred in its natural course, and made to subserve an end which is foreign to the purpose of the Creator and creature. How do we know this, and by what authority do we state it?

To answer this we must go deeper into the subject. We hope the importance of it will excuse the digression which such a discussion will be required to elucidate. We know we are treading on corns in this field of our enterprise. But we are used to it. We live in such elements, and they form part of our structure, and arguing from analogy, we have as good a right to inflict ourselves on the public as other people have. We find no fault, no fault with existing things; therefore, find no fault with us. Everything is just as good as can be made. Almighty power could not have framed things better; therefore, weak creatures as we are, cannot hope to. Then wherefore write? Why say anything about it? It is to guard those in the future against the dangers which have beset others in the past, and which have proved their ship-wreck and ruin. Our present will be somebody's past. We will be ancient some time, and then what use there is in history, will be of benefit just at a time when such benefit will be most needed. It will be of use then, though it can be of no earthly use now.

Doubtless, all have selfish motives for the course of conduct which is marked out by individuals, whether

saint or sinner, and it is hard to apotheosize one and damn the other. We do not wish to do it ; we will not do it. We will group them all in one, and make them sink or swim together. If they sink, it is consoling to know the devil goes down too ; if they swim, it is gratifying to see the devil undermost, where, ten to one, he don't get the worst of it. And the devil, we are sure, will be found as largely predominating the mean man's course as in the liberal spend thrifts.

Each of these characters marked out courses which it was thought would result in good fortune. It is not done thinking to be repaid with obloquy, misfortune and ruin. It is thought to pay the best. The motive is good enough, but the means are inadequate. This may need to be qualified. There is nothing that may be said or done, but must be taken with a measure of allowance. There are considerations affecting everything that must be taken into serious account. Motives may be good or bad, in proportion as they are selfish, or otherwise. If you aim at aggrandizing self, why is not the saint as censurable as the sinner, providing the saint has no other than his selfish ambition to gratify ? Let us arrive at the truth of this matter by another course of reasoning. The saint, or good man, wishes to receive a share of the good that his course of conduct will mete out to others. It is impossible for him not to wish to be benefited by the forces he sets in motion for the attainment of his own ends ; but in attaining these ends he contributes a greater amount of good upon his fellow, whom it is his desire most to benefit. He pours his good into his fellow's cup, in the hopes that the overflow will fill his own. After all we cannot see but it is another way to help self. It is an indirect way. It is a way that ministers to others first. It is negative.

We have seen that William and Daniel were pouring out to others, in the hope of receiving a benefit hereafter. Now the difference is right here : The saint would

not expect nor care for the good hereafter ; he would do it for the immediate pleasure to him, and the good to his fellow now. He would not expect to receive the same, or some other thing, at a future day. He parted with that which would minister to other's good for no ulterior purpose whatever. He delights to live thus, and these acts of kindness make up the woof of his being, so that he grows and becomes of the very nature of benevolence and kindness. The same may also be said of William and Daniel. They grew by the habits of life by which they allowed themselves to grow in, arriving at the same end at which a saint would have arrived, though traveling a different route. This is the difference between the two: One starts out thinking to benefit himself by securing larger returns for his industry, whereby making himself the foremost man in the group, while the other starts out for the express purpose of benefiting everybody else than himself—immediately and ulteriorly. We must keep the motives separate when weighing the characters of the two. With the last there is no hypocrisy or deceit ; he is actually and truly working for the end he proposes. He is devoting his life and energies to the accomplishment of one purpose—and this is the unqualified good of his fellow. We trust we have made it plain, though we have run against several snags in our course, which almost engulfed us. We will leave Daniel chest-nutting, boat-racing, pic-nicing, horse-talking, cigar-smoking, drinking, carousing and flirting, knowing he will perform these functions as well without as with our company. He will be equal to every emergency. Everything will be done perfectly while we are absent. We need not worry ; his trade is well learned. We will also leave William to his destiny. We will let him work out his salvation alone, knowing well that whatever is imperfectly done cannot be improved by any outside criticism. We will now turn our attention to Hugh, who, in the meantime, is working out his salvation in his way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HUGH RIVERS.

HE has been vacillating between Eva, Mary Jane, and Matilda. First, he gravitates towards Eva. This arouses Fred two-fold—for himself and sister. Then he goes for Matilda, and this arouses Andrew and makes him redouble his exertions, which he need not do as Hugh is perfectly willing to step out of the way if they both desire it. Of course they do. Hugh don't blame them for desiring such valuable possessions. They are worthy, and good, and pretty. If each wants the other, Hugh is not going to be in the way. He wants somebody that nobody else wants, or what is the same thing, that nobody else can get. The extremes meet right here. She thinks, that is generally, that if he does not want her bad enough to take all she says and does, she cannot be of much account. His love cannot be very deep. He thinks if she cannot take him with his foibles, he cannot be of much account. Can such extremes ever be made to harmonize? We'll see.

The world as it is, is bad enough; but it has been worse. It grew better by the development of principle. We can reasonably hope that it can be improved by the same means still. Progresses seldom recede. Then by the adoption of still higher principles we may hope that the world will be still more improved. But shall one man be the exponent of what that improvement shall be?

No. The world is not benefited by following exclusively any one course of policy. It is only benefited by the influence which good moral precepts have upon the well being of the whole. We don't want the whole world to throw up its cap and cry Hosannah! Hosannah! Not a bit of it. We want it to go right on as it is, influenced, a little in its course, by the ideas which a moral training would naturally impart. We know in giving the history of this eccentric, we are in conflict with some of the most deeply cherished principles of society; but we can't help it. It's true. Nor do we expect all will try to adopt the impracticable principles of Hugh. It can't be done. Think upon it and see how well it pays to promote other's welfare.

Whenever Hugh run against an obstacle, which she, obeying the impulse of nature, delighted to put in his pathway, he turned and sought other fields and pastures new, to find there the same difficulties he had sought to avoid. They were, in fact, greatly multiplied. They vied in snubbing him the more, because of his great sensitiveness.

He was all love and gentleness, but these were not enough. The evening might find him playing croquet with Eva, Viola and Fred. He showed, in his shy, complimentary manner, the depth of his affliction; but they paid no attention to him. He was no more than the kitten that played among the wickets and balls, now running and frisking up a tree, then down again, as a ball rolled stealthily by among the flowers and grass. He was simply permitted and tolerated, that's all. If he made a motion to get nearer he was repelled with such a look of indignation and scorn as sent him confounded to the opposite side of the ground, from which he did not venture to emerge again that evening. She was mad—terrible mad. If he ventured to ingratiate himself in the affections of the sweet, gentle Viola, then there was a frown. Nothing would please Eva except foolish fri-

volity, and giggling nonsense. When he came again the next morning, she deigned hardly to notice him, or with such a distant freezing politeness as would chill the warmest love at the distance of half a mile. The father and mother and Viola reflected the same feelings. Viola may have felt as if it were unjust, in view of the unqualified praises she had heard bestowed upon him by her father and mother and everybody; but she felt as if she could not go against the expressed wish of those present, whatever that might be, or by whomsoever expressed. Things would go in this cold way quite a little while. He would be annoyed in ten thousand little ways as only women, who work together in one purpose, can devise. His coffee would not be half sweetened, or it would be of such a nameless taste that it could not be used. A coffee sack would be hung up for a towel, the fuzz of which clung to his beard and face, necessitating the after application of his hands to remove what was more noxious than the dirt before his ablution. This was done to rouse the lion in him, if there was any there to rouse; but woman never found it. Men have sometimes—under great provocation—and felt it; but woman—never. He felt—but he could not resent. He showed it—he could not conceal. He wept at home—he showed signs of tears when pleading for a love he never received, but not immediately subsequent to a conflict. Then he was stern and angry, though not vindictive nor resentful. When he spoke it was with tremulous agitation. He grew out of it, though with less of love, and it grew less and less, at each and every snub, until finally he could use her, with that old indifference with which she received him in the warmest periods of their attachment.

If there was nothing being done at the time of such a quarrel, weeks and months intervened before he dared again to present himself at the house, and then not until every art had been resorted to in vain. When he

came all was smiles and sunshine. One would think there had never been a cloud upon the domestic horizon. The past was entirely obliterated. Not a trace of it remained anywhere. Even the guileless Viola showed no signs of the storm which had a short time before threatened to shipwreck them. It was pleasant now ; and if Hugh could purge out of his feelings the sense of the pain he before felt, he would be encouraged to hope it would not be repeated. They could not love him when they took pleasure in his pain. He did n't take pleasure in playing mean tricks on them. He didn't forget to come to his meals, or clean his feet, or get a pail of water, or bring in some wood, on purpose. They knew this by the contrition and sorrow he showed at being reminded of some negligences ; whereas, on the other hand, even though Pinchtight requested the sugar-bowl to be passed to him, with the declaration that she never attended to her business, it was evident it was all pre-arranged. It was intended on purpose. Now Hugh's coffee was sweetened to perfection. A nice clean towel was hung up near the bird-cage. What strange thoughts trilled through his mind as he took it down. Did the bird know why it was hung there ? Did the innocent thing ever have such trouble with her mate ? Perhaps it was hung there by Eva ; who knows ? It would have been just as sweet if Viola had. On other occasions, when the sky had been bright some time, and no extraordinary demonstration had been made by Hugh, when he asked for a towel—the other having been washed—did she get it for him ? Not much. She yelled out to Spilkins in a tone and manner indicative of supreme contempt. She would not stoop to so humiliating a work. It was beneath her dignity. The idea ! Why, it was simply preposterous. She may have closed the scene by slamming the door with great violence. The dipper, and strainer, and rolling-pin might come tumbling down upon the floor. She did n't care. She had had satis-

faction. She had inflicted another stab that he would not soon forget. She could have all day in plastering up the wound. She had the help of all the family ; and if, as a last resort, she could call in Viola, whose delicate touches never failed to allay the most violent inflammation. He experienced more pleasure under the healing ministrations of this terrestrial angel, during the few years of his singular courtship here, than all the rest of his life. He was almost willing to suffer the pain, that he might see her happy smile, dimpled all over with the radiance of her gentle, loving spirit, and hear her cheery voice, attuned to the sweetest harmonies of Heaven's enduring love.

During such times they would linger long at the table, Viola, meanwhile, teasing him about Spilkins, even venturing on the more dangerous ground of Bogardus, whom nobody liked because of her slitted manners. The mother would speak a good word for him. She would recommend him to Mary Jane or Matilda, the governor smiling more sweetly than under any other provocation. He sipped his coffee. Passed over his cup and took the settlings, which, by being doctored with milk and sugar, he managed to while away another five minutes, gulping down large swallows of the weak decoction. Having finished one saucer full, and leaned back in the chair, straightened his feet out under the table, and stroked his mustache, he prepared another draught the same as before, pouring it out with deliberate gravity, and raising it to his lips, he gulped it down at two swallows. It was heard gurgling clear to his toes. Time enough had been spent at this, and what could not be found out by quizzing Hugh, he would learn in such an indirect manner out doors, that Hugh would not know when it was communicated. About the middle of the forenoon, Hugh would tell, to see the fun of the thing, and without being asked in any way where he was Sunday evening. Perhaps he was home, in the woods ; but he had

let on, all the while, that he was at Passable's or Matilda's. Immediately, thereafter, off Pinchtight went to the house, alleging as an excuse a bite to eat, or a drink, or a pitcher of cider. Hugh enjoyed the scene within as much as if he were there. They were set at rest. There was no danger. He was true. There was no guile in him. He was just what he represented himself to be. He was the worst side out. At noon, when he came in, all was placid and serene. During the conversation some one would say : " There was more than one way of finding out." Cunning never failed to pry into secrets in some way. What one could not think of, some of the other members would.

Hugh never refused to play croquet in the evening with the family, however hurt he might be from a cut from Eva's tongue. He would play, but he did n't enjoy it, neither did he enter into the spirit of the game as unrestrainedly as he would when everything had gone along smoothly for some time. Then he was all aglow with youthful enthusiasm, until, by undue forwardness, he came too near, and presumed too much, he was singed by the passionate heat of girlish love. He was as helpless as a miller with its wings burned off in the glare of the candle. He could play around at a distance with perfect impunity, but when, encouraged by her artful smiles, and seductive ways he came near enough, he was scorched the same as before, then another season of make up must be gone through with before he would be in a condition to receive another snub. In these the parents always concurred, in fact, they seem to encourage her in making them as malignant and hurtful as possible. Whatever was lacking on her part, they would make up. They would bear her out and sustain her in the position she had taken, while Hugh patiently suffered all the terrors of suspense which would result from such a dubious course of conduct. He let everything go just as they directed without making one motion to cause them

to go in his direction. This would naturally result from the course he was pursuing. They must feel as equally interested in furthering the schemes which they had in view, as he did. This would be in accordance with the principles he had set out upon. He must not want her so much as to do wrong to get her, nor acknowledge wrong in anybody else; if he acknowledged it, and put up with it, then he must, of course, retaliate by the same conduct which he experienced from them. If he thought they did wrong, he must not. It was wrong to lie, and equivocate; and if you commence lying and equivocating, you must spend your whole life doing these wicked acts; and according to the philosophy we have observed and followed, they, who followed such a course, would keep growing more and more wicked until, at last, final ruin and death closed the scene, unless qualified by other remarkable energies.

In this manner days and weeks passed away. Hugh, encouraged by the artful Eva, kept urging his suit in spite of the many obstacles she perpetually throwed in his way. They were embarrassing in the extreme. She sang and played them away as often as throwed down. There was one piece she used to sing when he was sitting outside, on the lawn, smoking with her father, even while the detestable Fred was present:

“What is the use of repining?
For where there's a will there's a way;
To-morrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy to-day.”

Fred, laughing, said: “It was for Hugh.” He loved her more for this than if she had been wholly devoted to him. He was there with Hugh every day, often working with him in the field, and if not there during the day, he would be sure to be there in the evening. This was often very annoying to Pinchtight, for he had made a good many arrangements before hand, which he had to

forego in consequence of Fred's persistent attentions. He would play croquet in the evening when he hoped, everything being clear, Hugh would improve the opportunity and advance the scheme he seemed to have so much at heart. Perhaps Hugh would, and perhaps he would n't. It would be all the same in either case—perhaps worse if he did, than if he did n't; for she was sure to "say no, she would n't." It would take two or three months to get over this; whereas, if he had kept still they could have sailed along on the smoothest of friendly seas; and, as there was no advance, there was retrogression. Everything seemed to separate them instead of drawing them nearer together. He rolled the game up the hill one foot, and she rolled it down two. It is evident the longer such a game was continued, the further from each other would be the parties at the conclusion; therefore, the quicker it terminated the better for all.

They would not let it terminate. He had concluded a dozen times that he would quit it, and let them have their way; but as often as he thus resolved, they worked the harder to secure his confidence and get him again to advance to the siege. The song was sung. The piano was played. The parents left them alone, and Hugh proposed. Strange, how should he have dared so much? She was frightened, and ran from the apartment, with great precipitancy. It would not do for him to follow. She would be scared to death, and rouse the neighbors. Hugh walked out through the back door, and over the fence across lots home. What had he done? Something terrible, doubtless. Would he be prosecuted? Would he be denied admittance to the Pinchtight family? He did n't know but he would. There was nothing criminal about it. He had only asked a pretty girl to be his wife. He had promised, almost with tears in his eyes, to love, protect, and cherish her forever—all to no purpose. She would n't. She did n't wish to be insult-

ed by such inexcusable presumption. It was much worse than any of the preceding scenes. It was to them, what death is to the preceding stages of the disease. Would he dare to come again the next morning and go to work? How would he dare face the whole family, and especially those eyes that had looked so tenderly at him? He must go, because it is right in the midst of necessitous work, and to fail now would be treacherousness, added to folly. He came. She was not at breakfast. It was not so hard as he thought it was going to be. Conversation turned upon common place subjects. They all acted as if they knew nothing about it. When they met at noon it was a cold and distant recognition on her part, whereas, on his, anxiety, and hope, and fear, were so blended together that it was hard to tell which was the most powerful emotion. With him it was settled. She did n't mean to have him. If she wanted him she would have said so when he asked her. It did not occur to him that the answer could be delayed to an almost indefinite period. He feared that something more serious than this might result. He did n't know what it was. A row; a blowing; a terrible hurricane, perhaps, any one of which he dreaded more than a pestilence, or an earthquake. Nothing could be more serious than a domestic eruption. It would ruin all his hopes, blast his prospects, and leave him an outcast wanderer on the face of the earth, without habitation or friends.

Such were the feelings with which Hugh regarded the situation. He had never done such a thing before. He had never had such a good chance. Everything was favorable, and he did not hesitate. A good home, and ample provision for the future. There was no risk to run. There was a farm, and he was a farmer. The parents desired some one to assist them in working it, and in getting a living for all. Was he not good enough to be their servant as long as they lived? He did n't

know why. He was prudent ; of good family ; was industrious and temperate ; was plain, studious, and home attached ; cared nothing for display, or the passionate indulgence of any pleasure. Why would he not do as well as the weak sentimental Fred, bent only upon gratifying his own whimsical propensities, however they might clash with the interests or prejudices of others ? He could not see. At any rate, the game was up. There was no hope now. He would not try again. He would work along as if nothing had occurred. Fred might have her. It was evident she wanted him. Hugh could get along without turning the world upside down just for a living. It would please Fred, and her, and Hugh. This would be acting out the Golden rule. Fred could not find any fault with this when it was in his favor.

This state of things was hardly in accordance with the wishes of Mary Jane. It would not do her any good to have Fred marry Eva. There would be no peculiar satisfaction about this. She would not be the heroine in Hugh's forthcoming novel. Some body else would receive that adulatory praise, which, even from the pen of Hugh, was not unpleasant nor undesirable. What was to be done ? Things were approaching a crisis. Roll out the furniture on the piazza. Open the blinds of the parlor, making it look as inviting as possible. Leave the front door open when it is cold enough to freeze out the occupants. Sweep off the steps. Go out in the rain and wind, somebody will offer to carry your umbrella. Be late in town ; somebody will see you, and it will be dangerous coming home alone in such a romantic town as Skaneateles. It is full of gallants who are seeking opportunities to way lay unsuspecting beauties, who are negligently guarded by their doting parents. Some of them are, however, not remarkable for this ordinary phase of romantic adventure.

Fred goes a-hunting, and stops at the lodge. It was accidental—purely accidental—happened to come that way—thought he was somewhere else, when lo and behold he came out all of a sudden right here. He did n't think of it. He had n't intended it. He could not see how he should have lost his way—he never did before—been through these woods lots of times, and never got lost—something must be the matter of me—crazy, or something. He was talking in this strain, without paying any attention to the friendly greetings and assurances with which Hugh endeavored to disembarass him of the assumed awkwardness of the situation.

"It is all right, Fred ; I'm glad you come, for it is a good time to talk over our affairs. They are getting mixed. We won't fight, not a bit of it. I'm peaceably inclined," said Hugh, laughing heartily at the supposed mission of Fred, the intimation of which was naturally inferred from his concluding remarks.

"It's nothing of the kind. I was not thinking of such a thing. It was a mere accident that I happened this way," he said, with a tinge of resentment caused by Hugh's distrust of the motives which brought him thither. He was under the influence of two feelings ; one was his desire to conceal the motives which were actuating him ; and the other was the effect of the incredulosity of Hugh. The first he wished to conceal, but the frank sincere manner of Hugh loaded the incident with an added embarrassment. He succeeded in laughing the effects away.

"How do you get on here ? I should think you would get lonesome. I would not live so for the world," said Fred, casting his eyes around the dingy apartment festooned with cobwebs and dust.

"No, I know you would n't. Neither would I if I did not take real pleasure in the company of my library. A man's affections are where his heart is."

"I would rather have mine in some other locality more favorable to the development of those God-given graces which are the glory of men," Fred continued.

"The difference lies in the opposite view we take of them. You suppose they lie in the gratification of those passions which are natural to man in every stage of his development, whereas I claim they can be best subserved by holding them in check, and permit such indulgence as necessity shall prescribe, guided by the dictates of the most unswerving justice," Hugh replied, with decision.

"There is no use of adopting impracticable theories," Fred said, thoughtfully, as he scanned the whole field of moral duty, which was spread out in such vast areas, that he was astounded by the immensity of the conception.

"They are not impracticable, and if they were, they would not fail of good by the influence they would exert upon the well being of society. People see truths which they do not practice; but they, notwithstanding the negligence in which they are held, are not wholly without force in directing the moral conceptions of men," he said.

"Perhaps not. But let us talk of something else. This jargon is tiresome to me. I can't see how you can always be harping on it. Do you think of nothing else? Has the world no attractions, and life no duties to perform? Come, you are wasting on the desert air."

"Sweeter flowers than I am have perished there, and this, too, when it was thought all the obligations which life imposed, were fully discharged. I mean, to express myself more clearly, people sacrifice themselves more by their love of self-gratification than in the performance of those duties which such a position would naturally require. They mistake themselves. They kindle the fires

at the stake, which make them martyrs to the unholy cause they have embraced."

"No one is to blame then, if they do this wittingly and knowingly," he said, in a tone of exultation which forbade any interference on the part of outsiders.

"It is the duty of friends, kinsmen, and lovers, to warn one another of the danger that is impending, and to seek by every artifice to constrain or lead mutable humanity in those paths which will certainly lead to goals of rest," Hugh returned in such a loving tone of friendly regard for his welfare, that Fred could not but respect the sincere motives which seemed to actuate his mind.

"Can't all these things be done without sacrificing life in this way? Think how much you are losing, how much happiness, and respect."

"About happiness, I might say, I am as happy in the performance of what I deem my duty as you are in yours; as for respect, if I must lose the confidence of friends by adhering to those principles which are the bulwark of happiness itself, why then they will be the only ones who will regret the course which the two have pursued, by the increase of happiness which it will be their lot to receive. This would be a result much more to be desired than the frivolous gratification of momentary pleasure."

"Pshaw, Hugh, this is all fudge. You are crazy. I have heard folks say you was."

"All right. Crazy brains sometimes conceive a good deal of sense —"

"More than is acknowledged by lookers on."

"Perhaps so, if you like it that way the most. One-sided minds are the only ones that succeed in accomplishing great results. They may be the drones in the hive of industry, but they are no less necessary to its economy. While you are in the performance of practical functions, I am conceiving new ideas, which, in time, will be easily ingrafted upon the parent stock you

are growing. My duties are no less necessary than your own, nor are they less laborious. Because they appear to be inactive, and passionless, and objectless, they are not, on that account, unworthy your fostering respect; because by them you are yourself, enabled to sustain the position which the retrogressive tendencies of unchecked aggression is sure to introduce. Respect, therefore, every element which contributes to the growth of structural society, or which prevents its retrogression." Fred thinking he would succeed better if he joined in with him, said :

"The importance of your work was never before made so plain to me. Go ahead. There is need of the nourishing influence of moral precepts. It won't be necessary to continue on in this course always. It does not always rain. It needs the sunshine occasionally to warm up the soil which a deluge of morality would otherwise make cold and barren. Don't you think of marrying?" he said, his eyes brightening at the change which he hoped to introduce, he appearing to be entirely ignorant of the scheme and the stage of it, which was being worked out at Pinchtight's.

"O, yes, certainly I do. I have but recently made some demonstrations with a view to effecting such a result. I suppose you will lend your influence towards the accomplishment of so desirable an event."

"Well, yes—I—don't—know but I would, provided it was in favor of one whom you was recently shining around," he said, slowly, as if he was undecided how to present so singular a subject. "I trust," he continued, "that you are aware of the uselessness of prosecuting further the suit you have commenced at Pinchtight's. In fact, you said on a former occasion, you believed in the Golden rule, with the implied declaration that you intended to carry it out to the the strictest letter."

"Have you seen anything of late which lead you to

think I had abandoned that principle?" Hugh asked, looking at him with a glance indicative both of affection and brotherly love, together with a wish to further any designs he might have in hand, which should promote his personal happiness and future welfare. Fred could discover not a particle of the jealousy which, in similar circumstances, would be sure to have been aroused by the insinuating remarks which had been made. A happy sense of the successful issue he had undertaken flashed upon him at the probable indifference of Hugh, or, perhaps we should say, for the purpose of illustrating the morbid philosophy he had conceived it to be his duty to carry out in all the concerns of life; in which case, it was evident, Hugh would stand by and see him take the fairest flower that ever bloomed in the garden of Eden, to exhale its sweet fragrance around his domestic hearth. It was most fortunate to have such a rival to contend with. We must not forget his answer.

"No, not unless your persistency there would seem to give the lie to your previous statements," he returned, in a manner showing at once his lack of confidence in Hugh, who appeared utterly unable to carry out the good intentions he had conceived. The reply showed, too, that the impressions, before referred to, were not of so stable a character as to materially control his mind, or such as he could hope to realize by the successful issue of his plot. This was caused by the continuance of Hugh in the family of Pinchtight as a laborer, in which capacity, through the influences which were continually thrown around him, and the opportunities that were designedly placed in his way, he was making such progress as a yielding to the foibles of the father, and flattering his vanity by a subservient deference to his minutest exactions, and by an obtuseness of perception which failed to perceive the ludicrous aspect of his stilted expressions, as would naturally be entertained of one in every respect worthy of confidence and regard. Had it not been for

these circumstances, Hugh would long since have left Fred, in the peaceful possession of Eva, he deeming it inconsistent with his professions to urge a suit which had so repeatedly been firmly and cruelly rejected. As it was, when an opportunity was presented he improved it, resulting always as before in her abrupt withdrawal, accompanied with such remarks as a person in a high state of indignation would be supposed to make use of, Hugh walking out hum-whistling, striking his switch at the dandelion blossoms, some of which were scattering their spangled seed through the air. He was observed to do this sometimes, in a spirit quite foreign to the charitable feelings he had so often expressed. There was a sprightlessness of motion, which, if not strictly spiteful, did not argue a perfectly pacific temper. These we can overlook, in view of the difficult position which he had assumed. We cannot but admire the execution of a project which involves so great a sacrifice, however imperfectly it may be performed. Perhaps he might take pleasure in the infliction of as much pain as each stroke of the whip would cause to those who were standing in his way, and apparently striving to thwart his progress. He might wish to see their hopes dashed to pieces as the little flake-like seedlings were scattered by his whip; still, if he did nothing more we may excuse the impotent indulgence of a passion which was expended in so harmless a diversion. But to return to the point whence we digressed.

"You must remember, Fred, that I am working there, that's all. I do nothing that bars your way. If they put opportunities in mine, it is evident that I must do as I would be done by. I must respond as it is wished I should, going as far as the limitation of the above principle will allow. I must not only do to you as I would be done by, but I must do unto her as I should wish others should do unto me were I in her place. You are not all, neither is she all. If she respects the principles she must respect me," Hugh continued.

"If you go no further than this, there will be no reason for alarm," Fred said, meditatively.

"None, whatever. No danger would accrue to either of us in any event. You would not seek revenge when it is plainly her wish to force the issue to a conclusion most agreeable to the interest and passions of those concerned," he returned, taking a view of the subject which Fred's remarks did not inspire.

"I mean there will be no danger of the issue being forced to a conclusion in opposition to my interests, provided you go no further than the limit you have set," he said, reassured.

"Perhaps not. That remains to be discovered. I cannot tell what the future will reveal. We may safely calculate, however, that the course which has been pursued in the past will be followed in the future, controlled by those indications which obtain in such projects, limited by those barriers which right reason interposes to the aggressive course of selfish interest," Hugh said, blasting the little hope that Fred had entertained of the peaceful solution of his ambitious love-dream. His face kindled with indignant jealousy. It was quickly succeeded by more hopeful emotions as a thought of another picture of the scheme flashed upon his mind.

"You seem now to be concentrating your attention which was a short time ago distributed through the neighborhood. Do you give up all for her?" he asked.

"I give up nothing. She who will sympathize with me in the work in which I am engaged, will receive the proffer of a purely devoted life. If she accepts, this will be all, and it will be an earnest of her unselfish affections. Otherwise, the world will roll around, as it always has done, and we follow on in the divergent paths which we have conceived it to be our duty to pursue," Hugh said, without assuring him on the point he was most solicitous about.

"I should think, in view of such encouragements, you would perceive the uselessness of pursuing a course which was so likely to result in complete failure, and adopt such a one more congenial to the interests of those who are able and willing to forward a scheme in which others, as well as yourself, have a deep and anxious solicitude," he said, enigmatically.

"This I intend to do. You must not fail to remember that while I propose to do as you do, I have the same tastes, passions and prejudices that you have; and while I am striving to act in accordance with moral and religious precepts, these tastes and passions are only secondary. They desire indulgence just as strongly, nevertheless. They are in abeyance. They wait such time and opportunity as a recognition and adoption of the moral precepts will lead some beautiful maiden to accept. Otherwise, never," he concluded, with an emphasis which the occasion did not seem to demand.

"You make the conditions too hard. You do not explain clearly to the comprehension of ladies the commendable motives which actuate your policy; nor do you give them time to digest and assimilate them. Perhaps a little more industry on your part would awaken an interest which the cause will want if you continue the lethargic course you have begun."

"Man cannot supply brains and perception. He must leave a little to be guessed at. People do not like to be led bodily. They wish to appear to follow the dictates of their own sagacity; hence a wide margin must be left for them to act upon. I can only suggest, intimate, propound, and leave them to follow after if they will, or follow on a course of their own, appearing, in the meantime, to care but little whether they adopt mine or some other one. A man's salvation must not depend upon others; it depends wholly upon himself."

The argument being rather diffusive, Fred endeavored to make it more specific by resorting to another resource which he seemed very loth to

adopt until all others had failed, and this was an impugning of his, Mr. Pinchtight's disposition, which was not, at all times, of the most amiable kind. He told stories which reflected against good judgment, good taste and prudence. He recited many incidents in which he was made to appear ludicrous from the excessive vanity which was displayed, together with the inaccuracies which would accompany the stilted assertions of a vain, uncultivated mind. He was represented as saying and doing things, with a view of conveying his own importance. As for example, "he cut hay according to Herschel," conveying the idea that he knew all about Herschel, who, instead of being a farmer, was an astronomer, and supposed to know nothing about the correct time of cutting hay; whereas the impression which was intended to be conveyed was that Herschel knew, or rather had predicted, when rains would be likely to fall, thus making the process of haying, if cut during one of the rainy periods, expensive and perplexing, necessitating the opening and scattering of the hay after each shower. The wise farmer would, of course, avoid cutting hay when so trustworthy a prophet had predicted a season wherein such a work could be rendered with great difficulty. There was nothing reprehensible in this. Every farmer is justified in the exercise of the wisdom which will make his husbandry the least expensive and the most profitable. Other phases of his conduct could not, however be so well defended, nearly all of which the jealous passion of Fred revealed. He was sowing tares which he might be called upon some day to eradicate, but which, for the present, would grow in all their luxuriance, extracting the nourishment from the soil which Hugh was preparing for the wheat. We will see who will harvest wheat, and who the tares. Perhaps the latter word will, though spelt much like another, express a far more bitter emotion than it is possible to convey in the humble but troublesome industry of removing a few weeds.

The explanations and excuses which Hugh advanced did not inspire the hopes, nor allay the suspicions which Fred had entertained would result from this disparagement of Mr. Pinchtight's disposition. Hugh was constant. Much had been said on both sides, trivial, foolish, and passionate, which it is not our purpose to record ; but enough will be preserved to convey a pretty accurate idea of the motives of each, together with the results which attend a course of conduct, which, to say the least, is tortuous, if not wholly indefensible. Fred was satisfied that Hugh would continue such demonstrations as were consistent with his rule, even in the teeth of his censure, and probably frown, in case he persisted in refusing to perceive the direction towards which Fred pointed. The evening drew towards the close. The shadow of the woods was lengthening towards the east, showing that the time was approaching when Fred must hasten up his motions to meet the engagements he had contracted with his inamorata. He shortly after withdrew, with an invitation to call and see him sometime, and with other expressions of a hopeful character.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH HUGH EXPLAINS HIS PRINCIPLES.

IT was a few evenings after the history of which we have just recorded, that we find Hugh in the sitting room of Mr. Pinchtight, talking earnestly, and fervently, and lovingly, on the principles which he thought should govern the relations of men. They were all pres-

ent and lent an attentive ear to the propositions he set forth, assenting or objecting to them as their humor, or caprice, or interest, seemed to demand. He fortified his statements by quoting texts from the bible, each of which had been interpreted, he said, in such a way as to mean something foreign to its letter. For instance, when that passage was referred to about laying up treasures on earth, they thought it should be qualified in such a way as to be of secondary importance ; and still carry out its spirit ; whereas Hugh argued it should be accepted in its literal sense, not spending our time in amassing material treasure, because when once a man enters upon such a career, he grows in it, and becomes each day more and more absorbed in his accumulations. This, they thought, was wrong, and should be remedied right where it was possible it could. A large tree cannot be turned after it has grown, but while it is growing it is easy to turn it in any direction.

The position that Hugh was endeavoring to sustain, was the fact that men were not sufficiently general. They concentrated too much, bending all the energies of their being towards the accomplishment of one purpose, thus losing the happiness that they aimed at, and gaining the loss and wretchedness which they did n't. An entrance upon this course, too, naturally weakened faculties of mind which should be expanded in other directions. It cultivated shrewdness, craftiness, cunning, and duplicity—qualities which as certainly tend to destruction, as crime, or wickedness. This they did not assent to. He cited instances in which these qualities had been amply illustrated by examples which all knew to be perfectly correct. They were smart, intelligent, and brave, but they lacked industry or economy, or something. They lacked these because they embraced a career in which they were ignored. A man cannot be smart, and cunning, and at the same time humble and diffident. He will not labor with his hands to get a living out of the soil, if he

thinks he is smart enough to get it out of somebody else without manual work. Of what use is craftiness if he cannot make it subserve the ends of his being? Might just as well be a drudge. Might just as well prostitute the noble gifts of the mind to the groveling desires of mere animal existence. All these propositions should be received with qualifications they maintained, and none of them in their literal sense. When he cited the lilies as meaning we should devote more attention to the welfare of our soul and less to the necessities of our natural being, they neutralized it "by being diligent in business, and fervent in spirit."

By adroit management Hugh merged the discussion to those phases which were apologetic of his own conduct. "Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay." "If a man ask you to go with him one mile, go with him twain." "God hateth all that maketh a lie, or worketh abomination." This last they agreed to without qualification. It was an admission he much desired. They could see nothing in the first two citations applicable to the argument in hand. They did not see that if a man based his conduct upon the "yea and nay" principle, he would not lie, and, of course, if he did, he would be carrying out the third—the one they admitted he should not ignore. And it followed if men did not lie they would "be yea, yea, and nay, nay"—that is, they would live that kind of life. It would be right square upon the square, without the exercise of duplicity, cunning or craftiness. They saw now which way he was drifting, and immediately turned the subject. They did not wish to listen to an argument in which they were represented as acting not in accordance with the christian spirit; and Hugh wished to show he was acting in accordance with that spirit in refusing to acknowledge a lie as truth. They remained silent a few moments in which each thought the other was thinking of the thoughts which were coursing in lightning like ra-

pidity through the mind. A cloud seemed to shadow the domestic hearth, and each felt that chilliness which would naturally accompany the obscuring of the celestial luminary. Was there no relief?

"Eva, come, let's have some music," said the father, glancing up to the clock and noting how slowly the time was going. So saying, she arose with the stiff courtesy of one who deems herself offended, yet wishes to maintain with due gravity that dignity which the position required. She played the airs with which she was familiar, but with so solemn an earnestness that she was requested soon to desist. He wished for a few moments alone with his family. He would ventilate himself by excusing the weakness with which they had kept up their side of the argument, and he would denounce him with such unsparing vengeance, that if Hugh had heard it, he would never again set foot in his house. No sooner would he be out of the house when he would open on him, denying good qualities he had himself so often acknowledged, finishing with the wish that he did n't care whether he ever again set foot in the yard or not. These lectures were frequent, and it required some time to remove the clouds his own passion had caused. They talked him out of it, and he lived out of it. Hugh was so stupid. He seemed not to know anything. He could not improve opportunities. It was provoking beyond endurance. To see him sit there and talk about perfectionism, and truth, and goodness, and the beautiful, when there was an angel playing the piano in the parlor. If Hugh had gone in she would have come out, and as he liked music, he would rather hear her play at this little distance than not to be regaled with music at all; besides it would cause a rupture of the relations which were now existing between them, which, perhaps, would take some time to heal up.

This was the evening which Fred usually spent with Eva, but which she had managed to deny him this week.

He knew where Hugh was. His goings and comings were carefully watched. Fred's passion was violent, as he had cultivated no self-control. He could not endure to have Hugh in the sitting-room with all the family talking poetry and perfection. Many times he watched outside in the road the forms of the party within as their shadows were cast upon the curtains. Was he sitting this side or that side of the table; or were the two playing backgammon? What were they doing all the time, and how could they all busy themselves so long? It was annoying to Fred. He was near enough to hear the sound of voices, but not close enough to distinguish what was said. He can hear them laugh: now the sweet voice of Eva, and soon the far sweeter voice of Viola, which fails to touch him with that electric fondness which his own cherished Eva possesses. Now he hears dissenting sounds. There is a tone of anger in them. It is Eva's. Yes, she is mad. "O, I'm glad. I hope Hugh will stick to it. He won't get her if he acts so. She calls him horrid, and laughs at his droll ways. It will take her some time to get over this mad fit, and, meantime, may be I can carry my point. What, what's that? The light goes into the parlor. It can't be. Is he there? O, God! What shall I do? I crowed too soon. She is not so mad as I thought she was. Hark! the piano! She is at the keys certain as thunder. I know her touch. Is the horrid cuss there, leaning over the piano? Why am I racked with these dreadful forebodings? I won't come here again. I'm worse off than at home, only thinking of them. Here I see her shadow and hear her voice, without being able to clasp her in my arms and kiss her cherry lips," thus he soliloquized.

It is hardly possible to picture the thoughts of a man in such a wild state of frenzied emotion. We have, however, transcribed them as nearly as we can. It is highly probable that he thought them while standing in

the shade of the hawthorn hedge which surrounded the place. She may have sung her old songs, and Viola may have essayed the little musical talent she possessed without, however, conveying the impression of remarkable musical proficiency.

They soon after joined the circle in the sitting-room. Viola was the most loving heart ; while Eva's was the most practicable. The former lived to love ; the latter loved to live. The former's love was directed towards an objective point ; the latter loved the subjective. But to return with Eva to the sitting-room. Hugh's position is unchanged. So is Fred's. He may shift himself from one foot to the other, and wish it soon might change, but without immediate relief. The evening is long—to Fred, very long. Time measures not his flight by our impatience. Those in the house talk on indifferent subjects, rambling from one to another, which distinguishes an ill-connected plan. Their plan has been frustrated through the failure of one of the parts. Now a new one must be formed in the privacy of the home circle, when each one having her part previously assigned goes ahead and works out a tolerably correct plot. They do not talk of marriage, and the delights of home, or the prospects which await Mr. Passable, or George Meetinhouse. The mother does not suggest to the daughter the expediency of getting her patchery by the chilly forebodings of the approaching winter. He does not ask whether the winter will be long or short, severe or mild, by reference to the burrs or husks on the corn. The red ear is not suggested, nor the fun which accompanies the apple-paring. At other times all these subjects would receive such a ventilation as would arouse the phlegmatic Hugh to a sense of the actual discomforts of his unhappy position. The glowing hearth. The smiling, happy faces of prospective parents were pictured with a vividness and warmth of coloring as would almost compel the bashful philosopher to rise at once and kneel at the feet of her

he had so often declared he loved more than life itself. Why didn't he then, not be sitting there thinking whether he may do so according to a moral law or not. Abstract questions of life do not touch the maiden heart so forcibly as the flattering tongue, or the equally fascinating touch of the loving arm.

At this stage of the proceedings a tray of apples and a pitcher of cider are suggested, but in such a way as left it optional who should get them. Of course Hugh would. He arose, took the lamp and went down cellar. Should he go alone? Would no one hold the lamp? He was not used to arguing such questions, and he went ahead. It was rather a heavy load for one to carry. After he was gone the father suggested to Eva the propriety of assisting him in these duties. She demurred. He might say something which the embarrassment of the situation would not allow her to improve. He scolded. She retorted, and rising hastily, but reluctantly, proceeded to the cellar. The cider was drawing. She would take the light while he picked out the fairest apples. It was embarrassing to Hugh. Should he get this kind or that? "O, get any kind; they made me come," she replied, impatiently. "That's right. I am glad they did, as my hands were too full for safety. Now you will carry back the light, which will render the performance of the job less hazardous. I would not like to be the innocent cause of a conflagration—it would be too bad to destroy such a happy home. "O, say, your cider is running over," she exclaimed, while she had been intently observing him as he was picking out the apples one by one with a deliberateness which his words indicated. He turned the faucet, and then, finishing the apple-gathering, she led the way up the stairs to the cheerful light of the sitting-room. Neither of them was hurt by this little parleying. Goblets were soon provided and the company partook of the sweet beverage.

The chink of glasses and the smack of lips could be

heard outside, where neither the happy evening nor the delicious draught was enjoyed. What could they be doing so long there? Why did the time seem so terrible long now? He wondered if others felt so in similar circumstances. He wished they would hurry up. He wished the time would fly faster. He took out his watch and labored long to discern the time by the flickering light which the moon afforded, streaming through the tall poplars overhead. He ventured out further in the full blaze of the moon in the hope that he might be enabled to get sufficient light to see the pointers, and in doing so he stepped upon a limb which had fallen and it snapped with such a report as to arouse the company within. Each looked at the other in amazement. "What was it? Why don't you go out and see, you—I—" Eva exclaimed, casting a look of indignant scorn at Hugh, who, unmoved by her voice and the sound without, was rather pleased than otherwise at the consternation which so simple a thing should occasion. He arose mechanically, took his hat, saying "it was time to dig out, and he would, on the way, examine the ground and see if a dog, or horse, or cow was prowling around." He opened the door, which the father rose to shut, but before doing so he peered out into the shadowy moonlight. He heard the sound of something jumping over the fence as Hugh proceeded from the door, but, thinking it no more than a dog, withdrew into the house. The sound of retreating foot-steps preceded Hugh till they reached a house wherein dwelt one well acquainted with him. He saw a door open, and a flood of light came streaming out, in the midst of which the low but nervous form of one about the size of Fred was distinctly visible. Hugh thought, but passed on to his own solitary abode, where he dreamed over the romantic events of the evening.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEREIN ARE RECITED THE SOCIAL EVENTS OF THE
SEASON.

AT this season of the year are inaugurated sociables for the double purpose of providing an agreeable source of amusement to all who may choose to avail themselves of the opportunity, and for the purpose of making a little addition to the funds of the society under whose auspices the sociable takes place. They are sometimes called mite societies. You are expected to leave a mite in consideration of the courtesies of hospitality, of which you are, with others, the grateful recipients. They are ostensibly for this purpose, but really they are for the more commendable object—the formation of new friends, and the renewal of old and nearly obsolete loves. You meet together for the purpose of exchanging those civilities of life which endear us to one another, and which make us feel that the world is not all in the little circle of which we are the center. There are others, and you come together for the purpose of finding them out and learning their ways, observing their manners and other incidents of life with which you have heretofore been unacquainted. By this means you enlarge your views of persons and things. You become acquainted with other persons whom you have only seen on the walk, or at church, or in the business relations of life. This is not

enough. You wish for a better knowledge of men. You hear some spoken of, favorably or adversely, and you entertain such feelings for or against as your authority is trustworthy or otherwise. If the report is good you wish to get better acquainted ; if not, you have a little curiosity to discover whether the truth is as represented to you. There is a bias on your mind which the least error, on the part of the unfortunate, will confirm. You are prepared to be impressed unfavorably, and you are disappointed if your observation does not coincide with the estimate you had previously entertained.

These sociables are popular. All classes encourage them, and all are invited, no matter what the predilections may be, to mingle in these harmonious gatherings. Sometimes apples and nuts are served, with doughnuts, pie and coffee, ice-cream, lemonade, and cake frosted, colored, and caricatured. Young ladies, pretty as angels, mingle in the company selling nosegays, bead work and trinkets of various kinds. You buy, because it would be grossly ungallant to resist the pretty smiles with which you are greeted. You pay ten cents for a flower or two, surrounded by sprigs of leaves and white buds which the darling creature pins in your button-hole. You keep it there in remembrance of her happy smile, bright eyes, and rosy mouth, until the precious leaves drop off one by one, and you have nothing but the barren stem left. This you preserve in your bible. We have such a pile of these that the Book, rendered more valuable by these memorials, is unable to be closed. We keep them, however, as among our most valuable possessions. Here you first get acquainted with her ; and, indeed, those initiatory steps are taken which result in two hearts being made one. We need not recount these. They are engraven in letters of love upon every living heart. They are recorded in Heaven where angels smile. Yes, we will let them pass, unnoticed and unseeing.

We will give the history of one of these, and this must do for all ; for things of an equal importance await our attention. We hope no unkind feeling will be engendered because we do not take one instead of the other. All are good, and all are worthy of our mention. every society has a representative in this history ; but we will record the incidents in that society in which the most of our characters are found, believing we shall be able to do them all that justice that good and evil require.

The sociable was held at the residence of the French's. The evening was pleasant. The house was large and magnificently furnished ; but it hardly sufficed on this occasion to accommodate the fashionable company gathered at this home of wealth and refinement. Those who held very strict religious principles would not avail themselves of this opportunity to cultivate the friendship of Mr. French's family ; but those, on the contrary, who entertained broad, generous views, on all subjects, could, if they chose, have been received and entertained as one of the favored elect. Good, respectable citizens, of both sexes, were associated with on such occasions, with the courtesy which distinguishes persons bred in the best schools of social etiquette. It made no difference whether they were poor or rich, old or young, they danced and flirted, they mingled in all the social games that were introduced for the entertainment of the company. It was an occasion in which each vied with the other in excessive demonstrations of respect towards all whom a favored opportunity had brought together. It was a let up from the stilted conventionalism which uniformly prevailed. Those who participated in these entertainments upon terms of the most friendly character, would not, if so wished, be under any obligations to continue the friendship which had been formed at a sociable ; and, indeed, the same may be said in regard to the relations formed under any other circumstance. It might be

stopped right here, or be continued at the pleasure of the parties.

This was an Episcopal sociable. A majority of the company were of the Episcopal society. There was a sprinkling of the other denominations present. The Pinchtights, Passables, Meetinhouses, and their associates were not here; neither was Mr. Brown—he seldom or never taking any part in such or any other kind of visits. Neither was his brother William present. He never was seen at such a meeting. There is a world out side of these individuals, and a very large one, too. There was a gay and happy company—it was lively, joyous and festive. Peekskill was there, and Daniel, and Richard, sufficient of themselves to make a good company if they could have had a few of their lady friends. They were here in full force. Arlo was the belle of the evening, because she was the guest of the Misses French, between whom there was no rivalry for position, if there were a jealousy natural in every lady's heart for the possession of valued friends. This feeling they never allowed to show itself. Arlo was the prettiest, if it comes right down to a decision of natural endowments. She was the most modest. She had seen less of the world, and was, therefore, not so well versed in arts of duplicity and flirt craft. Her reign was general, and acknowledged by all in this class of society. There were others in the world of another type of beauty, who could, with some admirers, dispute with success, the queenship of beauty. But she was not in this presence, nor did she ever mingle in this society.

The company is assembled. The shaking hands and kissing, and the O, dears! and O, mys! and the removal of stacks of things from the shoulders of the fair martyrs had been gone through with. It was the most onerous part of the undertaking. It is the settling of many units into that quietness which an harmonious whole would be supposed to assume, when all its parts were in

harmony with one another. There is more or less confusion and excitement incident to such a settlement. Good constitutions and well-braced nerves will enable these to carry out to the letter all the duties which devolve upon the hour ; for the French family are remarkable for the good health which they enjoy. As we said before, they were settled. They were scattered in groups around the brilliantly illuminated parlor. Arlo was trying the piano. Peekskill was leaning over the corner, smiling sweetly. It was a glorious opportunity for him, and one which he was bound to improve. He was all attention, courtesy and smiles. At a sign from Arlo, Mary relieved her at the piano and she drifted towards the group in which Dan was the entertainer. She found relief there. There was no more room on the sofa, and he was compelled to engage in a *tete-a-tete* with a young lady at the end, while Arlo's attention was engaged with the story Dan was telling. She hardly recognized the presence of Peekskill, still, doubtless, he was the central figure of her mind.

Minnie and Orlu were busy in the entertainment of the company. They were here and there, and everywhere, stopping but a few moments with each group. Their mother was also busy performing the hospitalities of the hour. Mr. French stood near the register with his hands behind his back talking politics with a group of elderly gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Hardfist, and the other Mr. Lookout, the most remarkable part of which was the gentlemanly manner in which it was conducted. This was gathered from the fact that one was heard to ask pardon for differing from the views expressed ; or, I beg leave to dissent ; or, in the light of present revelations, I think such can, with great difficulty, be maintained. This last being the most partizan view expressed, and in manner the most dogmatical.

Some were viewing scenes of the Rocky Mountains, the Sierra Nevadas, the Catskills, and Adirondacks

through a stereoscope. Some were playing back-gammon, while a number were looking on as much interested as those engaged in the game. The piano was kept playing by some one of the many present. Some were playing in an adjoining room blind man's buff; and when they tired of this, "button, button, who has the button?" was next introduced. These games were, however, by a younger portion of the company. In the former game some one consented to be blind-folded, and in this condition went groping around the room in quest of the young lady whom he most desired should receive the salutatory kiss. This was demanded and given with eagerness on one hand and warmth on the other, in payment for the success which had attended the dubious and often laborious efforts which were required in accomplishing a result so much to be desired on the one hand, and not less desired on the other. Sometimes the opposite of this was arrived at, the person caught being the last one in the room whom it was desired should be the recipient of such distinguished honor; herein is displayed the gallantry in which gentlemen pride themselves. He must kiss her, and she him, however unpleasant it may be to them. The heartiness of the manner indicating the zeal with which the party chose to maintain the prescribed rules of etiquette. If it be done heartily and without any reserve, they are warmly applauded. It is painful to record that this is more applauded than when a really pretty girl is kissed. There is a lull in the whispering, and the looks of the company assume a gravity which the occasion does not sustain. The same facts are observable when a young gentleman receives this distinguished, and at the same time, lovable salutation. There is this difference, however, the ladies seem to be the most interested in the proceeding. With the gentlemen it is an occurrence of the most ordinary kind—hardly worth a moment's consideration. It is strange that two individ-

uals, of equal discernment, should look upon a scene with such conflicting emotions—one with jealousy, and the other with that of indifference. The gentlemen turn and engage more earnestly in the conversation which was only temporarily interrupted; while the ladies, whom they wish to entertain, are more than usually absorbed in the scene which is elsewhere transpiring.

The other play is the most agreeable one, because it is played while sitting, and when not engaged in the more engrossing features, you are at liberty to tell stories, laugh and carry on generally with your near companions, on either side, whereas, should you allow your gallant proclivities this indulgence you would reveal your whereabouts to the one most interested in finding it out. The button is passed around the company by one of the party, in such a way that nobody—except the one that receives it—will know who is the fortunate one. When it is asked at the head of the line, “who has the button?” the person accuses his next door neighbor of having it. The person thus accused may be opposite sex, or not, as the case may be. If there be rivalry or love in the mind of the person thus accused, it is expected that it will show itself in the decision which is rendered. The person may have it or not; at any rate for accusing him of its possession—which is supposed to be false—he is condemned to perform objectionable, or an agreeable penance. He must kiss a plain or a pretty girl, and in such a way, provoking or otherwise, as the judge shall see fit to impose. To be condemned to kiss all the girls in the room may be a very agreeable vocation in most companies, but in general it would be otherwise than extremely undesirable by both parties; there, however, no one could object to it, because there was such an array of beauty that one could not tell who was the one most worthy of preference. Some, too, like Peekskill, would go through the ceremony with a degree of satisfaction

that but few would evince, just on purpose to get a smack at Arlo. That honey is the sweetest that is the hardest to get. He had kissed her hands over and over, and perhaps had ventured to imprint one on her brow; but to kiss her mouth, rosied with the blushes of eighteen summers, was a feat which his intimacy would not, as yet, permit him to hope for.

He advanced to the door and looked upon a scene in which he would gladly partake, providing he could induce the artless Arlo to grace it with her company. He gets Dan to propose the subject to Mary and Minnie, and, of course, she would go too when she saw her friends going. Instead of being condemned to kiss all the girls, or Arlo in particular, he found it convenient to solicit such a privilege from Miss Lucy Spilkins. Of course he could not demur, and he did not. There may be some things which we dislike very much to do, and this was like one of them. Arlo heard of it, without exciting feelings of compassion. She did not even pity Miss Spilkins. What a difference there is in individuals. Peck was condemned to this penance, and he performed it in such a manner that all the girls wished she had been so fortunate. He was at home in any company, and seemed to be as equally well pleased. He abated nothing in his gallantry in consequence of the social condition of the party. But Peckskill! Pshaw! There was no gentleman in him.

Such is the history of these games. They will, doubtless, be transmitted to posterity, the same as they have been received without dignifying them by historical narrative. But as something must be said on such occasions to relieve the tedium of continual flirtation, we have thought it proper not to omit to mention that which is the usual resource of such an assembly. The description of such scenes is generally in the vein of sarcasm, or silliness, neither of which is correct. They are neither silly, nor do they merit ridicule. They are pictures of

real life in which the old have some time indulged, and which it is not sinful to again repeat. But the habits of thought which are now most in the fashion, are those of a cynical, dissembling kind, inclined more to find fault than to commend the foibles of life; and he deems himself the smartest, and is thought by his fellows, the most worthy of admiration, who succeeds in depicting such scenes in the most sarcastic manner. Faults he portrays and condemns he is himself more guilty of than anybody else. Thus much in excuse of our course. Now to the dance.

The dining-room had been prepared for this, and thither all repaired when an intimation of the contemplated recreation had been announced. The music was being tuned. The sets were forming. Peekskill tried hard to get in the set with Arlo, but without success. All seemed to vie with each other in thwarting him. They all knew his game, and the brazen impudence with which he played it. Each nudged his comrade, or whispered in his ear the policy to adopt, and then laughed and giggled in their sleeves at the success which had attended their efforts. They liked to see him gliding hither and thither, seeking now a place in an eligible set which is filled just before his arrival. He gets almost to another, and to make sure of getting it in time before somebody else, he hurries after his lady who is watching his movements with mingled feelings of indignation and pity, and before he returns with her the place is occupied. He starts off again leaving his lady, who is unwilling to be hurried through the crowd, at his rate of speed, to the other side of the room, and there succeeds in getting a place seconded by the aid of a friend who has not been let into the secret; but it is not one the most desirable. It is not in the company of the tip-tops. He makes the most of it. He don't get mad. It would seem as if nothing had occurred to disturb his temper. He is perfectly self-possessed, considering the eventful

episodes of the evening, as mere chance circumstances ; or, if he has a suspicion they were designed on purpose, he lets no inkling of it be revealed. No one would suspect that he entertained a particle of ill-will, say nothing of a desire of revenge. He lived in hope of perfect satisfaction for every slight or snub he may have ever received. He obtained satisfaction some way, either from one person or another. It suited him just as well if some innocent person suffered for the sins of others.

Arlo danced with Peck, and Orlu with Dan, while Mary found an equally entertaining partner in Samuel French. The solemn Minnie would not dance at all, or at least had refused all who had asked her company, with the excuse that she was the manageress, and it would not look well to have her take a part in the festivities of the occasion. By the help of Orlu and Mary she was persuaded at last to forego this punctilio and take a place which they held for her in their set. By this time all the gentlemen who had before presented themselves had engaged partners and no one seemed perfectly eligible to lead so fair a girl in the dance. Andrew was drifting around in that lethargic kind of way not knowing hardly what to do. He felt as one would feel in a strange company, or as a fish out of water. He was not at home—did n't really like to dance, nor to be excused. It was a company with which he was not perfectly familiar, although it was but little removed from his own. He chanced to stroll upon the little company just when it was most necessary that they should complete their arrangements and be prepared to dance when the music should begin. Would he dance? He did n't know. O, get a partner and take this place. Where was there one? Why, I don't know ; perhaps they are all engaged. "With whom do you dance, Minnie?" he asked, as he drew nearer. "I thought I would not dance ; my head aches," she replied. "O, yes, Minnie, do ; make

up this set ; it will be so nice, you know," said Mary, confidently. "O, come Minnie, hurry up ; see, they are about to commence. I declare to goodness you will never decide on anything," said Arlo. This was enough. The reference to her indecisive character and its probable consequences upon her future were quite enough to persuade her to give up at once, and take a part in the dance. She takes the arm of Andrew, and the place which has been so long kept for her.

The music commences, and each salutes his partner with that grace and dignity befitting so august an assembly. Peekskill bows the lowest of anyone, and is the most obsequious and deferential. Every wish is anticipated. He stands erect, the very impersonation of dignity and consequence. He is the most important personage in the room, in the house, or anywhere. There would be no world if it were not for him. All depends upon his favor. Look ! See how he dances ! See how majestically he leads her out, hopping and skipping here and there will all the alacrity and grace that is possible to be combined. He slaps his hands just before he takes his lady's, and he whirls her as if she were a top, but he stops and sets her down at just the right time and place, and it is all done with so much grace and precision, that even his rivals admire him. They almost wish they had not played their tricks on him. It is too late now. They can but look and envy. He brings his foot down with such vim, at the right place in the measure, that all wish to dance as beautifully. When waiting for the sides to "right and left," he stands telling stories to his partner, keeping her in such state of laughter as to be more tiresome than the dance, from which she is resting. He shifts himself from one foot to the other, to get a nearer and more tantalizing view of his enchantress, and caps the climax of his last pun. The joke would have brought down the house had it been listening ; as it was, only those who were near by were constrained to laugh out heartily.

In the set of our heroine characters the same precision and grace are observed with a less lively manner in the execution. Dan and Richard and Samuel are very courteous, and affable, without those extravagant demonstrations which attend the movements of Peekskill. If anything Dan approaches the nearest to him, and Richard next; while Samuel occupies that medium ground between Andrew and Peekskill. Dan is flexible, gracious, and tender. Richard is stiff, though affable, courteous, though conscious of the dignity of his position. Samuel is younger, has not seen so much of the world, and does not unbend so freely as Dan; while Andrew is nothing in common with the rest, except his passions, and is what all of them are, though in an undeveloped state. It is embryonic. We can't say anything against any of them. They dance prettily. It is amusing to see Dan lead the fascinating Orlu through the mazes of the dance. Could she unbend and enter with equal zest into its spirit, she would enjoy it to an extent approaching exultation. It would be perfectly exhilarating. The long dress, ribbons, bows, scarfs, flowers and furbelows with which she is overloaded prevents the rapid movement which a quick music inspires. There is no dignity in the constraint imposed by such an accumulation of silk and finery. She worries through, trips on her dress, which, for an instant, she lost hold of, gathers it up and arrives at her place a little behind time. Dan does not apologize—its just right—is n't it glorious—its the most entertaining dance he ever enjoyed. His cheeks are flushed, and so is Orlu's; his with the delight of the dance, and her's with its fatigue. They rest while the sides go through with their evolutions. She sighs as if she would like to be relieved from further participation; but she would not, no for worlds, forego one of the many trinkets which adorn her person. She would be talked about, and made fun of. She could not endure such a thought, when Dan, laughing, suggested the expediency

of cutting off a yard of her trail. "O, dear, no," said she, turning from the mere contemplation of such sacriligious spoilation, as she would have done from any other object of aversion. She was in society now, and she must blindly follow its mandates, even though she sacrifice pleasure and comfort. Soon the music ceased, and the company repaired to their seats. The next was a waltz ; and while two or three couple are airing themselves before the company, we will visit the groups around and see what they are talking about.

The first step in order is the securing of partners. Peekskill was determined to waltz with Arlo, and she was determined he should n't. He approached the group in which she and her friends were busily recounting the amusing incidents of the dance. "O ! was n't it delightful," Arlo exclaimed, just as he reached them. "Yes, indeed, it was most splendid," he returned. "I was perfectly infatuated—that's natural, as a matter of course," he continued, when somebody interrupted him. "Yes ; what is the use of dying when we may as well live awhile as not ?" he said, casting a glance in the direction whence proceeded the sound of the interruption. There was in it, too, a little resentment, but it went no farther. He did n't care. He would pay it back with interest. "Come, by jingo ! Who is going to waltz now ?" he asked, as he turned upon his heel and slapped his hands, just as the music struck up. He whirled around and around again, bringing his foot down with such emphasis, such precision and grace, that no one could restrain the feelings of admiration which arose against the will. He whirled around again, this time nearer to the interested group he had before addressed, and to that side on which stood the smiling Arlo. He bowed politely, extending himself patronizingly, and in the most gracious and winning manner, asked : "Would she be pleased to waltz ?" "No," she said, half undecidedly, but with so ill suppressed a smile that he was not unaware of the

favorable impression he had made. "You waltz prettily alone, and I can't see how it can be improved by the incompetency of a novitiate," she returned, as she contracted from his patronizing looks.

"Incompetency! Pshaw, I'll risk that. It will give me great pleasure, Miss Brown," he said, advancing and putting his arm around her waist, gently took her hand—and they wheeled away.

"She could not resist him, nor can anybody," sighed Orlu, as they receded from them. "I wish I could waltz as well, though I never like to; it's so tiresome," she continued, and sighed herself wearily down on a seat, Daniel drew his up nearer and said:

"We would all dance better if we danced more. It is a pastime so little indulged in that we do not get used to it. Our muscles are relaxed by inaction, so that when we come to tax them to their utmost capacity by the exertion necessarily required they succumb, and a sense of weariness follows."

"Ha! is that so? Then I must exercise more, it seems," she said, laughingly.

"Yes—and—no—well, perhaps. Of course the fashion must be kept up," he said, hesitatingly.

"O, dear, yes. It is worth more than all the rest."

"Not more than health?" he asked.

"What is health? A great overgrown obesity. See what hands Andrew has—callous—sun-burnt, and freckled—goodness. They are like the paws of an alligator. O! deliver me! Is that health?"

"It is a priceless inheritance."

"Of course you think so, but I won't. No, indeed. There is that large woman there—how unwieldy she must feel. How bunglesome to get about; and that is health, is it? O, excuse me," she said, settling back with a sigh of relief at the thought she was not so healthy, nor was she like to be.

"Her's is an abnormal case. The functional secretion

of fluids operate faster than their absorption. It is vigorous health, in the superlative degree. All are not so fortunately blessed. Good health is compatible with sinewy frame, without fatty secretions, or with so much as will carry forward the economies of the body," he replied.

"I see all farmers—and they, I suppose, are healthy, have enormous hands, big enough to be the hands of Providence, and just as hard as if they had done the most of the Divine drudgery. Paw, you see, has no such hands, and, besides, he is healthy, with gentlemanly manners and courtly address."

"His business is with that class of people who are always cultivating these accomplishments. They are, therefore, always in view, and they hope to improve upon every succeeding acquirement."

"Can't the farmer cultivate these as well? I should think he might. It is a part of his business to cultivate the soil, and the graces might be included as well."

"Hardly. You can't cultivate these as you would a field of corn. You can't enlarge the understanding by combing the head. This is done by the exercise of the functions of the mind; whereas, farming calls into use more the exercise of the material system."

"The mind has nothing to do with the direction of these energies, I suppose," she said.

"O, yes; but it is not to that extent which accompanies the operations of a jobber and banker. These require varied and new fields of thought to grapple with the complicated relations which present themselves to a business of this kind. It is transacted, too, between men, thus bringing them into such close companionship that each profits by the other's acquisition. It is the friction of minds, instigated by interest and competition. This does not obtain in farming, except to such an extent as would be necessary in the exchange of horses, or the

purchase of a flock of sheep ; and all do not care to engage in the doubtful speculations incident to a jobbing career. He busies himself more with the soil, and he takes pleasure in consulting its varied adaptableness ; to find out some way to exterminate quack ; to kill thistles and burdocks, so that they will not reappear again ; to increase the yield per acre at less expense ; to examine the expediency of purchasing fertilizers, &c. You see in these transactions he studies more with himself. He is not brought into contact with his competitor. He is alone in his field all this time, or in the barn-yard, or hen-house, or in the woods."

"Don't bother me any more about this. I am tired of it. You can't make a farmer of me, any way. I don't like the horrid smells."

"Of course not. They are unpleasant. I wonder they endure them so resignedly. I should think they would be sick. I know I would."

"And so would I. I can hardly bear to think of them," she said, with a kind of sickening scowl.

"The fragrance of new mown hay, and corn, and wheat, and barley, is peculiarly disagreeable. That of the woods and flowers, more so," he said.

"O, I don't believe you now. The woods and flowers. Pshaw ; that is not farming. I've been there myself. I mean around the house, in the kitchen, where the fumes of everything are steaming up from the stove. The woods ! They are a perfect paradise."

"O, yes. I understand now. You have reference to a ride through the woods, or a pic-nic excursion, or a jaunt on foot over logs, and through the bushes."

"Yes ; not that hum-drum staid life which farmers follow year after year. I should think they would get sick of it."

"No more than you do of yours. They like it. It is the only pursuit that suits them. It is the only one they are adapted to. They may not be so graceful and digni-

fied, but they enjoy just as good health for all that, and this is all they care about."

During this conversation Dick had waltzed through with the fat lady, to whom Orlu had referred, and had conducted her to a seat. Peekskill had tired himself out, as well as Arlo, and they were cooing on the sofa. Minnie had reluctantly consented to a circle-around with Andrew, the hard-fisted farmer. He was so like her that she was easily persuaded, when no one else could induce her to waver from the resolutions she had adopted. She sat down with a sigh of relief, as if she were nearly exhausted, and Andrew took a seat beside her.

"This is the most enjoyable sociable I ever attended," he said, on taking the fan which depended from her waist, and with which he proceeded to fan themselves in such a way that it was mostly for her benefit.

"It is tiresome to me. I don't like it. It is the same thing right over again, without variation or change."

"Such is the whole of life, in whatever sphere of it we may be placed. All pursue a vocation, which, in its nature, is but a repetition of things and actions. The duties of to-day are repeated to-morrow, and the utensils with which we perform them are brought into requisition for the same purpose again, and at the hour at which they were used before. The life of leisure partakes very nearly of the same elements. You do, or do not, to-day that which you did yesterday. You ride, or sail, or walk, or ramble, or pic-nic in the woods. These you have enjoyed before, either yesterday or some other day. Do you tire of these recreations?" he asked, wonderingly.

"O, mercy yes. I think sometimes, when viewing the situation, that I am more weary than if I had been laboring over the wash-tub, or making bread and pies, and cake; yet I never spent all day in any of these occupa-

tions. I merely guess how tired a person would be after performing such laborious duties," she said, hurriedly, as if to forestall him, who, she thought, was about to say something.

"I was going to suggest that a practical knowledge of these duties is necessary to determine the degree of exhaustion which would follow their performance. But then, perhaps, a person may guess at an approximation. One may arrive in the precincts of a science about which nothing is known by the individual, through the operation of the imagination; but nothing definite can be based upon approximations."

"I suppose not. You will have to lower your style if you make it fit my apprehension," she returned, with an arch smile, indicative, at once, of a correct understanding of the propositions set forth.

"I think there is as much policy in your declarations as I have dared yet to reveal. And I doubt not, if I should go still further into the metaphysics of things, I would find you abundantly able to follow."

"I take more pleasure in the consideration of such subjects than in the mere gratification of any material pleasure. I care not what it is that is enjoyed, which is of a material character; that which is partaken of and that which enjoys it, or partakes of it, alike perishes, and in a few years nothing will be known of their respective forms, except such knowledge as may be gained by the study of the elements into which they have been disseminated; ergo, the mind and its constituent faculties is all that is worthy of attention; or if I should speak more precisely, all that will in future be reckoned to our advantage, or to the advantage of the mind which has been pleased to follow in the path of true spiritual apprehension."

"The mind without the body can do nothing, or, at least, so far as our limited perceptions allow us to go. It will be found no less necessary to cultivate the body for

the good that may be evolved through the development of the mind. Weak bodies must, of course, be allied to weak minds.

"That hardly follows, and I think analogy will show the inconsistency of the proposition. Rarely do the two go together. For when one is cultivated the other is neglected, and *vice versa*. A division of time, so that each will receive an equal share of attention, cannot be so measured that one will be as interesting and engaging as the other; and if one is not equal to the other, it follows that the one which is the most cultivated will produce better fruits, and, therefore,—the reward being measured by the industry—we are inclined to lean in that direction which is not only the most easy and natural, but also the most profitable—two incentives which will finally engage all the faculties of our being. It is the same in professions—one cannot be master of two trades. There are always new ideas springing up, which, to rightly comprehend, we must be continually in the elements from which they take their growth. We cannot step out and in as we would step out doors and back again. We must remain out or in all the time."

"Is this argument consistent with your life?"

"Perfectly. I do not apprehend the clashing of one of the syllables with another."

"You are, so to speak, in the most positive of positive positions, while your argument is of a negative character."

"You mistake me terribly. Although the proposition may be true as to position, still it does not follow that no one but negatives can support negative principles. These may be, and should be, recognized by all conditions of life. Truth, in whatever form, should be acknowledged by every mind, in whatever condition it may be surrounded."

"There may be conditions of life which would be subverted should it strictly interpret the complex, and often antagonistic aspects in which truth presents itself,"

"This is partly true, and partly otherwise. It may oppose the interests of the material, and still forward the true interests of life," she continued.

"The interests of truth, then, and the material are opposite, and cannot be reconciled."

"It seems so from the foregoing."

"Then we have nothing to do with the consideration of subjects which cannot be brought to subserve the interests of a life to which they are thought to minister."

"I do not like to admit it because it consigns the mind to brutish propensities, from which both nature and analogy should be uplifted."

"You will admit the conclusions at which your own reasoning has brought us."

"No, I will not. There is nothing consistent. There is no proposition which cannot be riddled to atoms by the use of the same arguments by which it is maintained; or, at least, by the assent which must be granted to those propositions which those arguments suggest. There is justice, and truth, however much they may be perverted by the quibbling intricacies in which they are always involved."

"If they cannot be perceived nor illustrated by the life which they are meant to benefit, of what use are they?"

"Use! Why, to ennoble and dignify that life."

"Yes, but according to your own admission, they would not only subvert but they would actually destroy that life should they be rigidly interpreted."

"I won't agree to such a proposition."

"Then you must deny your own conclusion."

"Well, then I will. Before I will say truth is false, I will declare the mind unequal to comprehend the truth which is evolved from its constituent faculties."

"Then the defect lies in the subject, rather than in the object."

"In the individual mind, not the subject under discussion."

"Certainly. Then the creator was at fault for creating things without the power of comprehending them."

"This would be in opposition to that justice which we have all this time been adverting. No. God gave us the power to perceive, and with that power a still greater faculty of perverting it so that it may be made to appear in the different phases in which interest, or passion, or prejudice may present them. This is because the mind takes more pleasure in perverting the cause of justice than in following her imperious mandates. It takes more pleasure in laboring to find out new paths, then in following those already marked out by the sagacity of those who have gone before. It loves to follow tortuous roads in which the exercise of ingenuity is requisite to keep from stumbling over the impediments which naturally beset every pathway, and especially those that are new."

"There can no profit result from a further consideration of a subject which, instead of growing more bright, is more obscured by the intervention between right and error of those quibbles which each presents to the view."

"Profit? Profit, why, you foolish man. We grow upon these very quibbles. They are the fat that nourishes the growth of the mind. Take them away and the mind recedes to its primeval state. Truth, like everything else in nature, is not fixed. It cannot be gazed upon steadily. The eyes would be blurred. We can only glance at it and make that use of it as such casual visits would lead us to expect we merited. We should not form too close a connection with this or any other subject. It would cause insanity and death. Pervert them. Never mind, they can bear it. Truth will shine the brighter for the obscurity in which the mists of speculation naturally involve her. She will be uppermost because she is so nearly related to God. He will

not see his relatives destroyed. No, don't be afraid of the extinction of truth, because we cannot make it subservient to its own ends. Profit! It is the only profit. All else is trash. Life itself is a mockery without the aid which truth lends to it. Here, you look around, yes, anywhere. She is omnipresent. And the conditions of mind which take cognizance of her are as varied as the relations of life by which it is surrounded. This is life. This is all that makes it worth the living. Take it away! Don't think of it. Continue to doubt, to feed on doubt, to think, and doubt the doubt; then doubt again, and you will arrive at last nearer to the true condition than if you had followed the insane course which truth itself would have suggested."

During this long argument, which was held in an embrasure in the suburbs of the gay company, which is still for the most part dancing, or waltzing, or were collected in groups around the room, or our two disputants. There were other persons arguing the same subject, though not to the length we have here extended it. It was generally dismissed by the opposing party, who thought it too obscure for serious reflection. It was brought up on occasions of this kind from the two-fold circumstances which seemed to surround them. First, the natural gayety of the company suggested reflections of an opposing character; secondly, after dancing, the participants were tired, and sought the rest of body which are found in the exercise of the mind, in some corner away from the excitement. This inquiring tendency was doubtless suggested by the course of events, both from the impetus given it by individual progressives, and, that which would naturally result from the existing order of things. Something new must be attempted. The old ways are getting obsolete and worn out. It is too easy following them. People require some new,—something difficult to be attained. Having achieved one round of success, another invites, and there is no contentment un-

til it is essayed. Failure may result, but failure is preferable to a continued routine of success, which of itself, if carried too far, would merge into that state we should study to avoid. The ennui, resulting from an aimless life, is as potent an auxiliary for enforcing the cause of progress as the most dogmatic enthusiast ; especially when interest and passion both lead the way. The cause is recruited as much from the discontent as from them who labor thus for love of change and the excitement of debate ; and, perhaps these would be the first proselytes, providing only it were respectable, and at the same time advantageous.

We must not fail to record, on this occasion, the presence of one Mr. Hic—hic—hoc,—not that one we learned from our Latin Grammar, but a first cousin of his. He, with the rest of the good company assembled at Mr. French's, was invited, as such a discrimination as would have excluded him, could not courteously have been indulged ; but it would have been much to the enjoyment of those present could the exercise of such a discretion have been made as would have failed to include such persons who seemed to think entertainments of that nature were got up for their personal pleasure ; whereas, they were exclusively for the benefit of the people, or the society it was intended should be represented. He was of that pompous, over-bearing sort which usually accompany characteristics of this kind. He dresses well, talks fluently upon every subject, but makes mistakes in the definition of words. His tone is loud as well as his hoc, and hic and hoc, with which he sometimes interlaced his conversation, when he would be unusually impressive. If you are talking with a friend whom an unlucky fate had brought into his neighborhood, you can imperfectly understand the language that is addressed to you, through the unintermittent hic and hic and hoc, that comes from his bronchial affection. Just at the moment when it is most important you should hear dis-

tinctly a leading word in the sentence, a correct apprehension of which is as necessary to that which has gone before as that which is to succeed, comes a hoc, or "what did you observe, sir?" or, "I beg leave to differ," or, "I think the conclusion is not a correct inference from the premise." The subject under debate here is of more interest to you than the one you are discussing, and if you are not aware of it, you should, for your own advantage be instructed. It would be wrong to let you enjoy undisturbed the pleasant interchange of thought and affection which so pleasant an occasion has presented you with. You shall not. If you withdraw to a further corner of the room, with your friend on your arm, for a more uninterrupted season of social concourse, the sonorous tones of the undaunted —— reach your ears. He has divined your object. It is a pleasure to thwart it. He moves hither. He is within a yard or two of you, and you can hear him breathe. You measure your conversation in expectancy of a hic, so that it shall occur in the least important part of the sentence; or you hasten the subject so as to get through with it before another paryox-ism comes on, in both of which endeavors you make a great mistake as to time and the vehemency of the outburst. It came at a moment you had not expected, and it continued longer than the feebleness of the prologue would lead one to look for. You stop and consider. You wonder when it will cease, or how soon it will begin. You are in terrors of alarm in both cases. You cannot say anything with pleasure, nor listen to anything with comfort. The man thinks he is doing nothing wrong. He has no idea of the discomforts which he has caused by almost equal discomforts to himself. The idea did not occur to him that he should stay away and deny himself the pleasure of this sociable just because he has a slight cold. He can cough. He can't help that. If he has a cold, why everybody is liable to be troubled with one, and as for its being immodest or ungentelemanly,—such a thought never for a moment entered his head.

He goes to every lecture and show, and is often in church, whether he has a cold or not, and here he coughs and hocks and sneezes, and blows his nose with a persistency of repetition which, with less vigorous constitutions, would result in instant annihilation—a desideratum much wished for in the midst of an interesting lecture by many of his surrounding victims. He sits in the hotel near to an enormous spittoon, into which he expectorates freely. Here he raises his tone so as to drown all other voices. He delights to see one stop talking and listen to his remarks. It flatters his vanity very much. He is being heard. He wonders if he could not stop that other fellow in the corner who seems to be interested about his own business. He coughs and hocks louder than usual. He coughs again and fetches him. He looks up and smiles. He has engaged his attention. How he must be entertained. Look! he is taking in wisdom from our words as a bee would honey from the flower; we are a great and influential man. All others are pigmies by the side of us. We can teach them how to talk and entertain a company. Approach this man and see how you will succeed in a conversation with him. You essay a few remarks about the weather. He leads off in anticipation of what you was going to say. Try again to advance some new idea and he will see the drift instantly and lead off in the direction you was going. You must come behind if you wish to journey with us. We are the smartest. We do all the talking. It is our place; and you, in consideration of the inferiority of your perceptions, must come after. Do you plead for a word or two in defense of your philosophy? No, it is of no consequence. It was all known before you was born—been expounded and exploded a hundred times. No use. My ideas are the only true ones. Come with me and drink of the fountain of wisdom. I will give you the cup. I've been there and know its worth. It is valueless without my precedence.

You turn disgusted, and he would from a nature of a similar character. Could he see himself reflected from some other person, he would utterly loth and despise him. The hic and hoc which comes with so much propriety from him, is a nuisance from anybody else. If you should ask him a question, on however trivial a subject, he blows a cloud of smoke from his cavernous mouth as a volcano would belch forth its sulphurous lava, and moving his chair nearer and spitting into the spittoon, or rather wide of the mark, he deluges the floor around with a liquid much resembling that in color which lies in pools in the barn-yard, and he answers you with the gravity of a judge who is imparting information of immense value, and which may save the client large sums of money, if it don't wholly revolutionize the world, that it is so and so—can't be otherwise. This is gratification of vanity sufficient for one day, and he goes home at night thinking how much good he has accomplished in the instruction of one mind. It will be told at home, and other children will be benefited by his great learning; and these will transmit it to their children, so that generation after generation will be blessed by his precepts. "Great is Allah, and Mohamet is his prophet."

When not otherwise engaged—and with such persons this state of existence often occurs—he drummed with his fingers upon the arm of the sofa or chair upon which he is seated. If standing, he keeps time to the music with his foot, or raises himself upon his toes, to fall heavily down upon his heels, thus jarring the whole house from garret to cellar. It makes no difference whether there happens to be music at the time or not, time should be kept, and he is the best qualified to keep it. It is so amusing to the company. It is entertaining. People delight to hear that he is the man of the hour. People like to be reminded of this often—the oftener the better. It keeps them thinking of him. Their own thoughts cannot begin to weigh in importance to those

which he could 'inspire: thus the necessity of always obtruding himself before their attention. When he enters church it is with the same dignified bearing he usually maintained in all other assemblies. He must chafe under the restraints imposed by the laws of good breeding.

Peekskill had a glorious time, and he improved the opportunities with which a kind fortune had favored him. He was industrious, active and persistent. Nothing thwarted him which he did not laugh away. He was constantly by the side of Arlo or else in her shadow, either of which positions suited him almost as well. If he could not always occupy the former place he could be somewhere near. He could occasionally see her and hear her rippling laugh, enchaining every listener with its sweet melody. He could hear her cheerful words and see her smiling face. The place and surroundings were rendered much more desirable by her presence. She ennobled them. He loved to bask within the radius. It was a new life to him. No where else in the world was there such a halo as seemed to settle down all around her. Of course he could not dance all the time with her. He did n't wish to. To occasionally partake of this privilege was enough. It sweetened the interval in which some other counter-jumper was the favorite, with the hope that the next, or the next after, he should be again permitted to drive all other rivals crazy. He would improve upon the last opportunity. He would be more courteous, more obliging, more conciliating. He will take the shine off every other rival. He will make her think more of him than of any other gentleman. She must. He must have her. It is a suicidal policy without her. Could n't live at all—would n't try it. Perhaps Mr. Hic-hac-hoc did not materially disturb these reflections by the persistency with which he illustrated his right to the title.

It is growing late. The moon shone splendidly. The

crisp night air reflected the sparkling crystals which, like diamonds, glistened in the atmosphere. The heat, and the crowded condition of the house, necessitated the opening of windows and doors. Soon a change of temperature is observed, and the doors are closed; still the chilliness continued. The young ladies shivered, and one, a Miss Uptown, was indifferently well clad; she had on, however, a stock of jewelry which, if not quite enough to start a jewelry store, would, if judiciously distributed, go a great way towards accomplishing that end. She was, moreover, remarkably destitute of that health and vigor with which nature clothes the most favored of her votaries. Richard suggested to her that if she had another ring or two she would be abundantly comfortable. She laughed and thought it might improve the condition of things, even if she had to carry them on a string around her neck; as it was she did not see how she could accommodate any more on her fingers—and here she held up her tiny hands, beautiful in their golden clasped bands, notwithstanding their strong resemblance to the ghostly effigies which sometimes disturb our solitary communings—for they were already loaded to the first joint. She was pretty. Her eyes sparkled like distant stars. She was remarkably white—the driven snow is not whiter in its celestial purity. She lacked only wings and her aerial form would have risen with the ease of a soap bubble to realms where non-terrestrial beings dwell; as it was, she seemed to float in the air above all other clay mould mortals. Her dress, with its flounce, and tuck, and seam, and frill, and bias, and hooks, and beads, hung so gracefully and limp about her person that you immediately exclaimed in the ecstasies of your soul's admiration, "O! how beautiful? How angelic!" She is the most worthy the queenship of beauty. The bustle, too, was of enormous dimensions, and it became her carriage so splendidly, that better accessories were never before so beautifully united with so pleasing an effect.

You stood and wondered, and admired. You wished to clasp her fair and shivering form in your arms, to shield her from the cruel blasts which were blowing with strange familiarity through the brilliantly lighted hall. You wish to protect her, both from the inclemency of the weather and the dangerous rivalry of unworthy gal-lants. You fear to trust her longer lest the poisoned tongue of flattery would induce her to withdraw from your more able protection. What could be done? leave her! You tremble at an idea which the peril of her situation invokes. You admire her dancing. It is so graceful, so full of dignity and conscious worth. The bustle keeps such correct time to the music, within the narrow confines which bound its action, that you invol-untarily admire the precision with which it responds to the convolution of her figure. How much she must think of it. How much she must study the various com-plications of the different positions required in the mul-tiform exigences of so active a motion. A school should have been devised on purpose. How much time—pre-cious time and labor, and anxiety could have been saved the fair devotee. Think of it; and for what? To cap-ture some unthinking coxcomb. It is all to fasten the hook of Cupid so firmly in his affections as no after exactions, or trials, shall be able to extricate it. Think of the days and weeks she sat drumming on the piano, when she should have been exercising in the open air, imparting to her cheeks, instead the palor which now prevades them, the rosy tint of health. All this the fair sufferer endured to prepare herself for man's affections. Let us drop a tear of pity upon wasted energies, unhappy life, and blasted hopes, and tell them, "preserve thyself, keep in good health, thus fitting yourselves more for the love of honest, hard working man, and the subsequent duties attending upon wedded life, than by this ill advised course whereby you sacrifice all that life is worth living for, both in the near present and far future." Good bod-

ily health ; robust health, no matter how much there is of it. More the better. That waddling lady, with her superabundance of flesh and blood is more to be envied than a form of bones. There is life and vigor then, and these can produce life and vigor ; whereas the other can produce only pain, sleepless nights, careful watching, and anxiety, when lastly death closes the door upon the scene of absolute wretchedness and misery. Life has been cursed, and you that survive resolve that in your case no such ending will result. You will sow better. You will rear your children in accordance to a law of your own enacting. You carry this good resolution to the sixth anniversary, when fashion interferes her behests, and you obey. You follow more the dictates of her caprice than your own better judgment.

The dance proceeds. The hours draw into the wee small ones, and the hour of adjournment beckons some to the paternal roof. There is a bustle in the hall—not that one we before spoke of—but a stir. What is it ? Why, somebody is going home. What, this time of night ! O, mercy. Whoever heard of such a thing ? Right in the midst of the most joyous time. O, don't go yet. Please don't. What fun we are having. You will lose so much. It will break it all up. A pause succeeds, like the lull of waters which will soon surge on again. Resolutions are forming. Visions of angry papas rise in the minds. We must go. The door will be locked. We will have to climb in the window. The wood-shed roof will be slippery, and we may slide its entire length on our nice clothes. It won't do. The limb of a tree may break which just reaches into our window, and we may be precipitated to the ground. So we must go. Sister can't climb in the window so gracefully as we can ; and to unfasten the door we would have to pass one near to which the governor sleeps. He will hear us ; of course he will ; he never failed to yet. Every game of this kind we have played we got caught at, and beaten. So we must go.

Some few are dressing. Others one by one cease and pass out into the hall, where, with considering eyes the proceedings are watched, commended upon, criticized, and censured, and when the vocabulary of commendation, or censure is exhausted, they too join the dressing group. Each gallant vies with the other in the celerity of his movements. The shawl, the scarf, the water proof, the cloak, the cow's tail are each wound around the fair angel's neck, and, she driven forth into the storm to brave its fury and repel its blasts. No, not yet. There is a pair of shoes or moccasins, which, with an arch smile, he is denied the privilege—O, the blessed privilege, of adjusting. He would gladly put them on. Perhaps he will not be so ready after a few years of married life. We have known such instances to occur in this unstable state of existence. They are the more annoying because of their cruel frequency. Peekskill is foremost in his attentions. With great care he wraps the fair form of Arlo in such a multitude of dry goods that he wonders at the state of her health, in consequence of the labor attending their delivery from place to place. Did she not wish to borrow his over-coat, his scarf, and mittens. Of these latter he is reminded that he should have a few to spare, considering the number he has already received. He laughed, she laughed, and they all laughed. It was a stroke of wit such as would rouse the risibilities of the most indifferent spectator. Every one smiles who is in attendance, or is being attended. It is in the elements of their policy. Not to laugh would be a lack of respect towards those who occasioned it. It is amusing to see with what industry these gallants wait upon their fair ladies. It would be more cheering did we know to a certainty that they would continue these gallant attentions through their remaining years. The smile with which everything is done, the grace of manner, condescension, and the careless naivette style in which it is performed, cannot fail of enlisting her appro-

bation. They almost kiss the garments which are to encircle their forms. They commend their quality and their many excellencies, both for wear and the more worthy purpose of protecting from the rude inclemency. They may have seen these same goods on counters or dummies, and not excited a momentary reflection. Now they receive the most careful inspection. It is even inquired where such goods could be made. Where was the wool grown? Did the sheep suspect the good purpose to which their covering would be devoted? Did the weavers dream that on this occasion, this assemblage, we should be debating the excellencies of their workmanship? What serious reflections are invoked by the peculiar vicissitudes with which changing life is filled.

She is loaded down with the precious merchandise of the East,—the merchandise that camels have before labored as wearily to transport. Its value is increased by the change of animals; not more laboriously is it transported over the sands of life than it was formerly over the bleak deserts of Sahara. Peekskill steps out on the piazza and halloos for Jim, and he replies: "Will be there soon." "Soon, why arn't you here now? Thunder! This is awful," and he goes back into the house in anything but a pacific temper. "He is n't here. Blast him. I'll discharge him. I'll hire somebody else. I'll hire a man who will be at the door when I want him there. By—jingo, I will. This waiting! I was n't made to wait. I was—I was—I intend to be obeyed, and I will be, by my servants—and—and— Have you seen my handkerchief?" he asked of everyone he came to. "That handkerchief; I would n't go home without it. Mother would raise—fits. It won't do. Has n't that fellow come up yet? Be patient, Miss Brown," he said, in a remarkably gentle tone as he approached her. "We'll soon be ready. I'll fix him so he won't keep us waiting another time."

"Never mind. Perhaps there is some difficulty in getting out the team. We should not be over

hasty. We must consider the accidents that may attend the performance of the most trivial duties," she returned.

"Difficulty! There should be no difficulty. That is what he is there for—to prevent difficulty. Hasty! Who can help being himself? No accident can happen to a man that attends to his business, and I'll have a man who will attend to what I set him at, now I tell you. I'll see again. Be patient." So saying he left the hall in a torrent of rage, which was not the least allayed by the aspect of affairs outside. No team there yet. He yelled louder than before: "Jim! Jim! are you coming?" There was a tone in the call which the gentle Orlu had awakened. If there were difficulty or danger to man or horse, it would modify the condition of things very materially; but if everything was all right except that delay, which waits on negligence, then expect merited reproof. "He hain't come yet. Blast him. It is outrageous," he said, on returning. Others were going without any difficulty. There was no storming nor raving about it. Everybody attended to his own business. If a handkerchief were lost it was found again, or nothing said about it. That delay which was incident to the getting ready of a team was endured with meekness and performed with pleasure. Other footsteps move not to the tune of impatience. They cannot. "Here they come. We can go now," he said, neither glad nor relieved at that long delay. He was foaming with indignation. He took his seat in the cutter, after attending to the robe, and muttered, "go ahead." He did not forget Arlo. He handed her out at the gate as politely, kissed her hand as reverently, and lingered as long as before, whispering words that Jim could not hear; nor would it have been of any benefit to him could his ears have been blessed with their sound, especially the one that was whispered back: "Don't say anything to Jim." It saved him. He continued in a good winter's job.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH SOMETHING TRANSPIRES.

IT was a cold winter evening. The fire snapped upon the hearth. A glowing stove right opposite, in the adjoining room, sent forth a grateful warmth to the remotest parts of the room. The domestics had retired, and William sat alone musing on those strange events of which he was himself the cause from whom and towards whom many of them were tending. He arose and mechanically fixed the fire. His thoughts were elsewhere. He poked among the brands, now fixing this one so as to burn more readily, now rearranging it so it would not burn at all. He fixed them again on this side, then on that.

"Zounds! Why don't I finish this job? Am I dreaming? There, that will do." So saying, he again resumed his seat and sat watching the glowing flames as they crackled upward in the chimney. He watched the process by which the flames spread from stick to stick and along the margin of unignited wood, now creeping slowly by degrees and anon shooting up in fiery tongues of flame as it caught new impetus from the draught, and the material which fed it. It flashed, and flickered, and consumed itself within itself; it was life and death striving each for mastery. "Alas! Does it not work much the same as our own life? We gain life and health from the food which gives us disease and death." He arose

impatiently, as these reflections crossed his mind, and took a seat in the other room by the stove, near which stood his secretary. He pulled out the desk, opened a book, and began looking over a few memoranda.

FARM.	Cr.
" Butter.....	\$3,000
" Cattle.....	1,600
" Wheat.....	2,000
" Barley.....	2,000
" Tobacco.....	3,000
" Hops.....	7,000

"What else? Is this all? Why, this is a pretty good showing; let me see. Here is..... \$18,600

"This is well done for one year's work, and I hope to better it another year. Now, how much does all this cost? Let me see—here is :

FARM.	Dr.
To Manager.....	\$500
" One man.....	240
" One man.....	240
" One man.....	240
" One man.....	240
" One man.....	240
" Summer hand.....	200
" Day help.....	300
Clear profit of.....	\$16,400

No: I sold some on shares. Here's the expense of the house :

One barrel of sugar,
One sack of coffee,
One chest of tea,
Saleratus,
Ginger,
Spice,
Indigo,
Nutmeg.

These don't amount to much. I won't look them over any further. It won't pay. There is not enough to say anything about them. They are but drops to the ocean,

They are too small matters to engage my attention. These horses, and harnesses, and wagons, and sleighs, and plows, and drags, and cultivators, rollers, drills, mowing machines and reapers don't amount to much. How much do these cost? I have these, and I may as well run as let them stand idle. They will rust out if not used. There must be a clear profit of some twelve thousand a year. But where's the money? How much is there in the bank? Look here. What's this?

Blacksmithing.....	\$200
Repairing wagons.....	30
“ sleigh.....	16
“ harness.....	7

“This is not much. That blacksmith's bill, though, looks rather large. I wonder if I have had so much work done as that. Two hundred dollars ought to shoe a regiment of horses. I'll examine into this. There must be fraud.”

“How much is there in the bank?” he again asked himself, as he returned from the diversion which a glance at the above figures had excited. “Here's a pile of vouchers. I will not look them over; it is too tedious. They all aggregate—well—let me see—I'll run them over quickly,” he said, then figuring down the amounts, without examining minutely each signature, he came to the conclusion there was eleven thousand, eight hundred dollars. There was no account of what he had paid out for himself, this being in the catalogue of his private expenses, and it is probable they must have exceeded largely the small balance that was yet his due; for the money he had last received of Pinchtight was gone, included in the above expenditures, together with the products of the farm. There was nothing left with which to run the farm another year. He must borrow again. The few hundred now in the bank would not be more than enough to pay a grocery bill.

“I'll see Pinchtight and get the loan of a few dollars,

to tide me over this year, then my hops and tobacco will pay it all up. Of course it will. There is money in this enterprise. I have not made much, because I have been building, and preparing for a good harvest. It will come by and by. I must stick to it, and make up what has been lost. I'll never give up the ship. I know I'm right. This is the way to make money. I have friends. I keep a good house, and they will not rob me. They will work for me as cheaply as they can.

For everything I pay out, I receive an equivalent. All this stuff can be inventoried. It will sell for pretty near what it cost. I have not been cheated. There! I forgot a box of matches to-day. Well, never mind. I'll let the light burn all night. Not a match in the house. Thunder! Why was I so forgetful? Oil is cheap. It will cost less than the matches. Then sis wants me to send her some canned fruit; yes. I'll have them put up to-morrow. I'll send those quinces, cherries and raspberries. They will delight her, and, perhaps—she—no, it wo n't make any difference. She likes the West so much. But then Jenny—no." His thoughts were rambling. "Hugh, I must look around. This house do n't go right. There must be something the matter here. What is it? There was not such expense before. Surely, it can't be. But here's the figures. The blasted matches! I wish I had thought of them. The lamp might explode."

So soliloquizing, he shut the book, closed the desk, sat a few moments looking at the slumbering fire, which now is flickering and flashing up, as it finds new fuel partly submerged in the ashes. He goes thither and pokes it up anew, and adds a huge knot with smaller sticks in front. Then he goes out, looks at the starry Heavens, muses awhile upon the sparkling beauty, goes in, fastens the door, shakes the coal down, adds more coal, turns down the light a little, then jumps into bed, thinking about the matches. He muses a short time over his

contemplated business with Pinchtight on the morrow.

Hugh, since winter, had but rarely visited at Pinchtight's. They made fun of him, and he did n't like it. If he came, he sat all the evening in the sitting-room with the family, while Eva was in the parlor with Fred. He would be sure to come if he thought Hugh was there, and nearly all the while during the interval. If it should happen that he was not there, the parlor door would be left open and the light burning on the stand. Perhaps Eva would entertain the company on the piano. Hugh played back-gammon with Viola, or the two looked over and saw the parents play. Or he looked over a book, or read a newspaper, or what was the most amusing still, held a skein for Viola to wind. They might manoeuvre all they had a mind to, he did n't care so long as Viola was near. He had not been there before for five or six weeks, and they were very gracious towards him, indulging him more in his whims than heretofore had been their custom. They had had several discussions on the subject of Hugh's peculiarities, and they determined to make him unfold himself to their view, whether it pleased or not. So, after some preliminary skirmishing, most of which was done by the ladies, Pinchtight only making such propositions after the game was begun, from time to time, as seemed to confirm their statement and nullify his.

"How do you spend the time these long evenings, Hugh?" he asked.

"O, reading and writing," he replied, turning the paper the other side out.

"I should think you would get lonesome there alone."

"O, not a bit of it. I have a good many of the writers of the past, some of the poets, and some of the historians, among whom I agreeably pass all the leisure hours I have. They are a delightful company to live with."

"Do they talk to you?"

"Yes, most certainly, in language, too, that is instructive and entertaining."

"I never could find much comfort reading. I get asleep. Don't you get to sleep?"

"Yes, when I retire."

"Retire! It is a good word to express so limitable a meaning. You could not say go to bed?"

"No; it would sound too broad, too vulgar."

"There is nothing vulgar about that. It is something we do every evening, and we do not count it vulgar."

"That may be respectable enough in itself, but which mentioned in company, would be vulgar."

"I don't know but you are right, Doc. There is something in that. I should think you would get sick of it. What would you do if you should happen to be sick?"

"Get well again, or die."

"Who would take care of you? You could n't stay there alone," he replied, as a scowl contracted his brow.

"It would not do to leave him there alone. You will have to hang out a sign of distress if you happen to be taken sick in the night, then neighbors will come to your rescue," the mother said.

"Why, mother, no one could see a signal in the night," Viola said.

"Well, they could in the morning, daughter. Of course I did n't expect they would see it in the night. But suppose you were taken sick in the night with cramp, colic, or something that necessitated immediate action on the part of others, yourself unable, meantime, to render any relief, what would you do?" This, she thought, was a clincher. He could not answer that.

"If such a case should occur here, we will suppose it of the most severe character, resulting in death, you would get up, flax around, get camphor, warm water, sponge, cloths, send for the doctor, and be all scared to death generally. The doctor comes. You have done all you could, and the patient dies. If it were me all this trouble would be dispensed. I could die just as well without as with it. The anxiety and trouble to which

you have all succumbed, would not relieve the pain, nor retard the approach of death. I die just as easily alone as in company, and just as surely. Your presence does not ward him off. The grim monster can pass over your heads. He devours me. And he devours with as insatiable an appetite as the loved one whom you carressingly bend over," he said, while a look of exultation suffused his face. A far different emotion pervaded theirs. It could not be he felt so indifferently. At any rate the argument was too wide in its circumference. She would draw it nearer to the aim. She would beat the Creed-moorites.

"I should think you would get married. Why don't you?" she asked, rousing from the painful reflections which his language had awakened.

"I intend to just as soon as I can find one who will have me without lying about it."

"Does anybody lie? I don't believe a lady would."

"No, nor I, either. Ten to one, if I should ask any lady to marry me, she would say no, even though she might want me terribly. Is not this lying?"

"No. If she wanted you she would tell you so, and if she didn't she would tell you nay. You entertain a worse opinion of ladies than they deserve," she said.

"This opinion I have contracted by the experience I have had with the world. It may appear to be unfriendly and untrue, still I cannot help feeling just as I do. It is for her to decide; if she thinks enough of me to accept as I propose, it will be her's to enjoy such a decree of happiness as but few have experienced, as well as all those with whom she is so dearly associated. I don't expect everybody will think as I do. It is enough for me to get her to sympathize with me to that extent that she will think it to be for her interest and happiness to modify her opposition so that we can come to an amicable understanding of each other. The outside world can go on as it has, and is, while we exercise that influence upon

those surrounding us as a correct life will be sure to exert. It is a beautiful ornament, both useful and instructive, which I wish to set up—an angel-home, based upon the purest principles of the divine, into which there does not enter a gross or sensual desire. I would like to have her think, and say, and act just as the angels do. These, you know, are completely sundered from the pleasures which pertain to organized beings—”

“Impossible—impossible,” he interrupted, with looks of mingled pain and pleasure. He exchanged glances with his wife and daughter, and seeing there the bright and heavenly radiance, which the words of Hugh had awakened and intensified, he checked the first impulse of his repellant nature, and refrained from the expressions of anger and contempt which he felt should be made known upon an occasion so provoking. He could express his dissent in some other way. He did not wish to be rudely ungentlemanly in his own house, for fear of consequences which would be sure to result. He was aware of his unamiable temper, and the utter impossibility of finding any man who would endure it and keep up friendly relations with him. Hence the necessity of the broad headings which are here indulged. We will have an opportunity in the future wherein we shall still further illustrate this singular phase of his character. Hugh, observing these favorable indications, continued:

“I don’t intend that any of the pleasures and joys of home shall be curtailed, but rather that they shall be ennobled and sanctified by the nearer association of many more of the principles which obtain in the kingdom of Heaven. We cannot sever ourselves from the necessities which organic life imposes; but we can, and must, in order to attain a higher life, so guide them that they shall not go tangent to reason and conscience—”

“There is no reason or conscience in material. It must have its sway,” he again interrupted, impatiently.

“I contend that woman is the equal of man in all that

goes towards the sustentation of life. She has the same number of bones and muscles ; the same passions pervade her being, differing only in the intensity of their fervor ; and she has the same mental characteristics, susceptible of the same cultivation, and in every way equal to all the exigencies with which man has to contend. This is very general ; but facts will sustain it. Her physical constitution is capable of as high development. She can lift as much, endure as much pain and anguish, perform as much labor, both mental and material, as man ; but because man delights to keep the reins of government in his own hands, it does not follow that she is incapable of holding them. He is interested in keeping her in subjection, and society sanctions the subjection. Woman, being powerless, both from motives of pride and self-interest, refrain from saying anything in their defense. She likes to be weak. She likes to be the humble victim of gallant tyranny. She likes to be lorded over, and yet, in meek subserviency, dictate the major part of business. She feels her own consequence in reflecting the borrowed light of one who wears her love thick upon him. Her weakness and self-sufficiency must be thought more than equal to the strength of man. While professing to be weak and unequal to the trials incident to life, she is really strong in her assuring vanity, behind the mask of which she reclines in indolent security, knowing that man rather put up with her whims than be denied the pleasures of association. These are her shield, and she makes such a use of them that both suffer untold evil in consequence."

"If she endures her part with fortitude, you have no business to complain," he replied, thinking he had completely demolished this part of his argument. It was a stunner. Pinchtight looked like a victor, glorying over his fallen antagonist. Hugh looked, for the instant, pleasantly astonished, in view of the pleasurable emotions which pervaded his opponent's

features. It is not wise to drive to desperation. Sufficient ground should be left for an opponent to get upon—it would be so unfraternal to leave him there in the cold and dew. Hugh said :

“It is not my business to complain so far as she is concerned. She is at liberty to do as she pleases, like any other independent individual ; but when she seeks to rope me into practices which shall redound to our disadvantage, then it is my business to remonstrate and decline—”

“You should be willing to endure with her that fortune, whether good or evil, which it is her lot to receive. You could not love her as you ought if you permitted her to suffer, while you are exempt from that suffering, and partake of enjoyments of which she does not partake.”

“Here’s where I differ from you. I think that love the greatest and deepest which labors to exempt her from that suffering without denying her the enjoyments which could be partaken of in the other case ; but she labored continually to thwart my good intentions, guided by those impulsive foibles which it pleases her to gratify. She is always denying, thus illustrating the evil propensities of the heart, while the good, the angel in woman, is to be guessed at.”

“It is because you have always attempted to bring down game that flies the highest. They are out of your reach. Draw nearer to some object of earthly mould, and, doubtless, you will find it a much easier task than you have been led to suppose.”

“There is where the trouble is. It is in the earthly mould. We are too earthly. We love the earth more than the celestial. When I find one who, with me, will think more of the manner than of the object, then I shall get married.”

“And won’t you till then ?”

“Not until then.”

"Then mark my word; thou wilt never marry."

"Well, then, if that is the case, I shall be compelled to live a single life," he said, with a degree of indifference and resignation, which, it was thought, the subject did not merit. She looked and felt, doubtless, as if there were but little use to say anything more to him on the subject. Still she did not like to give it up so. There was a good deal depending. Life is uncertain, and the chances dubious.

"The trouble is you have always tried those whom it were useless to try, and, as a consequence, you could but be refused in the way you have suggested."

"You may block games by talking thus, which you would be glad to see go rolling onward."

"No, I guess not. I'm not apt to do things in that way. Why don't you go for Spilkins? She is one who, I dare say, would be glad of such a chance."

"Doubtless. There are others in boats very similar in character."

"Not many; at least I know of none."

"This language has a tendency towards repulsion, and those may regret having indulged it through the consequences which are sure to result from the effects of such counsel."

"What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"I can't be a dictionary. I must leave a little to be guessed at, just as you do."

"You don't mean to say there is harm in what I have said?"

"Not directly; but harm will result ultimately."

"I will attend to that. Our duty is with the present."

"Yes, certainly, and with that future with which our lives are directly concerned. It is not a wise policy in us to do those things which will bring upon us misfortune and ruin. The thief steals that he may receive an immediate good. If he should stop and endeavor to comprehend the consequences, though they would be

immense, and almost inconceivable, he would find the ill resulting from the wrong which he perpetrated far outweighed the momentary good which he received. So with us now. The evil tendencies of words, though gratifying to an amazing extent, will, some time—which I hope may be averted—result in such misfortune and sorrow, that, could you connect them together by the course which you had pursued, you would, in the most indubitable manner, condemn and denounce them as the greatest evil which can afflict mankind. You are gratified now, and you think, though erroneously, that the gratification will continue, even in opposition to the principles which you are following. You don't expect when you plant seed that it is going to grow downwards. You do not expect when you plant a rose bush that it will be an unsightly scrub—defacing the beauty of the lawn. You expect results will come that will minister to your happiness, and pleasure, and comfort."

"To what does all this lead?"

"To heaven. It leads to heaven as certainly as water tends to a lower plane. Everything noble, true, and righteous, partake of heavenly attributes; and he or she who represents them, is allied to them, and the Divine center from which they emanate. I contend the first step in life—and marriage is that step—should not be a lie; for a lie is the next step and itself the very worst evil the human heart can generate."

"This is offensive man. She told you that they did not lie. When you propound respectable questions to a lady, if she desire your company, she will tell you so."

Thinking she was getting rather the worst of the argument by the length to which Hugh had extended his, he desired to come to the rescue of his wife before he had arrived at conclusions which they could neither admit nor evade.

"I think my remarks are less offensive than yours are

for you imply that I have propounded to ladies disrespectful questions, whereas my conduct has always been in the directly opposite course to which you refer. I have always regarded them, and do still, as the angels of life, sent and designed by the Holy Architect for the purpose of leading man from the gross idolatry of self to the more worthy reverence of Him and the attributes to which He is allied. This you know, and everybody else knows who knows me. You wrong me, you wrong God, and you hurt yourself, when you attribute to me principles which are foreign to my character."

"We have the same right to wrong you that you have to wrong us. We are only defending ourselves. You are imputing to us charges which, if we do not refute, condemn us. If, in the refutation, the lash falls upon you, you need not complain. Your arguments hurt us, the same as ours hurt you," he said, in a more apologetic tone than he had at first adopted. He did not wish to drive him out of the house quite, for fear he would never again enter it. He respected him, nay, loved him, though he entertained such funny notions that he was, at times, half inclined to get mad and weaken the force of his suggestion.

"We have no business to complain. Would you like to see your daughters come to grief? I, though less interested than yourself, would be sorry to see anything ill happen to the least of angels; and I should be false to all the principles of life and the resurrection, if, when I saw danger, that I warned not of it. It is my business; it is everybody's business to seek to alleviate wretchedness."

"If you bear your portion it will be all anybody will ask. The burden of individual sins is sufficient for one. Carry your own—carry your own," he reiterated, angrily.

"What a temper you have. I never saw one get mad so easily," Hugh said, ironically.

"I'm not mad. I only pity such stupidity. You know nothing. All this is mere blarney. It is as baseless as a dream. I doubt whether you believe it yourself."

"Do not for your own sake, and those you love most dearly, for all this has direct reference to theirs as well as our good. If I saw the ground sinking beneath you, and likely at any moment to engulf your whole family in a living grave, should I not tell you of it and warn of danger? You are busy working. Your attention is absorbed in the affairs of the world, and how to get a living for those whom nature and God have entrusted to your care. This is one idea. This is one department. There are others. You can't explore them all. It requires different energies. You can see them when presented, and are able to acknowledge their truth. You are not in the province wherein they can be seen by unaided vision. They are there, right in sight, and plainly to be seen when first your attention is drawn in the right direction. Hence, the necessity of a multitude of capabilities. Man cannot do everything, nor can he see everything, but through other's aid; because the discovery of new thought, or the reviving of old ones, requires study and perseverance in the region wherein they are to be found. You are sinking, slowly sinking —"

"Can't you let us sink?"

"No; I am your fellow-brother, born of the same parents, and destined to a like immortal beatitude in eternity. Come, rise up, and buckle on the helmet of righteousness."

"Such language ill-becomes one of thy youth to one of my years."

"Toads see insects which age and experience cannot perceive. They destroy them so that we are enabled thereby to live. Even the bat that flies about of a summer evening, after the hard work is done, and we sit under the trees on the grass smoking pipes and telling

stories, sees the little flies that buzz about that you never dreamed of. There is more under your nose, and all around you, in the broad glare of noon-day, than you ever saw. Then say you 'how much I know.' Rather, how much I know not! O, insects teach me!"

"Go on. Let us have in to-to all there is," he said, with that peculiar smile which was half in anger and half contempt, but which failed to conceal the egotism which glowed over all. Hugh had hesitated, not for something to say, but whether it was proper to proceed. The invitation, however, whether meant or not, was sufficient inducement to him. He always followed the letter, though he saw the spirit which opposed. Permission granted is better than assumption assumed; the former is always right; the latter may be sometimes."

"Instead of using life as a shield to cover vices, come out in plain view either to commit them or denounce. Hypocrisy is more mischievous than undisguised sincerity. It argues a lack of perception in others; this breeds envy, and envy strife, and strife is destruction. To come right out and say truth is truth, nothing is left to be guessed at. Others may think you weak, but you are stronger than they are who disguise theirs by a show which they cannot maintain. You are what you represent yourself to be. The mind is not compelled to strain itself to discover what you are. You are on the face of it flabby and deceivable."

"Go on, we are listening."

"You will give me time to collect myself."

"You are not so scattered as that, I hope. How long will it take to get yourself together? We are getting tired."

"I'll relieve you presently. What is life? Is it something or nothing? Is it something to be honored or despised? Is it something that ennobles or debases?" Hugh asked.

"I don't know," he replied, with a smile that was

neither contemptuous nor angry ; but it was of that vacant kind which indicated entire oblivion of thought on the subject. The answer and the manner of it indicated more ; he did n't care what it was ; he was not curious to find out ; it was enough for him to meet its requirements.

" You will admit that human life is not like a vegetable, and if not, it must be a different kind. You plant the garden every spring. You expect the fruits, and if you live you get them. Onions produce onions. Potatoes produce potatoes, the same this year as last, or the year before. Each year reproduces its kind. Potatoes do not grow into corn, nor cabbages into pumpkins. You get what you plant. Chickens are the product of older fowls of their kind, whose parents, before them, were once small like themselves. Each year produces a new brood, which takes the place of the old. Sheep and lambs go through the same routine. Year after year it is the same. Ours is a higher sphere of existence, but shall we continue along on that plane forever, the same as chickens and sheep on the lower ones ? Though we are compelled to observe the same rules which obtain in lower planes, we are not under obligation to follow the same order. We can rise to higher planes and still go through the same forms. Now, you marry, and live, and the next generation does the same ; and the next ; and the next, and so on infinitely. If not the process of the vegetable would be reproduced in the higher scale of human life. The succeeding generation takes up life where the former left it, and it is transmitted the same as it was received. It takes life from the elements which surround it, by the consumption of potatoes, pork, and turnips. Does not the vegetable world live thus ? The bird builds his nest year after year, of the same material and form ; we vary ours only by the variation of form, and the magnificence with which we embellish it by the increase of wealth

which result from the industry of years. Go on in this way for an indefinite period of time—each decade marking the progress that has been made. Is this all? This is material only, and it perishes like the life which up-reared it.”

“Go on. Nothing can be said against all this. Human life is above the brute and vegetable, and no amount of argument can reduce it to the level of one or the other.”

“You will admit it is sustained by the observance of functions which are similar in both kingdoms.”

“No; we have religion and reason, and intelligence which are denied to every species of life except the human.”

“Then we are to live on one plane of religious life from now to eternity, only varying the similitude by the extent and beauty of our domestic surroundings. We are to go to the same church, observe the same form of religious worship; plow and drag, sow and reap, and vote in the fall for officers whom we pay and furnish for administering our affairs, while we are employed in life-work—this is all for the next thousand years. How like the vegetable world is this progression; and yet you say we are not vegetables. We can but step up higher. Endue life with new ideas. The old have served their purposes. Houses and fixtures do not ennoble life. Tyrants may occupy them—these too beget their fall. They will not last. There is nothing stable without virtue.”

“No, nor with it. All things are to pass away. We are as the flower of the grass.”

“This is only in a material sense. Our bodies perish like other material things; but we have a spirit, which, if we cultivate through life, will be benefited after its severance from the body. It will go on in the course it has begun, whether it tends upward or downward. This is, however, only in a limited sense. For such time as

would be necessary to undo the work wrongly commenced, and start again in a right direction ; and this is equal to the time spent in wrong doing ; then it takes a start and goes upward to that plane which it should have occupied on its first entrance into spirit life. So much time was lost because the spirit failed to perceive the right course that should be followed during earth life."

"Time will be cheap there. I don't believe it will be worth more than five dollars per month," he said, rather pleased at the conception.

"It will depend upon the field of industry in which you place yourself. Convict labor is cheaper than professional toil. The employment and compensation will be very similar in character there as here. If men work on the Lord's side, virtue, and those qualities to which it is allied, will reward and be rewarded ; on the contrary, if we choose to work on the opposite side, or contribute our energies, be they what they may, to the furtherance of those principles which support evil, we can expect but meagre results to occur to us. The principles which obtain here will be found to exist there. If we sow to the wind, we must expect to reap the hurricane. The way of the transgressor here has usually been such as most people do not wish."

"I fail to see wherein these remarks have a bearing upon the question under consideration."

"You do? There are many roads, some oblique, some tortuous, and some straight, as well as many by-ways and lanes, leading to useful places of abode and rest, from places of activity and turmoil. There are sheep-paths in the forest and trails of Indians in war. There are paths of goats on the mountain side, and lion's trails in the jungles. There is the farmer's path from the house to the spring, and the robber's path from the highway to his cave. There are a vast variety to choose from—the directly straight and narrow one, or the little oblique and wide one. In the former there are but few

travelers, in the latter rather more ; because people are prone to love what is new, strange and venturesome, rather than the plain commandment. To deviate a little is thought no sin ; whereas, the committal of a terrible crime is visited with unsparing vengeance. The little one paves the way to the greater one. It makes the greater one more easy of performance. Man does not commit such a crime from the instant ; he has been long schooling himself in anticipation of the event. He may not have contemplated it on the outset, but it grows on him from little beginnings. He permits himself to commit those trivial offenses which are excused by the requirements of social life, and from these he goes up higher in the scale of wicked doing. The last act he performs is less wicked than the first, because he has learned to look with so indulgent an eye upon all the intervening steps, that the last is shorter and more easy than any of them. In fact, the momentum from the preceding carries him over the dangerous spot without a moral qualm or physical exertion. He glides along over it as easily as a train over the fracture in a rail, without a perceptible jar or detention. He does not think he has committed a crime, and when the law takes hold of him for punishment, he thinks it very severe. He does not merit it. He has done nothing. Others look upon it with different eyes. They do not feel the strength of his motives. They cannot guess at the impetus which a long life in the principles of evil have given him. These may not have been all directly evil, but they were on the shady side of good, and not in the direct rays of good," Hugh said, interrupted only by occasional dissents from one or all of the company, none of whom could see how the argument affected, in the least, the questions that were being discussed ; or if they saw, they would not acknowledge. They stuck to the proposition that woman should be coy, oppose, thwart, embarrass every step towards her possession. To permit a man to have his

own way in regard to her, was but to lose her chance entirely ; or, what is the same thing, be at such a loss what to do that she would appear foolish and unapt. She could perceive just as well what his objects were, and, if honorable, accept, if dishonorable, reject. She had to rise but one step higher than her present place, unmask her heart, and reveal the angel. In answer to this argument they all asked :

“ Why could he not rise one step higher and view the object at which he was aiming, through those indirect sources which she gave him ? Instead of asking her to rise up, why not rise up himself ? He had the same faculties to perceive as she had, and as long as they both were aiming at one mark, why not both aim together, and thus doubly hit it ? ”

“ The standard of right should not be lowered to our requirements,” Hugh returned.

Were they not as good judges of what right is as anybody ? He did not doubt this. But did the result prove the correctness of their judgment ? Were not officers and criminals all the while being created ? Were not the prisons full ? Did they not all spring from the people ? Were those in prison not with us a few days ago, enjoying the sunshine and the flowers, transacting civil business with us, moving upon the same plane, going to the same church, and listening to the same gospel truths propounded from the pulpit ? Did not the clergyman, no longer ago than last Sabbath, stop reading the Bible, because a starched, puffed-up-and-sweet-scented gentleman happened to walk in at the time, and who now is looking between prison bars at the glorious light which he made such ill use of a short time before ? Who is to blame for all this ? Not the criminal alone. Did not the clergyman encourage him in his nefarious calling ? Did not all encourage him ? He sprang from our loins and our bosom, and was one of us,—our own kindred, and beloved, and friend. Was he the only one to blame ? Nay,

verily. The school that teaches these students should equally share their fault, or else suspend the rod. We are at fault,—the whole system is at fault, because we are unwilling to commence and go in that strictly straight path; which has no dubious turnings or dark windings.

“Well, show us the way yourself first, and if it leads you safe through, perhaps you can get a few insane followers. No body but fools or crazy persons would do as you suggest.” This is the way he was laughed off.

“Then the prisons must continue to be crowded, and our own children taken from our arms and consigned to dungeons, because we will insist on being smart. We must teach the grand-parents first. We must get the head of the line to go straight, then those who follow, will necessarily be led in their wake; these will follow on from custom, choice and tradition. The aged must advise the young, pointing out the best course to be pursued, as well as go in it themselves. It cannot be expected, if you say—“go in that rough and stony path, while I go in this smooth one, that will leave you all right, this—in an under tone to yourself—is pleasant to pursue; that I know is hard to get along on; it is full of pain and trouble, and anxiety; while here is gratification, pleasant indulgence and ease. Go your way and be happy. If good success, all right; if evil comes you should be prepared to endure it”—that children instructed by such counsel are going to improve it. This is dubious encouragement for one just entering in life; neither can it be expected that those who are thus admonished will blindly follow your direction. They like your desire to find out and enjoy all there is in life.

“Life is before everybody. Each can make it what is desired.”

“Yes, but is there no way to prevent breaking hearts? No way to prevent tears? No way to prevent trouble, disaster, want and suffering?”

“None that I know of. You are in the field of enquiry—perhaps you can suggest something.”

"I'm doing that now—I'm suggesting it to you and yours, in the hope of finding some one who will approve my course."

"I have heard nothing yet but impracticable stupidity and folly. Suggest what can be done and you will find that encouragement that will astonish you."

"I can but suggest what I believe possible and right, whether it be practicable or not. It is easier and more just to expend what exertion is necessary to accomplish the object in devoting ourselves to the standard than in lowering that standard to do what only appears to be our necessities, pleasure and convenience."

"Admit just what you wish to do, and what will result?"

"Brotherhood and fraternity."

"Tyranny and oppression."

"Excuse me. I beg to differ. The most extreme liberty results from the opposite extreme, as all opposites merge into one another. Those privileges that are asked are granted. What is given should be received. A man should be willing to take what he gives, and he will. That person is the most ready to forgive faults who commits them. Does he exact strict obedience, he will himself be strictly obedient to that justice which is the measure of his exactions."

"How will you tell?"

"By reference to that justice. All can see this alike who are animated by like motives of love and charity. You can tell whether or not you wish my association as well before as after repulsion. Nobody drinks of the spring he has poisoned."

"All your arguments amount to is this: You want a girl to do just as you ask or command her."

"No, not a bit of it. If she wants to she should do so by all means; and if she does not, then I would be the very first one to respect her for that decision. Her own interests, the good of her family, both present and

prospective, and the good of society at large, depend upon her doing just as she wants to do. All will be benefited by the association of such ideas, even though they are not observed to the very letter by everybody. Let the heaven be mingled with the whole lump, that it all may rise in the scale of perfection."

"We see some get along well who never heard of your standard of right. How is this?"

"They have sufficient will and nerve power to tide them over the breakers. The energy of aggressiveness, of acquisitiveness, or ambition, neutralizes the ill effects of retrogressive tendencies. In fact, they are well balanced. It operates the same with them as a well-balanced governmental system does in the equilibrium of civil society. Let one energy get the lead and all others follow. The balance of power in Europe is maintained on this principle. It is the same in this country. Let one branch get the lead and all others are subverted by it, unless there is wisdom enough in the people to perceive the danger and interpose a parson, or bishop, to prevent the mischief that would otherwise result. Men are endowed with differing characteristics. They are similar in their nature, but not in energy; hence, those lacking in aggressiveness or acquisitiveness will succumb to the influence of indifference or morbid sensitiveness, which, if not checked by the admonition of friends, will result in melancholy wretchedness, misery, and death. Often suicide intervenes before the last three have a chance to operate."

"Well, how can all these be hindered? The world now goes on in the only way it can well proceed. There is no other resource but to permit these things to happen to those who cannot guard against them. To interfere and say 'they should do so and so,' would be resented as none of our business. They would consider it an insult to interfere with their domestic arrangements; so you would or anybody else. I tell you it is a hopeless con-

test. There must be suffering and woe while there is life. The widow and orphan must endure and weep. There is no help. Make the world an asylum, and its generosity would be expected, robbing it of its benefits. There would be no consolation beneath its roof. You might supply the temporal wants, but there would be no relief to the heart aches and longings for something more. No ; no ; no ; go in ; help make the world as it is ; there is no other way. Live, weep, and suffer."

"Let me answer your first question in which all the gist of the succeeding is involved. Love one another ; that's all, and these difficulties will be avoided. Love one another so that each will know that you have his or her best interest at heart, and advise as you would a child. Would it be repelled? No. They would love you for it, and seek to profit by the instruction you had imparted. Rise up one step, acknowledge the angel and divinity in man. If for no other purpose than to show forth the goodness and excellencies of the human heart. You will have accomplished all there is in life worth living for. Illustrate the angel : this is good enough. If no other good results, you have done the noblest deed of humanity. Live for itself, not for a sinister purpose, or a good to be derived by yourself. Be the angel. Be God. Then you have done your duty. Let others conform, or go their way. In this lies the whole secret of life—the unwillingness of people to conform to an idea. Self—is the predominating impulse. Subdue this and live for others, and the life you lead will result in more good to them and you than if you devoted it to the one purpose of yourself. Think of it. There is the Great God you have developed in your own personality. What higher station can man occupy than that of absolute divinity."

"Try it and see where you will come to. It will do well enough to preach this, but it is quite another thing to practice. You would be a poor lazy vagabond, de-

spised by all, loved by none, and, finally, become a burden to the town. You let folks make fun of you, run over you, and cheat you, they will despise you for the privilege."

"Guess not. Then Christ and religion are a farce. There is no goodness, no virtue, that can be illustrated."

"That is it—it can't be played. They are meant to adorn our houses with. To keep on our mantles and center tables—just for ornament. They are beautiful there; bring them out for every day use, and they become soiled and repulsive, unfit for the purposes for which they were originally designed. How would a golden-clasp bible look besmeared with beer, dissipation, and the fumes of drunken revelry? There is fitness in things, and places for everything."

"You can't preach religion to idiots, nor morality to drunkards, with any prospect of success. The innate consciousness of manhood must first discover and proclaim itself. We don't expect the whole world will move on in one path. We can only reach such through the aid of our influence. The light we carry with us will penetrate the recesses of hell itself, reviving the hope of the most deeply damned sinner there; then, when they see our good works, and our good resolutions, and the smile of beneficence and good will which irradiates all our acts, they will come forth and incline an ear. They will seek the consolation, and hope, and comfort where there is a prospect they may be found. They will have tried, and tried in vain to find them in the bosom of despair; then do not, do not, shut the door against their reclamation. Send to them a ray of your love. Let them know and feel this, then your conquest is sure, and their salvation certain. Two things have been brought into requisition which jibe together—your love and their famishing need of it. They will not spurn you, nor receive it as a matter, of course, but gladly welcome both to their bosom and confidence."

"This is not sustained by experience. Perhaps in the new order of things which you strive to introduce, the workings of the human heart will not operate the same as now. Maybe love will beget love. It don't now. There must be a sprinkling of resentment in it to make it effective. People cannot bear it. It is too tame. Now, if instead of the impossible, would it not be more to the purpose for you to step up one step, and aim at something that can be done, rather than spend your whole life in firing at a mark, and only hit the outside circumference of it."

"No. I would rather graze the outside edge, according to principles and truth, and be forever benefited by the failure, than to hit the center and be forever damned. I would rather benefit the few who would acknowledge the truth of truth, and live according thereto, than to live a life fraught with evil to ten thousands. One grain of love is better than tons upon tons of wickedness, in whatever guise it may be presented. The reign of thought is too secular and exclusive. I wish to broaden the affections, open the heart, and permit the whole world to enter and dwell therein. This conservative policy you advocate has been pursued in the past, and why continue it in the future, when we know such dreadful results take place? Make broad the charities, and permit every one the enjoyment of those pleasures that we desire. This may be all that can be done in this direction. Hell formerly was a place of perpetual torment, now it is reversed. If we keep lessening the severity of its punishment in the same ratio in the future as in the past, it will, in a very short time, not be warm enough for a summer residence. This is all I ask, —broaden, deepen, lengthen the bounds of affection, so that all mankind may be included in the loving enfoldure. Here you live right in this little enclosure, narrowing all the noble attributes of the heart to the bounds of three or four. These you love. You concentrate the affec-

tions upon them. Are there no others in the world? Are not there wives and daughters and sons everywhere? How will you meet these, whose love you have never before cultivated, in the Heaven above?

"The change of time, of place and surroundings, bring with them powers and energies equal to the emergencies. We may not be able to see how we should cope with exigencies of such a radical change; but we will find these powers when we get there,—they will come to us just as they do now in the changing vicissitudes of earth life. We did not see before we were married the difficulties and trials incident thereto. We may have over-estimated them, and dreaded to plunge into the world in which such a state would involve us. The pains, perplexities, anxieties, responsibilities, and sleepless nights, we find very comforting and cheerful, when we get there. We have new powers and hopes, with a love and devotion which sustain us through all trials. So, when we get there we will not find it half so hard as we anticipated. We shall be able to cope with the change into which we are thus suddenly introduced. We are of the nature of the surrounding elements; we take joy in basking in them. We can hardly get our fill. The light of glorious immortality shines in upon our vision, and we find we have awakened to a new day. We rise and bestir ourselves, girding on the habiliments of righteousness, and the helmet of redemption, as if we had only laid them off the night before, when we laid down to a tired, but refreshing slumber. When we awoke in this, swaddling clothes and bandages awaited our advent. God prepared them through the love which he instilled into the mother's heart. Will He be unmindful of us in the more important change which is awaiting us in the great eternal? I guess not. The swaddling clothes will be prepared by the angels, who stand ready, welcoming into their joyful land."

"I don't think it will be as easy as you seem to think.

We do n't find it easy here to make such changes. A person long accustomed to a course of life, enters any other with doubt, distrust, and even fear. He has not adapted himself to it. He has not grown up in the elements. Does a course of prosperity seem to be opening? It is seen, but the powers and adaptabilities are wanting. 'He can't bear prosperity,' is a remark we often hear. It is because he don't know anything about it. He is not prepared for it, nor can be. He would abuse it if obtained. He must grow up in them to partake of them. So with the future. The mind must be developed in the essentials which obtain in the immortal spheres, else it will know nothing of them when it gets there, and like as any way will abuse them, tread them under foot, and utterly despise the very thought of constraint which the situation necessitates. 'He can't bear such prosperity.'"

"You've talked long enough. Go down and get some cider. Light a lamp, Viola. No, take a paper match. Don't be extravagant," he said impatiently, looking first at Hugh, then at Viola, who arose immediately, and, on going to get a match from the safe which hung on a nail near by, he directed her to get one from the holder which stood on the shelf.

"There is none there, pa ; we used the last this noon to light a lamp to get potatoes with."

"Never mind. Tear one off a piece of paper, and you see to it that the holder is filled after this. I won't have such extravagance. It is useless. Just as well be saving as not. It don't cost anything." She did as directed, opening the stove door, from the glowing flames of which she easily ignited a strip of paper which she had folded up compactly, and lighted the lamp. The charred remains of the paper hung in annoying fragments on the lamp, notwithstanding the quick movements she made to thrust it in the open door of the stove ; besides this she nearly burnt her fingers in the operation. We sup-

pose a curtain lecture was had on this subject about this time, or soon after, as the paper-match holder disappeared, and matches from the safe were freely used on all occasions, whether there was a glowing fire in the stove or not. This change may be attributed to whatever cause the reader is inclined. It is evident the girls liked it, for they had often been compelled to blow a coal in order to light a wick, which the longer it was blowed the more difficult seemed the operation. Often their cheeks were redder than usual, from the prolonged exertion of this economy, and their patience assumed a phase not at all in unison with the supposed harmony which is thought to prevail in angelic circles.

Viola carried the lamp and a trencher to get apples in. Hugh followed after. Eva would n't go. Her father said nothing, as if the emergency were an accident—a mere happen so. Hugh was as well pleased. He had the company of an angel to the cellar, whereas, if he had especially desired her, he would have had to go alone. If the truth be known he would rather. Eva had gone on a former occasion, but in her absence now, because of her refusal to go, he would rather have Viola. He sacrificed nothing in the case. They drank the cider and ate the apples. The mother got him to throw a long paring over his shoulder, in the belief that the shape of it on the floor would take the form of the first letter of his wife's name. Is it an E? Yes, that curve there and that bend here looks kinder E ish. It was, in fact, more like a V, although it would not have been more difficult to make an A of it. The next attempt proved no more certain an E, and it could as easily be deciphered into an M. Who is M? O, Munn; no, Mary. It is Mary Douglas. No, Minnie French. O, Pshaw! her who dreams of such a thing as that. Its E, that's who it is, the mother last reiterated.

"No. I guess its J," said Hugh. "Who's J?" some

of them asked. "I don't know, I'm sure, but that loop there, and that curve look more like a J than anything I can think of," he said.

"You have too many strings to your bow. Nobody knows who they all are," the mother said, with a tone of sadness, not unmingled with hopeful smiles.

"I know of only one now whom I wish to impress."

"Who is she? Pray tell us."

"Communicated wisdom makes those who hear it as wise as he who gives it," he returned.

"Yes, of course. Here, Eva, count these seeds over and see on whom falls the lot." "One for you, one for him, and this for me, and out goes he," Eva said, counting over the seeds one by one.

"Is not that encouraging?"

"To everybody but me."

"Humph! See here, what this says," said the governor, looking up from the paper he was trying to read during all this talk, with such anger, scorn and contempt depicted on his face that they almost drove the company crazy. He read what was of no account whatever, and without eliciting anything like the shadow of 'humph!' which he had ejaculated; and the company returned to their pleasures with apple-seeds and parings—not without, forebodings on the part of some of them, of a lecture from him on the broadness of their leadings. Hugh would not hear of it; as for the rest of them, between their love and interest, it was settled, as it had been often before. Had he taken the hint and followed the guidance, they would all have conspired to thwart him. Obstacle after obstacle would be placed in his way, as if the leadings had been unintentional. One-half the time was spent in building, the other half in destroying what had been upreared."

Hugh went home that night with a glad and hopeful heart. He would go for her. It was evident they wished it. Everything seemed to point that way. He

would get her—he knew he would. It would be just the place for him. A good farm to work—a pleasant home, with everything all in readiness for the successful prosecution of agricultural pursuits. He could get a living. It would be nice for all concerned. He would cut down that hedge, remove that unsightly wall, cut down those poplars, fix up the fences, and hang gates. He would not have such shiftlessness around him. The place needed fixing up. He would do it. He had the time, and the governor had the means. They would work together. So much for an easy temper. He would let him have his own way. He did n't care. It did him no hurt. Next spring he would plow up that lot and plant corn in it. He would sow barley in this, and oats in that. He would pasture this lot, and mow that. He would have those weeds cut down next year, and that fence cleaned out. He would fix up the barn and shed. In a year or two he would fix up the house. He would tear that lean-to off, and build up a wing as high as the upright. By this time there would be need of addition. There would be a larger family—and Eva would be the mother, and Hugh—would be—who knows where Hugh would be?

The next day he would invite her out. It was nice sleighing. There was something said about sleigh riding—about bells, and robes, and scarfs. Would it be cold enough to wind his around her neck? Was it so long that it would do for both—one end around each neck? Yes, I guess so. What a muddle it would be should the cutter tip over and the horse run away! It would not do to hang on the lines. There would be such a hanging as would be neither agreeable nor satisfactory. It would seem so odd to be seen riding that way—the cutter bottom-side up and the occupants dragging along the side of the road—for the first time.

Yes, he knew it was what they meant. It had been limned before, but Hugh was afraid to spring the trap—

he would get hurt. It could not be. It did not mean so. They were only fooling ; but now, this must mean that it was intended. He would call next morning and lend them a book. They would like it, and he would see. They would confirm what had been done before. He called :

"Come in," sounded the gruff voice of Mr. Pinchtight. "Good morning ; is that you ? Take a seat," he said, scarcely looking from his paper. The girls did n't look up. The mother did n't notice him. He observed the transmission of looks between the sisters. What did it mean ? It can't be they have forgotten all they said last night. Yes—they were only fooling. He would not leave his book. He would n't say anything about it. If they asked him why he did n't bring it he would say he forgot it. Yes, he would lie. He would do just what he was blaming them for doing. But they prompted him. They acted so inconsistent and dubious. It would not do to offer what was not desired, and it was evident they desired but little of his company there. He sat a little while and tried to force a talk, the same as was enjoyed last night ; but they avoided it—would hear nothing of it. His leadings were not noticed. What could it mean ? He would withdraw the same as a man retreats before the enemy—with his face to the foe, expecting every moment to see somebody raise his gun and fire. He could n't do so gracefully. He did n't care. He'd get out of the house. He would be out of sight and reach in a minute or two. He would be all right. He would enjoy good health again. Nobody would know what he had been thinking about. He had not divulged it yet. It was his own property, and it was nobody's business. He arose, took his hat, deliberately, as if there were no malice in his heart, and a single "good bye" was all he said. A single one was all he heard, and that was from the cross old patch who was mumbling the newspaper. He said it, too, in a tone of voice which indi-

cated that he cared but little whether the visit was repeated. In Hugh's present frame of mind he was certain it would be a long time before it was. He did n't care a d——. The fences might go to thunder. The gates might hang, or be otherwise destroyed. No, the blasted poplars might stand there another generation or two. He could endure their unsightliness if everybody else could. He did n't slam the door worth a cent ; but he fell into a ditch that was close to the gate, and, as he gathered himself up he heard the sounds of laughter very distinctly, and it seemed to come from but one, and that one was not Viola nor the parents. He could tell. He knew it. He had heard it before. There was neither joy nor sorrow in it. She would n't care if he had broken a leg. She did n't care whether he came again or not. She could get along. She had Fred left, and he was worth a dozen such horrid beaux. He did n't have to be driven and kicked around. He knew something.

A few months more pass on to join the past with their sisters in the great vortex of time. What was once present is now past. What was somebody's future, is now their eternity. Hugh did not come ; he dare not. The last reception was too indifferently cordial. There was a measure of repugnance in it. He did n't wish it to be repeated, and it was n't very soon. It is most time to bring him around again. The governor meets him in the street, and he shakes his hand very friendly. He doffs his hat away in the distance, and he is taken with a sudden fit of coughing and sneezing. He uses his handkerchief vigorously, and he makes other motions not necessary here to be recorded. What does it mean ? The fences and the rickety old gates come back again. They ought to be fixed up. The blasted poplars look horrid. The briars and bullrushes in the fences ought to be cut out, and beauty restored where there is so much ugliness. He guesses he

had better call. Is it safe? Won't they hurt him? won't they pounce upon him? Or will they pay as much attention to him as to the old slouchy cat? He don't know. Perhaps it won't kill him. It would n't take long. He would soon back out and she might laugh again. The damage would be mutual. What she denied herself he did n't partake of. If it was fun for her, he could make believe it was fun for him, with perhaps as much truth as in her case. He don't go immediately. He awaits more unmistakable indications. The hat might have been taken off to some lady, and all the others might have been purely accidental. She would be sweeping the piazza off, or the snow around the door. She would be getting a pail of water or an armful of wood—needful chores both, and if he had any gumption he would get over the fence and help her. No, he goes by—the great gawky. He don't know anything. Fred would have hastened right over, and with smiles and bows helped her sweep and dust, and arrange the flowers with the minutest care, while his lips dropped honeyed words into her hungry ears. Then afterwards they sat on the sofa talking and laughing the time away. Hugh went along unconscious of the loving heart masked in such deep dissimulation. She passed him on the walk, and though he turned out into the deep snow, and raised his hat, she did not return a recognizing look. Guess he had n't better go around there again. No, he would n't. She crossed the street in the evening, but she did n't know anybody. She was not aware that Hugh was so near. She opened the blinds and the folding doors, and long before he came in sight he could hear the piano playing. How could she tell whether he was coming or not, when there was no way by which he could be seen? Or was it because it was about the time he should be passing by?

He had better drop in some day and see how they are getting on. He came. She opened the door. She

smiled as sweetly as the morning sunrise. She was all blandishments. She was really angelic when she wanted to be. He forgot the past in the enthusiasm of his entertainment. They were all smiles and gladness. Viola was the sweetest, and the prettiest. Had he been transferred all of a sudden into Heaven? This was a very striking resemblance. Could it always be so what a paradise were home? But Hugh knew, from painful experience, it was but the precursor of a storm. It was the flower—the thorne was just beneath. You stoop to pick it, and place it in your bosom, and behold there is an adder there that bites you unto death. Let it alone. It is but to look at. He basks in the smiling radiance. The pain and sorrow of the past are all removed in the glories of the heavenly presence. He would go right away while they were in such good humor, and get a horse and cutter. The weather was fine, and the sleighing excellent. She could not refuse him now. He would hint about it now and see if they would take.

"What a nice day it is! What nice sleighing it is! I believe I'll take a ride this afternoon."

"Ha! where are you going?" the mother asked.

"Guess I'll go to Auburn—I want to get something."

"Well, I suppose you can go;" and that was all.

The girls did n't say anything. Nothing about the scarf—its length, or breadth, or warmth. Nothing about the pleasantness under any other circumstances. Not a hint to take somebody. It was perplexing. Well, perhaps they did n't want to say anything that way. It might have been embarrassing. There might be something he did n't think of. He did n't know it all. He would n't expect too much. He would go and get the horse and bells, and a nice robe, with one to throw over the back with the head of a wolf trailing on the ground behind, just as Mr. Hardfist's does,—he had heard her say she longed for such an equipage, and it would be the very first thing she procured after she was married. He

knew her tastes therein. She would be captivated instantly, and if she had no desire to go for itself she would go just because the temptation was so strong.

As all these thoughts passed through his mind he experienced a sense of peculiar delight, as their many favorable features accompanied them. He felt as if he would soon realize a long sought for possession. He would be at rest again. His thoughtful mind would find repose in the bosom of his love. He thought of that hymn where the weary are at rest ; and he felt his rest would be of a far sweeter character than that to which the hymn had reference. The one was to the other as chalk to cheese. You could not taste of it, and if you tried you would not experience that delight that a hungry person would when eagerly devouring an eatable piece of nourishment. It would do no good. There would be no satisfaction in it.

It was about two. He dashed up to the door in fine style, and with a flourish and a loud whoa there—take care, alighted ; sprang up the steps and entered the house. They were surprised—astonished. Why, they did n't know who it was—thought of Sweetness,—perhaps he was looking out again. No, it was not him,—it was not his horse. Maybe it was Peekskill—who knows. Strange things happen sometimes. Maybe Arlo had mitted him so that he was sick of it, and had resolved to find more pleasant pastures. Of course he could not be blind to attractions. No, he admired beauty. After they had named over all the most eligible candidates in town, they came down to the humble and unpretentious Rivers. Mercy, it is n't him. Why, yes it is. See that's his motion. Guess it is. Yes, it is him. Goodness ! I wonder what in the world he wants now ; he was here a moment ago.

Such were a few of the surmises that escaped the group of anxious persons clustered around the latticed window, from which they were scattering just as Hugh

entered. After some little time he asked : " Would she take a ride ? "

" No, it was too cold. " And she laughed, and the mother laughed ; Viola just smiled. It was funny. It was killing. It was so unexpected. They had n't got the work done up. The dinner dishes were not washed. Could n't go. There would n't be time. It would be too cold. Hugh's countenance fell. There came a chilliness over him. His blood began to freeze. His charities became crusted with frost. He put on his mask as well as he could, but he staggered, felt faint, and sat down, after he had risen to go. She said something about hurrying, but he could n't. He smiled in ghastly paleness, and talked in broken unconnected numbers. At last he roused himself for the effort, and rushing to the door, bid them good bye, and the last words he heard as he passed out, " I wish you a pleasant journey. " Why did n't she try to make it more pleasant ? As it was it would be anything but that. The cold drops of sweat stood in great beads on his face, and he felt them oozing out his pours all over his body. The cold air was a relief. It revived his spirits, and he felt better. He did n't want to go alone, so he called on Mary Jane and Matilda, neither of whom cared to go out that afternoon—it was too cold.

He went—alone. It was everything but a pleasant trip. There were a good many things he thought of, and a few he did n't. What a mean world. Should he drowned himself ? He could go out some night, cut a hole in the ice and drop himself right in. Nobody would ever know it. He might be missed a day or two—and he might be over there in the woods, on a sulk. He would be out by and by, just as a bear comes out of a sunny day. It was the best way for him. He could n't battle with the world. He had n't the energies. He could die. He could watch these obdurate girls from his celestial fortress, and he would pay them for this—their—

their—their obdurate unkindness. He would frighten them to death. He would cause them to join him soon, who had refused him while here. He would have revenge. He wondered if they would be sorry, either for his death or for fear of his returning spirit. There are resources not dreamed of with which vengeance arms itself. We ought not to provoke it too severely. We might experience its maledictions through the influence of no personal spirit. It might come in other forms.

He brought home for Viola a beautiful gold chain and cross in return for the scarf she had knit him. She accepted it gratefully. The scarf she wound around his neck the evening before. Her dainty fingers did it all. Eva would n't. She would n't touch it; she thought, however, Viola was well paid for her work, and intimated a wish to receive such valuable presents herself. She had refused one repeatedly before. He had offered her a beautiful topaz ring, which she disdainfully returned. He did n't feel like buying a jewelry store. Whims are too costly; hence the failure of a present to Eva. She would n't have accepted one had he offered. She would n't let his umbrella stand in the hall. She would thrust it out in the rain, while Fred's stood there undisturbed. His overshoes she kicked out doors; Fred's remained there. His overcoat she threw on the stairs, Fred's being on the rack; hence, she received no presents on this occasion. She had been too obstreperous. He had n't merited it. He had been more charitable than she deserved. But Viola, the darling angel, had never refused him yet. He kissed the scarf every time he put it on. Her eyes and fingers had been there, and, above all, the purity of her thoughts. She had interwoven with every stitch, he thought, dreams of domestic felicities. He would never forget her. She would work for him again—he paid so well—with such boundless love. Her lily white hands, as he watched their nimble movements in the interchaining of the stitchery, he

could never forget. Did he think of her? Was there room for her in his love by the side of Eva? Did he think of her dimpled hands, so soft and light, that the cygnet's down was heavy, and the ermine's fur was black.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SNOW STORM.

IT snowed that night fearfully. The roads were rapidly filling, making traveling difficult, if not utterly impassable. It was about bed time. A knock was heard at Pinchtight's door. Who could it be? Somebody wished to stay all night—a tramp—a traveler going home. He had been off at work, and, having finished, was returning to his anxious family. He was tired. It was hard walking in the face of a driving storm. He feared he could not get home. "No, we don't keep hotel; it is but a little way to the village. Guess you can stand it," he said, slamming the door, and resumed his seat by the side of a cheerful fire.

"O, pa, perhaps it is —"

"I don't care who it is. He can get to the tavern before nature is exhausted. I don't keep a poor house," said he, interrupting Viola, whose eyes were already swimming in a sea of briny tears.

In a little room, about two miles distant, were seated

around a table, upon whose bare surface were scattered a few crumbs, indicating the use it was last devoted to, a woman and four children watching the flames that flickered feebly in a cracked, worn stove. The lamp had burned until the last drop of oil was exhausted, and it now stood useless on the table serving no purpose, not even of ornament.

"Ma, will he come home to-night?" said a six-year old.

"He said he would when last he wrote. But the night is so stormy and dark I fear he will be delayed. If we only had some kindling for the morning, we would get along. He will come in the morning," said the mother, hopefully.

"Ma, if I had some money do you know what I'd buy?" the child said, hugging closer up to her shivering frame.

"Some bread."

"No, some oil to feed the lamp with."

"We need bread and butter more. We can live in darkness, but not without something to eat."

"Are you hungry, mamma?"

"No, my child; are you?"

"Not much. Why do you cry, ma? A tear dropped down on my face. I don't cry."

"It is nothing. I was only thinking, that's all. You don't know, my dear, what it is, and I hope you never will. I once thought and felt as you —"

"There, ma, another tear dropped down. You are crying yet. I will cry too, ma, if you don't tell me why?"

"I can't, my child. You can't comprehend."

"You can tell me and see."

"I know you can't, so keep still. I have thoughts I cannot give utterance to—my heart is so full. There, go to sleep, my dear—and you'll forget—forget that we sit in darkness."

"I would sleep if pa were here ; but I wan't to kiss him, ma, before I go to bed. I sleep so much sweeter."

"He will kiss you when he comes. He will rouse us up in the morning. I will meet him at the door. You will be asleep, and he will kiss you there. His grizzly beard, all covered with ice and snow, will tickle your rosy cheeks. Come, now, go to sleep."

The little child had pillowed her aching head upon her mother's anxious breast, and now was in the land of dreams, where snows, and sorrows, and darkness do not come. The mother unhooked the scanty clothes, aided by the flickering light of the fire as it gleamed forth in ominous flashes from the now almost consumed embers. She wrapped her in the night gown, patched with cloth of a different color, and much too small, and laid her gently in the bed, breathing forth a prayer of thankfulness as she kissed the unconscious darling. The others had gone to bed ; and the mother sat alone watching, thinking, waiting. Often she looked through the window—there was snow, snow, snow—a dreary waste, spread out like a winding sheet. He would come soon. He had stopped to warm and rest somewhere. In a few minutes he would come—she knew he would. Was the snow deep ? Would it be difficult walking ? He had come before in the snow—he could again. She knew he would. If he did n't, he would stop somewhere all night, at Pinchtight's or Meetenhouse's, on the road. He would, of course.

The morning arose calm, serene, and beautiful, even in its dreary chilliness. The sun sent his rays over the clear, smooth surface, spotless in its purity, cold in its aspect, and only relieved here and there by a bush, or shrub, or bean-pole, as it projected above the surrounding heath, covered by its mantle of clinging crystals, adhering so closely to one another that nothing of the imprisoned objects could be distinguished a short distance away. These objects caused little mounds like mole

hills over the face of nature, and they assumed forms wholly dissimilar from that which was concealed beneath. Often a mound of enormous dimensions was thus seen rising far above his surrounding associates, conveying the impression that some large object was buried there. The curiosity is excited to that extent that the foot is propelled in the direction in the hope and fear that something of importance may be discovered ; when lo, it is but a weed which the careless husbandman had suffered to encumber his soil. So with objects of more or less importance all over the landscape. The stakes in the fence are likewise covered with tiny crystals, each holding his place through the sufferance of the idle wind which breathes not a breath upon the scene ; although their old weather-beaten forms defy his angry blasts, they are now clothed from his fury with a delicacy of covering which shows both the weakness and warmth of their embrasure. A ray of genial sunshine relaxes the hold which each impinges on the other, and they dissolve their frail texture in the dry air which was thirsting for their death ; or, in the absence of this, the exceeding cold absorbs the delicate frost work, thirsting for its nourishing strength that it may visit again the ill clad and hungry with the renewed vengeance which its long preparation would enable it to impose.

Among the many mounds thus scattered around was one which, because of its peculiar shape and size, early attracted the attention of those whose vision was directed to the locality. It was the most observable, because in that vicinity there were no objects which could cause so ominous an erection above the snowy plane. The ground here was smooth and level, as it was by the roadside and within the limits of a corporate society, who, because their doings and failures to do were scrutinized by a so jealous minority, that every infraction of official duty would be met by such an enquiry as would make a repetition of such direliction, unpleasant and unprofitable.

Logs and stones which shiftlessness sometimes encroaches before the public eye, in those rural districts where rules of law hold less tightly the infractions of its behests are here avoided and unknown, except, perhaps, in those districts where new buildings are taking the places of old, or some other improvements are being made. In these cases the demands of business and adornment precede those of comfort and convenience, which, for a short time, is suffered, for the after embellishment and increased facilities for the transaction of business which are sure to accrue to the advantage of the general public and to individual citizens.

On approaching nearer this object, indications which had before not been observed, were now plainly viewed. A few kicks, the first of which was but prefatory of those which should follow, as the anxiety and curiosity were unfolded after each repetition. These revealed first the clothes, then the form of a man—frozen to death. The covering had failed to ward off death's approach, as the major part of his fell work was done before the covering was completed. It was Henry Wilson—he who had but a short time before sought work and found it in an adjoining city, was now returning to his home and distressed family, that they, with him, might share the comforts of his industry. His work was finished, both there and here, and nothing was left for the now thrice bereaved family but to plod on their ways as best they might. Pinchtight was going that way, breaking roads, in company with White, and Passable, and Hugh. Meetenhouse had not got dug out, neither was he expected until about the time of going to church, when the road would doubtless have been broken, and he would be relieved from the annoying trouble of digging his way through to that sanctuary.

"Hello there, what's Pinchtight found? He's found something. Hurry up there. There is mischief or foul play," said White to Passable, looking back, and pointing

his finger ahead to the spot where Pinchtight was kicking away at an upraised bank, and anon peering down, as evidence of the concealment infixed itself upon his mind. By this time he had uncovered the form of the man, who, but a few hours before, he had refused neighborly shelter. He experienced a start of surprise, as the well-known features of his quondam guest were recognized; then came the stolid indifference, and the necessity for an excuse which the exigencies of the case would require to explain away. He was equal to it.

"What have you found, Pinch; some straggler belated and under-snowed through drunkenness or fatigue?" asked White, as he drove up through the snow, and alighted to inspect the cold features upturned to the light of day, but still covered with the icy crystals which the moisture of death had caused to be frozen thereto, both hastened by the chilling frost without.

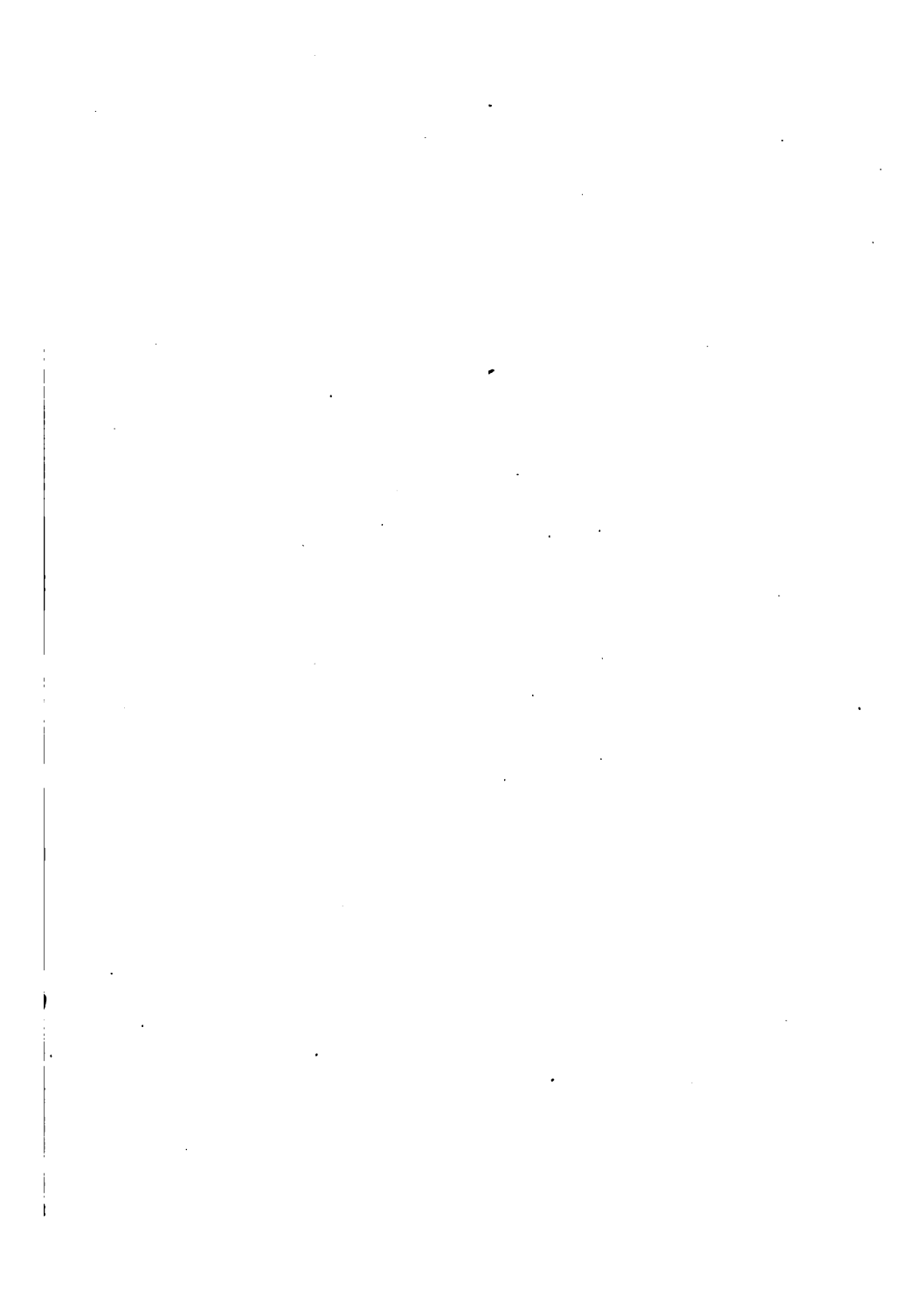
"Its Wilson, that industrious worker, but improvident provider. It is a pity. He was a good man," said Passable, now arrived, and stooping over brushed away the frost and snow. "Let's put him on the sleigh, and take him home, extending such consolation to the bereaved widow as her suffering needs will lead her to accept." So saying they took him up, and placing him on the sleigh drove directly to her house, where a different meeting awaited the widow than she had these long hours been looking for. He was coming. She knew he would, and he had arrived, cold in death. She saw the sleigh drive up, and the form thereon. Who could it be? No, not him. Somebody is cold, and is being brought to the nearest house; or he is hurt in breaking roads. She hurries and adds the last few remaining sticks to the embers. They will want a fire. She will soon get more wood, for he will come. They bring him in. It is him; yes, it is him.

"O, how is this? How happened it? Killed; run-away, or what? Do tell me," she said, as she sobbingly

threw herself upon the form of her beloved husband ; and then kneeling by his side, she listened to the recital of the discovery, not a word being said about that part of which Pinchtight was the only witness.

"All night in the cold ! O, dear ; and while I was watching, hoping, never dreaming the heroic nature was exhausted. And only a mile away, and I comfortably housed by this warm fire. O, had I known he was so near, and in such a strait, I would have put fleetness in my feet and hastened thither. Dear friends, many thanks for this attendance. May you all be like cared for, though not, I hope, so suddenly, nor in this ungente manner," she said tearfully, as she bowed them out.

They brought a coffin and laid him therein, officiating with the cleverness of kinship, performing the needful offices of ushers and bearers—courtesies too late extended. A little of this physic before, would have cured this distemper and lengthened hours of pleasure and comfort to wife and children. A home is upturned, the pillar and support buried quiet beneath, while the scattered children find homes in the families of the surrounding neighbors. The mother keeps the last of her darlings as being too young to weather the hardships of absent paternity, and carries her along to her washings and ironings, finding as much to eat in the homes of her charities, as at her own less sumptuous table, but it is not relished with that keen appetite, with which love and motherly responsibility sweeten the frugal dishes. She managed to pay her rent, and keep possession of the home which was rendered dear to her by the most pleasant associations. There was home when her children desired to return and partake of her loving counsel and encouragement.



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